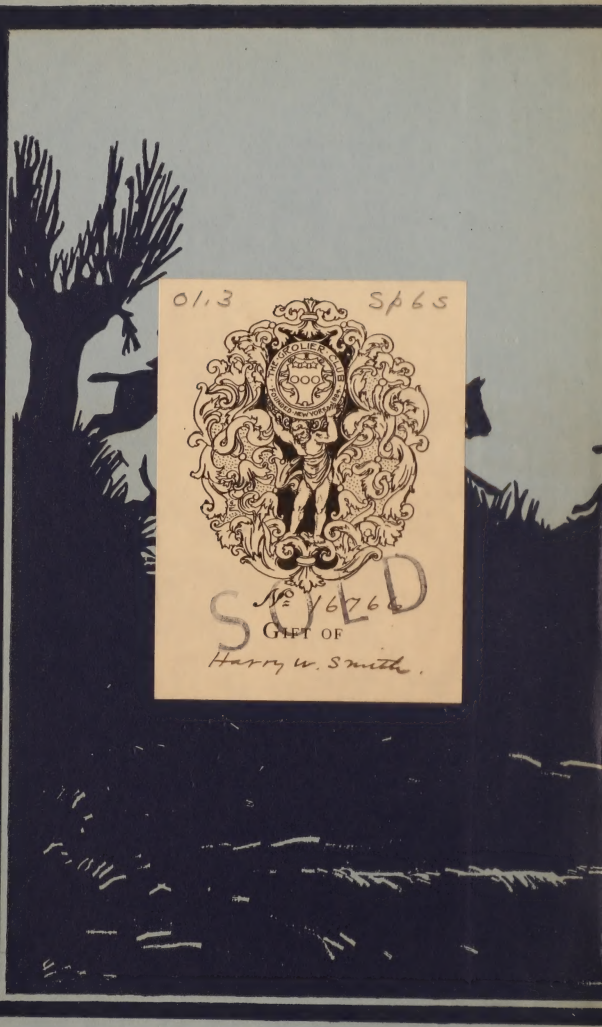
A SPORTING TOUR

THROUGH IRELAND, ENGLAND, WALES AND FRANCE

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH



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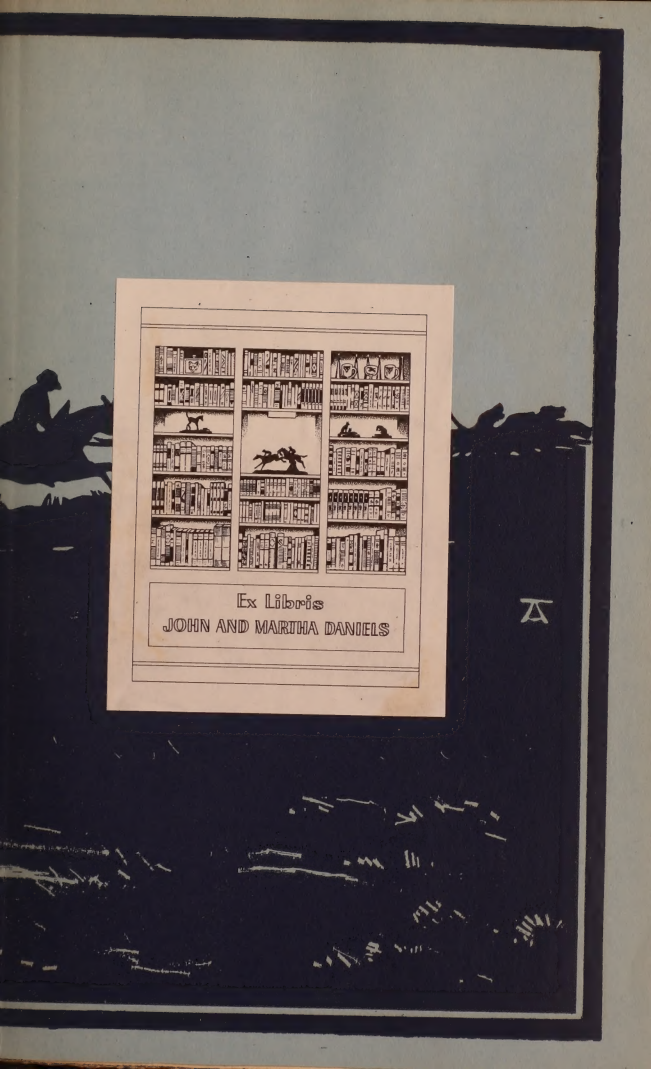
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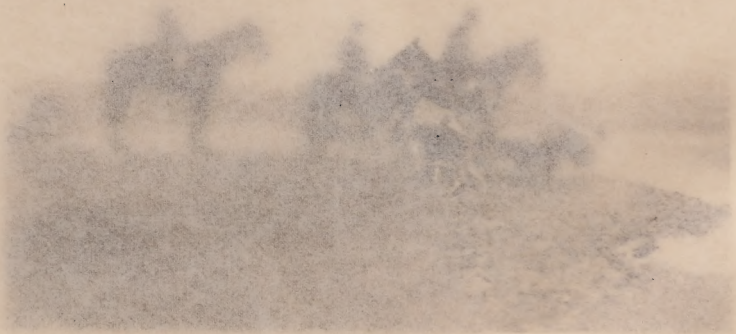

A Sporting Tour

THROUGH IRELAND, ENGLAND, WALES AND FRANCE

by

Harry Worcester Smith

Master of Foxhounds

IN TWO VOLUMES

Published by The State Company
Columbia, South Carolina

A
SPORTING TOUR

THROUGH

IRELAND, ENGLAND, WALES AND FRANCE,

IN

THE YEARS 1912–1913:

INCLUDING A CONCISE DESCRIPTION OF THE

PACKS OF FOXHOUNDS, MODE OF HUNTING,

TYPES OF HORSES AND THE CRACK RIDERS.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE

History of the Counties of Ireland, the Castles and Cabins:

A VIEW OF THE CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE

Irish People;

TOGETHER WITH A STORY OF

FOX HUNTING IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

AND A CHAPTER ON THE

WELSH AND MR. CURRE'S HOUNDS,

CONCLUDING WITH A WORD PICTURE IN DETAIL OF THE

GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE OF 1913

BY

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH,

LORDVALE, WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAVURES AND OVER SIXTY PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE ILLUMINATING THE TEXT.

VOLUME II.

1925

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HARRY WORCESTER SMITH

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CHAPTER XIV

A WEEK OF SPORT

MEETS AT SHINGLIS, MULTYFARNHAM, LOUGHNAVALLEY, PORTLOMAN LAWN, HORSELEAP, DRUMCREE AND BALLYMORE.

JANUARY the tenth found us with the Westmeath bitches at Shinglis, which was drawn blank; we then drew Kilcornan, a small gorse covert where the fox broke to the north after being headed a few times. There was a good field out, including Fitz Russell mounted on his best, young Wakefield on Indian Ink, Father Magee on his gallant bay, and another priest on a brown mare.

The country was very much under water, and whereas we had forty-five minutes with only one check at the road, it was an impossible hunt to follow well; the fox was continually dodging back from the water standing in the fields, which made the going so deep that it was very trying on the horses. Without Fitz Russell to guide us we would have been completely astray at times, not daring to attempt some of the wet pastures. Until one has hunted in Ireland he cannot appreciate the need of selecting a hard man to follow. From the windows of the railroad car you would believe perhaps that you could cut out your own line but such is far from the case.

Young Wakefield went from the first like a rocket and showed the way. On Scud I caught up to him, and together we rode two or three miles, hounds going at a good pace close to the fox, which we viewed. Mr. Pollok then came up, and we all galloped along the next mile, when the fox turned to the left. Going out beside a gate, Scud, my Irish mount, displayed a wonderful amount of intelligence. I was first at the bank beside the gate; Scud jumped on top of it only to find before her a yawning ditch, fully eight feet across, which from a standing jump was impossible. Like a flash she wheeled to the left, and so quick was her movement that she almost unbalanced me and did throw me in such a way that the patent stirrup iron bar allowed the leather to slip out, and I lost my iron

in the ditch. *While fishing out the iron, half a dozen went by, including Pollok and Wakefield. Hounds in the meantime turned back to me and I saw Fitz Russell on the left going several fields wide of them, as he knew the country perfectly.

Together we managed to negotiate the trail, a part of which was entirely submerged, and in a mile came up with Pollok and Wakefield. At Gortmore covert some of us took to the road, and the rest chose the east side of the demesne, both parties meeting at the south in a few moments, and both at a loss to know where hounds were, as only one or two stragglers were before us.

Father Magee by this time came up with the second whip. Mr. Pollok went back on the line and found Captain Large and Captain Bayley with the dead fox and the hounds, not far from Gortmore House. The east and west parties had galloped clean ahead, with the pack between them, while the hounds had killed in the orchard.

In addition to young Wakefield, both Russell and Father Magee went hard as usual.

The next day found us with the dog pack at Multyfarnham, and in Ballinacloon a good fox was started which swung left-handed and then south and east to Donore, making a line to Mornington over a big country. One tremendous bank was tried time and time again by Mr. Pollok on an Irish horse and Tom Jenner and finally given up. I succeeded in giving them a lead over it, while the rest went down the field and found an opening. Scent was very catchy, and Mr. Pollok had to aid the hounds time and time again.

*A word of caution:

On my arrival in Ireland, although I had been riding hunters for years in the States with the locks of my saddle bars up, when ordering saddles for the Westmeath Hunt I was coerced by Mr. Pollok into ordering saddles with patent locks for the stirrups for, he said, it is absolutely foolish and dangerous to try to ride across an Irish country with the regular locks.

I tried the patent locks for a number of weeks and had one in this hunt from Kilcornan, which served me the trick as noted above, so on my return home I ordered every saddle changed back to the old-fashioned lock, and I can only say that as long as a man is fresh and game let him hold to the regular lock and not be led astray by patent devices.

A SCAMPER BESIDE A DEMESNE WALL.

A TYPICAL IRISH HUNTING FIELD.

Near Mornington the hounds were at a complete loss, and a fresh fox was started which ran to Knockross and there, either headed by the hounds, or in some way bewildered, took to the lake, where Mr. Pollok saw one hound swim out and clinch with him. They both went under the water and came up several yards apart. The hound swam and tackled the fox again, both went down the second time, and the fox failed to come up. Mr. Pollok for some reason was unable to determine which hound did this splendid piece of work.

Later on, two hounds in Crookedwood chopped a cub which must have been very weak.

I now ordered the hounds to be taken to Tyfarnham, and there the fox which had given us so much sport in the past was soon on foot. Taking his regular route, he made for Poulnagorth with Father Murphy and a little, hard-bitten Irish sportsman close up. The latter had been riding keen all day, starting at the cry of hounds like a quarter horse. His face was one mass of cuts from thorns, and his linen was covered with blood. Yet on he rode like a boy of twenty, and no one went so gallantly that evening as Bob White on his brown cob, and he showed us the way time and time again.

The fox went through Poulnagorth to the south, where Captain Bayley led the way, then turned east for a few fields across the road, leaving a trail that the hounds picked slowly out across the plough. Turning left-handed across the road, they found scent better in the big fields, and then Mr. Pollok's Irish horse overreached and cut his quarter badly, and Jackie Brown gave him his second mount. The fox turned back through Poulnagorth, went down across the road, and after half an hour of slow hunting, hounds were taken off on account of darkness.

Monday the thirteenth saw us at Loughnavalley, and Crissauns was the first draw. The fox was soon moving, but refused to break for fully thirty minutes, while we stood in the pelting rain. Young Wakefield was out again, with Mrs.

Locke, Father Magee, and the Messrs. Bayley and Mrs. Bayley of Rosemount, Moate.

The fox finally broke to the east, then south, the bitches repeatedly racing over the line to a loss, and Mr. Pollok setting them right. Right-handed over a railroad track they were going hard when three or four of us who were in front saw wire on top of a high bank ahead. Skirting it, I found a place where the wire was under the brow of the bank, and taking a chance on Scud, I sailed over it, to hear the wire ring out z-i-n-g as her hoofs hit it behind and broke the top strand. Young Wakefield was quickly over after me, with hounds running hard in front, while Mr. Pollok and the field stopped to cut the wire.

Getting in behind the pack, and with a lead of a quarter of a mile over everybody but Wakefield, who now swung to the left, after half a dozen fields I met a brook with a high bank on the farther side. I put the Irish mare at a place that looked possible, but within a length or two she dulled up, jumped half-heartedly, and we both fell back into the water. Then I longed for one of my American horses that was game to the core, as I chased the mare down the brook, caught and mounted her, and wet above the middle, with sopping gloves and reins, once more assailed a possible place; but she weakened again, and a second cold bath was the result.

By this time I saw the field going over the brook out of an enclosure to the south, and I noticed several riderless horses, including Mrs. Pollok's, wading down the stream. I crossed the stream at the ford with the ruck, and galloping with the tailenders to the road which made eastward through Dysart towards Belmont, found that the pack had run the fox to earth under a big tree. Young Wakefield on Indian Ink was the only rider in close attendance, and was at the den three minutes before any one else came up.

On the way back to Jamestown, we met Mrs. Pollok, whose horse had capsized with her in the brook and so fallen as to

pin her down in the water under him; had it not been for Father Magee's aid, she surely would have been drowned.

Several times I lay on my back on the ground to let the water run out of my boots, but my right foot still remained very water-logged. Some of the sportsmen who observed my predicament advised me to pour some good Irish whiskey down the leg, which, they said, would keep the foot warm, but others stated that it was a shame to waste it externally. Before drawing Jamestown, we stopped at the Jamestown Court dining room of Colonel Nugent, and well it served us. I tried the fire-water cure and borrowed a good pair of woolen gloves from Miss Nugent who, without my knowing it, gave me her only pair while she started out barehanded.

The rain was pelting hard and cold, and when I noticed at covert side her great sacrifice for my comfort, I expostulated, but she was obdurate; then I was lucky enough to borrow another pair of warm gloves from Mrs. Boyd Rochfort, which she put on.

Jamestown held a fox as usual, and we went hard west, so we had a half mile of the muddiest ride possible. There a young officer from Kildare, not knowing the gateway, came to grief on the farther side of a stone-faced ditch.

The bitch pack had so little cry that you could hear them for only a field or two, consequently one had to get close in behind them to keep in touch at all. As they raced up the field from the ditch, an officer,—Mr. R. L. Palmer, R. H. A., who had hunted with the Westmeath five years before and was now staying as a guest with Mr. Wakefield,—raced out in front, and I let Scud follow in his wake. Suddenly hounds went over a big stone wall fully five feet, six or eight inches in height, with stone coping which overtopped three inches on each side. The officer never drew rein, however, but put the spurs to his horse, which with a mighty leap got over in front, only to catch behind and come down with a crash on the farther side.

It was a wonderful jump, also the most valiant effort on the part of a horse I have ever seen, and the finest display of iron

nerve shown by a rider since I went to the Emerald Isle; I was glad indeed to see the game sportsman get up and mount again, and the horse seemingly trot off sound with him.

While he was jumping, hounds turned left-handed out of the park, so I missed my try at the wall. Then Major Bayley, myself, and one or two others raced after them as they turned towards Jamestown and put "Charley" to ground at the edge of the swamp.

Mr. Palmer shortly afterwards came up with his horse, which unfortunately had cut himself severely behind, so he was obliged to draw out of the hunt for the day.

Kildare was the next draw, and we found the same fox which had given us the short, quick run before he went to earth a few weeks previous. This time, making across the road, he threw hounds off badly till a welcome halloo by a farmer allowed Mr. Pollok to put them right. Soon they were racing in earnest before us over the best country in Westmeath, where ten might ride abreast over the walls, and where little wire existed. Hounds were running fast and the field began to tail off, young Wakefield, Captain Large, the two officers from Kildare, and one or two others going very straight, together with Mrs. Locke, who invariably held her position in the front when hounds ran hard. Time and time again the bitches would flash over the line, and although the scent was good, by their wildness they made the run a series of spurts rather than the continuous hard trailing which kills the fox.

Finally, in a small bog, they came to a complete loss on the edge of a brook. Mr. Pollok was in and out in a trice and went to the middle, then the whole field followed, getting the same dose. Next a strand of wire had to be cut, and we heard vehement words from a farmer, who was soon stopped by a couple of shillings from "Atty" Persse's ever-open pocket. The trail was getting worse, and we worked slowly to the east towards Glencarra, inside of which they were unable to carry the line.

Mr. Pollok, remembering an earth in the ledge at the far end of the field, carried hounds to it and endeavored to mark the fox to ground, but the bitches sensibly refused to be fooled, and the sport was up for the day.

A sad accident marred the meet, for in jumping out of the road into Glencarra, a beautiful gray hunter which carried Mrs. Bayley of Rosemount fell back on top of her, breaking her collarbone and inflicting other injuries, which goes to show that the Sport of Kings is still fraught with danger.

January the eighteenth was the Lawn Meet at Portloman, and right nobly the followers of the hunt responded to my invitation. In fact, over two hundred were counted in the field that day, including Sir Richard and Lady Levinge of Knockdrin, with their guests from the Louth Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Rochfort of Middleton Park, with Mr. "Atty" Persse and the Messrs. Bayley, Dudley Fetherstonhaugh, Colonel and Mrs. Malone and their son, Captain and Mrs. Cecil Fetherstonhaugh of Bracklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, Colonel Magill, Mr. Batten, Mrs. Locke, and a host of others.

On the lawn between the drive and the ha-ha the English dog hounds were drawn up with the huntsman and first and second whips; to the left were stationed the American hounds with the two white-coated kennelmen in attendance, and from the top of the old mansion the Stars and Stripes were proudly floating.

After a few photographs had been taken of the first meeting of English and American hounds on the soil of the United Kingdom, I nodded to Mr. Pollok, and with the hounds leading, the cavalcade started for Frewin Hill and were soon at covert side.

Saxby and Reilly, my kennelmen, who had seen the American hounds draw the same covert, were much interested to see how the English hounds would work, and viewed the proceedings most carefully from one corner. The covert, as I said before, was terribly thick with briars, and all the dog hounds entered

(for in Ireland if hounds do not enter the covert they are flogged until they do so), but in this case, although they all entered the covert, groups of six or eight of them, as Reilly and Saxby reported, were standing about in the covert doing nothing, while from the cry it was plain that four or five hounds were doing all the trailing.

After fifteen or twenty minutes, the fox looped out from the east only to be headed back, as every possible location on the banks and peaks of the hills was covered with onlookers.

Another long draw with two or three hounds carrying the line, and at last a fox broke to the south, then east towards the lake, heading for Mount Murray; and two or three bad ditches with narrow passes made the field go single-handed.

The fox headed west, while the hounds, repeatedly put on the line by Mr. Pollok, finally pushed him back into covert. The last jump was the celebrated Frewin Hill Double, which was a stone-faced bank, strong and forbidding, some four feet nine inches in height. "Atty" Persse and a few others were over in a jiffy. I gave See Saw his head, and standing off from it fully two lengths, he landed on the top and springing like a roebuck, struck the ground way to the good in the next field.

I describe this jump exactly, for while I was waiting beside covert a few moments later, a man came up to me and asked, "Is that an American horse you are riding?"

I said, "Yes, a blood horse by Prince of Melbourne, winner of the Brighton Cup, bred by Henry Oxnard, the beet-root sugar king of America."

"Well", he said, "I am surprised, because I never saw such a jump and would not have believed that any horse bred out of Ireland could have done it so well."

This time only a short stay was allowed Reynard in Frewin covert before he again took the same line towards Mount Murray, running through the demesne up the screen. The hounds this time carried a splendid head with good cry, as was the case with the dog hounds. Out of the lane into the next

field was a big bank and ditch which faced Mr. Pollok and one or two others, who were looking for easy places at the left. A young sportsman on a brown cob pushed up into the worst place one could imagine, but his good mount kicked off over the bank and was over the ditch into the field. Like a flash See Saw was after him with as good a jump, and we galloped over a field or two to the road to find the hounds at a loss with a number of road riders coming up.

Mr. Pollok also came up in a few moments, and ascertaining where they had lost, threw them into the left, and soon they were on the line making due west.

Now the country was getting to be a puzzle. Mr. Pollok on Sherwood forged to the front, going up a big bank to the left, and jumping off it over a stone-faced ditch splendidly. J. H. Taylor pushed his Irish horse up and urged him down the bank, only to have him jump short and land with his hind quarters in the ditch, where he hung badly and got up only after a hard struggle.

By this time some one had found a better way to the right, and soon we were streaming after the hounds which were running hard with one or two close up.

Father Murphy was going with the best of us that day, and his knowledge of the country was of great assistance. Keeping in close attendance with the leaders was a little girl riding astride, wearing a black costume with a Derby hat. Her hair, floating loose, was tied attractively by a bow each side. She was mounted on a long-tailed well-bred pony, about 14.2, and never once through the day drew rein or asked for a lead from any one.

Hounds were running hard to the north, and the obstacles were big ditches full of water with big banks. As we came to one, several of the Irish riders craned their necks and stared while See Saw, jumping off his hocks, gave them a lead to the other side, while the game little sportswoman on the bay, not to be denied, landed with me in the field.

Hounds now pointed to the left, and I aimed for the northwest corner and with an easy jump landed in the next enclosure, where at my right far into the field I saw Mr. Pollok draw rein at a big open ditch full of water. But the fifteen-year-old Miss sailed over it without a quiver and landed in two feet of water on the far side. A soldier endeavoring to follow her jumped short and went in all over.

Father Murphy was at my side, and together we made to the north with Mr. Taylor, hounds running along the edge of the bog with splendid tongue.

A big castle loomed up before me and I was wondering where we were when Father Murphy cried out, "Do you know where hounds are running now?"

I said "No", and he answered, "Baronston Hall; it belongs to Colonel Malone, and perhaps he won't want hounds to run there."

I replied, "Don't worry, Father; we are hunting foxes, not men", and on we swept.

Mr. Pollok found the hounds at a loss on the edge of the bog, and although he endeavored to straighten the line out, he could not do so. A few moments later Colonel Malone came out and welcomed us to Baronston, and in a whispered conversation with Mr. Pollok told him, I imagine, where some earths were, for the latter dismounted from his horse, walked into the bog, called the hounds after him, and in a few moments came out from the bog and said he had marked the fox to ground, although Mr. Taylor, Father Murphy, and myself, who had been within fifty yards, had not heard a whimper.

In the run that Saturday previous, when the dog pack had shown good hound work, they were repeatedly set right by Voyager, and that day he again did yeoman service. I recalled the remark of "Gentleman" Tom Smith, who said to the Duke of Beaufort over sixty years ago, "If two or three can hunt a low scent, why not have a whole pack to do so?"

"Well, how can such a pack be got?" the Duke asked.

Mr. Smith replied, "By breeding only from the hounds which can hunt a low scent; you will then have a fair day's sport when other packs can do nothing, and in a short time you will have beauty as well as nose."

Monday, January 27, the meet was at Horseleap with a large gathering out. Correagh was first drawn but yielded nothing except a few hares, which the hounds ran well. Hounds were taken to Fox's Gorse, where we knew there was a brace.

The bitches spoke promptly in covert, and after making a loop out and back, the fox broke over the railroad, running along the edge of the bog by the banks. Hounds were evidently close on, but showed the same inclination they had in the past to run with the line when it ran their way, but run over it by a long distance when it turned. This I proved to myself clearly that day, as the following will show:

On account of the bog we were unable to keep behind the hounds and so rode on the higher ground, carried along at a cracking pace by a soldier from the Athlone barracks.

Never have I seen a more sporty looking chap, with a pink, swallow-tail coat cut to show the yellow waistcoat below the front and so arranged about the collar that the yellow again separated the pink of the coat from the white of the cravat; with breeches and boots *de rigueur* and a flat-brimmed topper at just the right tilt on his head. A slim figure, fairly melted into his clothes, mounted on a hog-maned mule-tailed thoroughbred, the *tout ensemble* looked exactly as though it came from an old print. Nothing could daunt this sportsman, and he led the way, closely followed by Captain Higginson and myself.

We could see the fox as he ran along the edge of the bog and started up for the high land, then turned suddenly left-handed as though he were going to run out on to the bog; but he changed his mind, whirled right-handed, and kept on with his original intention, breasting the hill and soon dropping out of sight.

The pack followed him all right when he made his turn towards the bog, and then getting the scent better, with good cry they drove clean over the turn away out on to the bog to the farther side, fully a quarter of a mile, when all of a sudden up went their heads, and after a few feeble casts they were at a complete loss.

Mr. Pollok came up, cast them forward, then to the right, then to the left, but as the line of the fox was not within a quarter of a mile, his efforts, naturally, were unavailing. Consequently after working over on to the firm land and again casting here and there, he gave up the chase, which had been spoiled by the hounds running imaginary lines.

Many may say that as Master I should have advised Mr. Pollok the line of the fox and further aided him in casting the hounds. This one is always willing to do when hunting with true sportsmen of the old school, but many of the modern huntsmen not only give no thanks for any proper aid but deem themselves incapable of error, so I determined after I had met Mr. Pollok, (as I engaged him to hunt the English hounds by cable) and saw him hunt the pack, that never once would I advise him as to his work. Besides I wanted to ride at the tail of the hounds and know exactly what they were doing and why they lost so many foxes, and had I interfered with the office of the huntsman, I might truly have been blamed for the bad work shown.

Streamstown gorse was next drawn blank and a big covert beyond was also found untenanted. Thus another fruitless day was recorded which might have proved a regular topper, had the hounds been able to follow the good red that we found at Fox's gorse.

January 29 was a great hunting day at Drumcree, and surely the little village should be proud of the sport it gives to the many followers of the Westmeath season after season, and also of the good sportsmen—Arthur H. Smythe and Harry M. Smythe—who live at Drumcree mansion itself.

After talking the matter over with Jack Brown, I decided that it would be best to give the bitches, who had been running over so badly in the open country in the west, a bit of hard hunting in the eastern country, so as to bring them down to their noses and at the same time give the dog pack a chance in the open country.

So ten fifty-five a. m. saw the bitch pack on the lawn, and many hunting men from Meath, Westmeath, The Ballymacads, and an odd one from Kildare were partaking of the generous hospitality which the dining room afforded, not only at that time but continually throughout the day, for after the first hunt we journeyed to Hope's gorse by way of Drumcree dining room, and as most of the motors were left in the yard, many partook of tea on their return at the end of the day.

Drumcree gorse was drawn blank, but the covert in front of the house held two foxes which made north into the small wood, only to be headed time and time again by grooms and laborers. Finally one looped out towards the gorse and turned back into covert through the small wood. A welcome halloo showed that he had gone through, and galloping down in front of the mansion, I saw hounds carrying a good head across the lawn. The fox then turned into the road, ran down and turned left-handed into a gateway, where the hounds made a bad loss. I viewed him and soon had the pack on the line, and we got a good gallop to Barbavilla, our quarry running through the bog woods where another fox broke covert with him. Then the fun commenced in earnest.

Much is said at the present day regarding the decadence of sporting spirit and chivalry in man and womankind, and I grant that those whose principal effort is the puff of a cigarette, or the sip of a cocktail, may feel that these qualities are not a part of this century. But let them go to Ireland where men and women ride straight, and they will soon find that in following hounds across a difficult country not only does one have to use his brain but also hard calls are made on his skill, nerve, and strength. Surely nothing could have been finer than the

display of bravery made that day by several horsemen of whom I write.

Leaving Barbavilla, I noticed Reggie Walker, the Irish steeplechase crack, on his good chestnut, and with Captain Bayley, we three were first out of the demesne. Our first jump was a slimy, green brook about eight feet wide. Walker (who is the straightest man after hounds that I have ever seen in any country, especially when mounted on his chestnut) went at it only to slip back in; jumping off on to the bank, he barely pulled his hunter up.

Bayley and I got over at a better place at the left followed by three or four others who were making by the cottage to a boreen. Hounds in the meantime had gone right-handed, running hard, but the boreen led to the main Drumcree road. Galloping down this with Captain Higginson of the Kildares and Captain Bayley, we saw the pack to our right a quarter of a mile away, well beneath us in the fields; the hounds were all alone save one game sportsman mounted on a gray horse,—and what a hunt he rode!

For fully a mile we viewed the chase, for, as Tom Jenner said, the fox must eventually turn to the left and come across the road we were on, so we galloped along, interested spectators of the hunt beneath us.

After a while they turned left-handed and we heard the music rolling up the hill as they rounded its base and were lost to the eye. On they came and were soon in the field, bending directly towards us and carrying a good head. I rode out into the pasture to greet this sportsman whose gallantry we had all so admired and doffed my cap to him as he came up, only to find that it was "Atty" Persse, who had come across the Irish Sea the night before, and arrived late at the meet so that none of us knew he was out.

Hounds now made across the road, and from the head they carried, it was easy to see that they meant business; the next twenty minutes told the worth of many a Westmeath hunter.

I was on See Saw, who, although the going was a foot deep, seemed to revel in it. Tom Levinge was on his good brown, Harry Rich on one of Arthur Joyce's best, and Mr. Pollok on an Irish horse.

Hounds by this time had settled on the line, and it was a question of staying with them. Wire intersected our course now and then, and we were obliged to gallop around it. Soon a big wide ditch loomed up in front which See Saw was over in a bound; "Atty" Persse's gray followed next, with Reggie Walker's chestnut close behind, the three steeplechase riders never turning their heads, while the rest of the field went right-handed to a better opening.

As the pace improved, the followers were split into two parties,—Messrs. Persse, Walker, Levinge, and Rich heading one division, while Captain Higginson, Mr. Pollok and myself kept right-handed, together with Arthur Joyce, who, with a bad back, said at the meet, he "had just come out to see his friends"; but he could not resist the temptation and was going strong.

Out of the road I followed Higginson, only to go almost down in the ditch on the landing side, and barely saved a fall by jumping to my feet and pulling See Saw up.

We were going hard again, and what an exciting game it was,—the hounds in front simply flying over the grass, the big open ditches, and the banks laid out before you! It seemed as though you could take your choice anywhere, but eighty per cent of the places are often unjumpable, and it takes some thinking to decide when to jump and when to pull up.

Hounds were soon out of view, and for a field or two we galloped ahead, simply hoping our direction was right, when we came to a deep stream with a piece of bull wire on the farther side half down. The bottom proved good, Mr. Pollok was down and up on the other side, scraping the wire, and three or four of us were after him in a trice.

See Saw was going "great guns" when in a fence beyond with wire on it, I saw a rail between two posts.—Trusting to his

American experience, I set him at it and over he flew, Higginson close behind. After a few fields more, we were in the road with another wire fence to bar us, but Higginson found a place to the right, and when we jumped off the road, we were greeted by the sight and cry of the hounds as they turned right-handed at our very feet. Without a check on they went, and soon the beautiful Meath country hunted by the Ballymacads towards Loughcrew met our vision. Then I thanked Diana that I was on the clean-bred horse, for See Saw was still going strong, while the sobbing sides of many of the hunters foretold disaster within a field or two.

Wondering where Walker and Persse were, Higginson and myself galloped after the hounds on to the next hill, where in a burnt-out gorse they marked their fox to ground. Then Higginson turned to me and remarked in his quiet way, "I see the firm of Smith and Higginson is here, as usual."

In a few moments the field began to come up one by one, each proclaiming the worth of the run and the way his mount had carried him, and shortly the gallant gray ridden by "Atty" Persse came slowly up the hill, carrying a rider game to the core but wet to the skin, for it seems that their division had met a brook, and it had been most unkind to them.

Reggie Walker, who never varies his line, had galloped up, looked at it and turned away, but Persse sat down on his gray and put him at it, only to disappear out of sight, and he was barely able to struggle up the mud bank on the farther side. Walker, Harry Rich, and Tom Levinge immediately charged the innocent brook, each knowing the bath that was before him, but each too proud to turn where one had gone on.

Walker went under his horse but finally got his head out of water and in a stroke or two reached the bank and climbed up, while his mount knowingly followed him. Rich and Levinge struggled through somehow and, done to a turn, wet as a rag, all four stood on the opposite side while a score of faint-hearted ones galloped up and down the river, trying to find a ford.

Persse mounted and started across the field, only to fall into a big slough hole, his horse sinking till nothing but his head was seen. But the old gray seemed to understand the mud baths, for without a struggle he worked himself along until he found solid bottom, and then he slowly and surely pushed himself on to the grass.

The bathers by this time had viewed us at the earth and coming over slowly, dripping wet, told us of their adventure.

It was now two o'clock, and we found two foxes at home when going by Drumcree mansion to Hope's gorse,—one a big brown and the other a small red. The covert was hard to draw on account of the briars, and the fox was several times headed back by the country folk but at last broke west across the road and up the hillside.

Young Smythe of Barbavilla had changed his horse and was out in front, together with Reggie Walker and myself. Never shall I forget the view and the exhilarating feeling as we galloped after the bitches with a beautiful line of country which seemed to invite us on. But the pack turned left-handed and again the nightmare wire was before us. Mr. Pollok was off and cut the strand with his nippers on the edge of the brook where a follower said, "It is all good there, anywhere." Perhaps it was when you went deep enough, for Mr. Pollok was in the water to his middle, with Mrs. Adamson and a half a dozen others close behind him.

Seeing a better place to the left, I cantered down there. Young Smythe popped in ahead to find the bottom good, and was closely followed by Mr. Purdon, whose gray jumped on to the bank of the brook but refused to take the water. See Saw also refused to be stopped and jumped on the bank directly behind the Purdon mount, giving him such a push with his shoulder that down he went, and we were soon on the other side.

Hounds were screaming before us, and it began to look as if we were in for another good run, but again wire guarded the road, so at the corner four or five of the most adventurous of us took a chance and popped over a strand six inches from the

ground. Hounds crossed the road, turned left-handed, and suddenly threw up their heads at the edge of a small ploughed field. Mr. Pollok was up in a moment and failed to find the line in two or three left-handed casts, although hounds babbled a bit in the field across the road evidently from excitement. Hearing a halloo in front, he took the hounds on where Mr. Smythe viewed the fox at the back of a laborer's cottage, going east. The hounds were carried down towards the line, and they took it up heelways and started west with splendid cry.

Feeling sure that they were on heel, I galloped on with Tom Jenner and at last got to their head and turned them to Mr. Pollok, but he not believing that they could run heel, did not deign to take advantage of our efforts, but cheered them on the line until they came to the very ploughed field where they made their loss only a few minutes before.

Seeing his error, but not acknowledging it by a word, the gentleman huntsman took the hounds into the road and galloped down towards the west for a mile on the hard pike, the hounds finally finding the line in a big, open field.

Mrs. Adamson had been going strong this last run and was now up with Reggie Walker and myself, with a farmer on a good roan cob.

The next obstacle was a narrow bank and Reggie Walker gave his chestnut his head and sailed over. The farmer went too slow to jump from field to field, so landed in the ditch on the far side and came a cropper. Mrs. Adamson's good little mount, although fifteen years old, took it in perfect form, kicking back at the bank and jumping far into the field. See Saw stood off and jumped both bank and ditch, and we were after the hounds to the left, where wire again met us. As See Saw had pulled a shoe, and as Reggie Walker and Mrs. Adamson were starting home on account of the Meath Hunt Ball that night, I pulled out also and took the road with them, after a splendid day's sport.

February 7 saw us at Ballymore, where on account of the rain which had fallen steadily all night, only a few were out.

A whimper in the first covert drawn by the dog pack soon told us that the gorse was holding. One cub was promptly put to ground, and another looped out once and finally broke away to the north, and as hounds were very slow coming out of covert, got a good two-minute start. The red turned left-handed, then ran parallel to the road, making his line through some good pasture, which enabled the field to get close in behind the hounds.

"Atty" Persse was in front with Bertie Clibborn and myself close behind, when we were blocked by three or four strands of barbed wire, but the old steeplechase rider was not to be denied. To the right he found a place with only one strand of plain wire, over which he popped and left us in the lurch, Clibborn tried to walk over, but only snarled his horse up and was glad enough when he pulled free with no injury to the new roan he was riding.

Preferring "wireless", I jumped on to the road with half a dozen others, when hounds came our way across the road and in a field or two made for the flats. The scent seemed strong, and they ran to a good head with a much louder cry than the bitch pack.

Fitz Russell guided us across the flats where the ditches were very full and watery, and with Higginson and myself in close attendance, he brought us on to the far side, where the hounds had just thrown up their heads.

Try as Mr. Pollok would, he found it impossible to get them on the line again,—yet here was a fresh fox with only two minutes start.

As my chapters show, the inability of the pack to carry the line, or account for their fox by killing him, or marking him to ground, is often evidenced by the Westmeath Hounds. My only solution of the matter is that the hounds carry an imaginary line for fully a quarter of a mile from where the fox has turned off, and so when the huntsman casts them, he is unable to make the line off for the reason that there is no line within that quarter of a mile. I have daily watched carefully and can

see no other reason. Time and time again occurred the same loss with both dog and bitch packs, especially the bitches,—first a short run, then an absolute loss.

I would have liked exceedingly to have been able to run two or three couple of my American hounds with both packs, for knowing that they would not hunt imaginary lines, I believe they would have been a great aid in steadying the hounds and holding them to the trail and turn of their quarry.

My observations lead me to believe that hounds running without good cry are much more apt to run over a long distance than those which have good tongues. Watch an American pack for instance! Follow where you have seen a fox run, and you can see just how close they carry the line. When he makes a sharp turn, they may run over a little, but then all cry ceases, and the moment the pack find that no member has the line, they spread out, search far and wide, find it, and go on. Hounds running mute or nearly so have not this token by loss of cry to guide them, consequently they run on for a long distance, saying to themselves, so to speak, "Well, I may not have it, but some one else has, and we will keep moving."

That day Mr. Pollok was on one of my Irish horses, and on encountering a wide brook, popped over it. That good old-sportsman, Mr. Hall, went over it at the same place, and I tried my luck with See Saw. He either did not "see" or "saw" too much, for he jumped in a half-hearted way, only to get his forelegs on the opposite bank, and over backwards we both went into the brook, which was cold and damp. As we rolled over into the water, I felt his hind foot give me a good rap on the head, and then we parted company.

I found myself wet to the skin when I climbed up on the opposite bank, and was soon on my back letting the water out of my boots, and then looked for my mount, which had wallowed up the stream, where I finally secured him on a low shoal. In a few moments we had to jump back again. I put on plenty of speed this time, so landed O. K. with the rest of the field. There Mrs. Boyd Rochfort called my attention to my steel-

AN IRISH DITCH.

Deep, wet and cold from personal knowledge. H. W. S.

lined Master's cap, which had been severely dented by the force of See Saw's kick, but being of honest metal, had saved my head from a very serious injury.

Dorrington was the next draw, which was blank, and with chattering teeth I broke away for the day, making for Lissanode, where my motor was waiting. Wrapped in my big ulster I counted the minutes until we ran the twelve miles to Portloman, where a steaming hot bath soon put me to rights again.

CHAPTER XV.

BARRACKS AND COURTROOMS

SOLDIERS BARRACKS—THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY—THE IRISH HORSE, FINANCED BY LORD LONGFORD, WHO WAS AMONG THE MISSING IN THE GREAT WAR—ARTHUR BOYD ROCHFORT AND HIS V. C.—A NIGHT WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY AT THE MILITARY BARRACKS MULLINGAR—LIEUT.-COLONEL A. A. WOLFE MURRAY'S INVITATION—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S SNUFF BOX—THE HIGHLAND PIPES—"IRISH DEW" AND "THE CARRYINGS ON" IN SHAMROCK LAND—SIR JOHN BARRINGTON'S *PERSONAL STUDIES AND SKETCHES* QUOTED BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM—A TRIP FROM MULLINGAR TO NEWPARK OUTSIDE OF ATHLONE—DINNER WITH CAPT. AND MRS. GILL (SALLY HARGOUS)—ENCOUNTER WITH A GROTESQUE IRISHMAN OUTSIDE ATHLONE—TOM FLINTER AND DICK HENNESSY—HUMOR IN IRISH COURTS.

SCATTERED about all over Ireland are barracks where different regiments of Scottish and English soldiers are located. Of late there have been but few Irish regiments,—the Connaught Rangers, the Irish Horse, and a couple of others. The Irish Horse was financed entirely by Lord Longford of Pakenham Hall, who asked for volunteers at the time of the Boer War, and it is needless to say that the former Master of the Westmeath, who went in command, proved that one who could take the hedges, banks, and ditches of old Ireland was not to be stopped by Boer bullets.

The story is told that during the South African War he continued to boldly expose not only himself but his regiment in a certain melee, and word was sent to him to get behind something with his men. Still he continued to make himself a target for the Boer sharpshooters, and it was only when he was absolutely commanded to take to cover that he did so.

The *Westmeath Examiner* of February 5, 1916, gave a list of the members of the Westmeath Hunt in war service, together with their brilliant records. More than one half its members were serving for their country, two V. C.'s having been given to their number.

Heading the list was the following: Brigadier-General the Right Honorable, the Earl of Longford, K. P. Castlepollard (now for some months reported officially as "wounded and missing.") He was never heard of.

Special reference was made to Lord Longford's gallantry and that of his command in the descriptive despatch of Sir Ian Hamilton. And so went out the light of the greatest nobleman in Westmeath, who, like all his forbears, fighting for his country met death face to face with never a tremor, and, as John Masefield wrote in his splendid tribute to the English soldier at Gallipoli, "They disappeared forever from the knowledge of men, none knew how, by the fall of a chance shot, in the blaze of a shell, or alone like a wild beast in some scrub or gully, far from comrades, English speech and English singing."

Arthur Boyd Rochfort, Master of Middleton Hall, while not a hard man across country was as brave as the best, for when he was with his regiment "over there" he saw a bomb coming which dropped right down in front of him and lay there sizzling before him and his company, then his grit stood out, for he walked forward, picked it up and threw it and just as it landed it exploded but no one was injured. For this the King pinned the V. C. on him.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the most daring soldiers and those who have attained the highest honors in the English Army in the past generation have come from Ireland. Lord Wolseley, who courted death at every opportunity, the mighty Kitchener, whose mastery of detail and iron will swept all before him, and Lord Roberts, who was worshipped on all sides for his successes, all were sons of Erin, and never in any clime has the Irish soldier been called upon and found wanting.

Many of the barracks are situated so that the officers are able to enjoy the hunting, and surely no one went harder than they. Let one officer jump a place and fall, or let him jump into a big brook, every other feels that he must be as brave and on they come. It is said that once at Kildare there were nine of them in a big ditch swimming about with their horses.

The commander of the barracks at some time through the winter always gives a dinner to the Master of Foxhounds, and

in turn once or twice in the winter the hounds meet in the barracks yard.

Shortly after January tenth I received the following invitation, headed by the coat of arms of the regiment, a large H. L. I. in the centre with a crown above, stating that:

Lieutenant-Colonel A. A. Wolfe Murray
and
The Officers, The Highland Light Infantry
request the honor of the company of
Harry Worcester Smith, M. F. H.
To dinner on the 24th January, 1913.
At 8. o'clock.
R. S. V. P.
Mess President.

I promptly accepted, and that evening when the light of my motor-car showed in the barracks yard, eight of the Band Corps were playing the Regimental Call,* a Fanfare which echoed back and forth through the yard. Two of the officers immediately came down to greet me and ushered me up-stairs into the barracks, where I found their living rooms made comfortable with open fires. On the walls were hung pictures, trophies, medals, and so forth, commemorating the success of the regiment in many lands.

Colonel Murray greeted me most cordially, and in answer to my question, stated that the Highland Light Infantry had been in more battles than any regiment in the United Kingdom, except possibly one, and showed me with pride a clock ticking on the mantlepiece on which were inscribed the words "Assaye 23rd September 1803", the great battle in India when Wellington was winning his spurs. Later on at dinner a snuff-box was passed about made of plane wood cut from the tree under which

*It was the custom in the Highland Light Infantry, when the Band was to play at dinner, to sound The Call at the dinner hour on eight *natural* French Horns (i. e. without valves).

The H. L. I. horns were purchased by Colonel A. G. Balfour (late Commandant Royal Military School of Music and formerly of the H. L. I.) in 1904 when he was visiting France where he heard them played.

Wellington had accepted the surrender of the enemy in that hard-fought battle.

Back of the clock, above the mantel, hung an engraving of the sinking of the *Birkenhead,* which terrible catastrophe I have already described, and one of the officers proudly pointed out to me in the foreground a member of the Highland Light Infantry. The artist had brought that point out clearly, for he was attired in the broad plaid trousers of the regiment.

Around about us were eighteen or twenty of the officers, and to the dinner were also asked Maxwell Scott Moore, Esquire, the resident magistrate of County Westmeath, who had spent a number of years in America, together with Edwin E. Mason, the leading attorney, Captain Large, and Mr. John Grant of Rathconrath, the last two the best friends that a stranger in Mullingar could ever meet.

We hunting men turned out in pink, of course, while the officers were attired in the full evening dress of the regiment; on the lapels of many were decorations for bravery of which they were justly proud. The coats themselves were the regulation, red in color, with crimson lake collar and white lapel, waistcoat of Mackenzie tartan silk, gold braid and gold buttons, and the sportiest trousers one can imagine, cut close to fit the leg, to swell over the hips and flare at the ankle, and expose a well-fitting Wellington boot, each heel carrying a spur. The trousers were made of Mackenzie clan plaid and gave a picturesque appearance to the nether portions of the young blades and Lieutenant-Colonel Murray himself.

I learned from one of the officers that the latter, while not a hunting man, was one of the greatest sportsmen in Scotland. No one could throw a fly better, or bring down a rocketing pheasant more surely than he, and as a partner in bridge he was one of the best.

One of the private soldiers, who act as servants to the officers, announced dinner, and we filed into the Mess Room and sat about the long table. I was seated at the Colonel's right, and the officers and other guests were scattered here and there.

No sportsman's table or den ever showed a finer display of silver and gold trophies than that which adorned the linen of the Mess that night. From one end to the other it was a dazzling show of cups, prizes, candelabra, and vases, commemorating the victories of the officers and the regiment far back into the past. On one was seen the head of the elephant, because of a victory won in India; on another the sphinx, a winning in Egypt; and many were made of the tusks and horns of animals which were most beautifully mounted. Just before me lay a menu on which were embossed flags of the regiment similar to those which were draped on the sides of the room.

The Highland Light Infantry is one of the few regiments that boasts of three flags, and as I told the Colonel, I was glad to see that their third flag was nearly all white, which I felt sure was an emblem of peace.

The band of the company played throughout the dinner a programme made up of selections from the "Pink Lady", "Alexander's Rag Time", etc. The fifth number was "God Save the King", and after that, as a compliment to me, "America."

The dinner itself was Scotch in selection and delicious in point of palate.

The *Piece de resistance* was the national Scottish dish, Haggis, which is a sort of finely chopped collection of food carefully sewed into a bag and then boiled, which furnishes strong nourishment after an all-day's hunt.

The drinks themselves savored of the country and of the regiment; one, Highland Dew, being served in a quaich or loving cup, accompanying which was a silver ladle, so that each guest might help himself to just so much and no more. After the meat course, the justly celebrated Atholl Brose was passed. I tasted it out of curiosity and found it a mixture of honey, milk punch, and cream custard, and certainly it seemed a most hearty concoction.

The Duke of Wellington snuffbox was passed about, and also a silver snuffbox supported by large and beautifully carved

Ovis Ammon horns, on the base of which it rested. This emblem of the chase was given to the regiment by a former officer, and the silversmith had certainly used great taste in adapting it to its purpose, for at the lower curve of the horns were placed four silver legs so that it could be pushed about on the table.

On the lid was engraved the name of the donor, and from one side on a silver chain hung a small spoon, so that the snuff might be taken up and laid along the back of the hand; after this was snuffed up, a rabbit's foot also attached by a chain on the other side was used to brush off any particles that remained.

After the snuff-taking, which was entered into most ceremoniously, as the band programme was finished, the colonel called my attention to the pipe programme, which was also tastefully written on the paper of the company decorated by the regiment's flags.

The band, let it be said, was under the charge of the Bandmaster, and the pipes under the charge of the Pipe Major.

PIPE PROGRAMME

March	Burns, Highland Mary.
Strathspey	The Devil in the Kitchen.
Reel	The House was full of Fiddlers.
Piobairreachd	The Wee Spree.
March	This Farewell to Edinburgh.
Strathspey	Tulloch Gorm.
Reel	To America We'll Go.

74th Slow March.

My heart fairly leaped when at the stroke of the bell at the right hand of one of the officers four pipers filed in with the bagpipes in "full cry" on that splendid selection, "Highland Mary." Round and round the table they walked until that had been rendered, then came a pause, and the next selection was given, and so on, until the music ceased after "The Slow March."

To a Master of Hounds there is always a certain pride when a large field gathers at covert side and especially so if you are able to treat them to a cracking run, but I was prouder as I sat there that night and felt that the courtesy extended to me was not for the sport I had given but because I was a native of that country which all nations are proud to honor.

It seemed as though we were transported to the revels of past centuries as the pipers marched round and round with the bags squealing as only bags can; the Highlanders were clad in their bright Scotch costume, bare knees with the sporran pendant in front of them, and their little Scotch caps on their heads.

After they went, the Colonel turned to me and asked, "Does it worry you, Mr. Smith?"

I replied, "On the contrary, I am very interested and pleased."

He then said "There is a celebrated Pipe selection 'Guid Nicht an' Joy be Wi' Ye A'' which one of our pipers renders beautifully, and if you would like to hear it, I will send out word for him to come in."

I at once asked him to do so and was perfectly surprised that one pipe could produce from the bags such expressions of crying, wailing, sobbing, moaning, and utter grief as filled the Mess Room that night. I was telling this story to a Scotchman in the States not long ago and he said, "Oh, Mr. Smith, they should have played 'Lady Madelina Sinclair,' for that's the loveliest tune in the Highlands."*

When this was finished, the Colonel touched me on the arm, and together we walked into the next room, while the others,

*When the Highlanders marched into Melun in September, 1914, they played:

"What! Wad ye stop the pipers?
'Tis ower soon!
Dance, since ye're dancing, William
Dance, ye puir loon!
Dance till ye're blind and dizzy
Dance till ye swoon,
Dance till ye're dead, my laddie!
We'll play the tune!"

out of courtesy to our rank and position, remained about the table for some fifteen or twenty minutes before joining us.

Justly proud of the splendid physique and good looks of his young officers, the Colonel then ordered the Mess Room cleared, and after they had removed their coats and spurs, the soldiers of the King treated us to Highland reels and jigs executed as only the true Scotch can. It was remarkable to see the step work of the chief actor, as he might be termed, who danced in the center, while his comrades reeled about him, now fast, now slow, but never losing step for a moment. For fully half an hour they danced in perfect rhythm, their faces flushing as the time quickened, yet none lagged and to the end not a motion or courtesy was lost sight of.

As the midnight was now approaching, I was escorted by the Colonel and two officers to my car, and in the early morning we rolled back to Portloman.

In America one hears so much of the "Irish Dew", or whiskey, and "the carryings on", so to speak, in Shamrock Land, brought about by its use that when a stranger has been in the country for six or seven months and consorted day by day with the convivial sportsmen and women, he is rather surprised to find that whereas possibly a century ago society had its rakes and hard-drinking squires, that day is long gone by.

Sir Jonah Barrington's *Personal Studies and Sketches* quoted by George A. Birmingham in the *Lighter Side of Irish Life* well described a pair of hard-drinking squires and their ways a century ago:

A pair of hard-drinking squires went to sleep one night, after their potations, with their heads leaning against a wall which had recently been given a coat of mortar. During the night the mortar dried, and in the morning Messrs. Joe Kelly and Peter Alley were discovered by their friends fast anchored by their hair and scalps. A consultation followed as to what had better be done in so painful a case. Mr. Peter Alley growing impatient, released himself thus; "He asked for two knives, which being brought, he whetted one against the other, and introducing the blades close to his skull, sawed away at cross

corners till he was liberated, with the loss only of half his hair and piece of his scalp, which he had sliced off in zeal and haste for his liberty. I never saw a fellow so extravagantly happy! Fur was scraped from the crown of a hat to stop the bleeding, and he was duly tied up with an old woman's *praskeen* (an apron). He was soon in a state of bodily convalescence. Our solicitude was now required solely for Joe, whose head was too deeply buried to be exhumed with so much facility. At this moment Bob Casey, of Ballinakill, a very celebrated wigmaker, just dropped in to see what he could pick up honestly in the way of his profession or steal in the way of anything else; and he immediately undertook to get Mr. Kelly out of the mortar by a very expert but tedious process, namely, clipping with his scissors, and then rooting out with an oyster knife. He thus finally succeeded in less than an hour in setting Joe once more at liberty, at the price of his queue, which was totally lost, and of the exposure of his raw and bleeding occiput. The operation was, indeed, of a mongrel description,—somewhat between a complete tonsure and an imperfect scalping, to both of which denominations it certainly presented claims."

Intemperance, however, now seems a lost art in Ireland, and the American cocktail was procurable at only one bar in Dublin, and there mixed, as I was told by Jammet, the proprietor, by only one tender. The regular liquid refreshments consisted of Guinness porter and stout, and Irish or Scotch whiskey. Port was invariably served at the end of the dinner and champagne only at special occasions.

The Irish farmer really enjoys himself most when he comes to town for the different Fairs, which are designated as Horse, Cattle, Sheep, and Pig Fairs, and the schedules of which are made out twelve months in advance.

I found to my dismay, when staying at the little hotel in Moate, where there was to be a Pig Fair the next morning, that the farmer that bought and the farmer that sold believed truly in the axiom "The early bird catches the worm", for as early as four o'clock in the darkness of December they began to go by the window.

When I finally got up at daybreak in the dusk, they could be seen coming by with big pigs, little pigs, pigs in droves, and pigs in pairs, many monster pigs having a straw rope on their hind leg which was held firmly by its owner, while the gait of others was impeded by grass or hay ropes connecting the fore and hind legs.

But what surprised me most was that when at ten o'clock I went through the Main Street to the meet, I found only a few doing business. The majority had bought, sold, or exchanged, and had gone back home.

The same early morning work was a part of the Horse, Cattle, and Sheep Fairs. One Sunday I was driving from Athlone barracks to Newpark on the Roscommon road to dine with Captain and Mrs. Gill (the latter was the charming Sally Hargous, the toast of New York, Newport, Baltimore, and Washington, and one of America's greatest beauties). A few miles outside of Athlone where the great tenor, John McCormack, was born in 1884, we began to encounter draft horses, ponies, hunters, and stallions; the road led through a bog, and as there was not much room on either side, the horn of the motor spread consternation before it. Some would work down towards the edge of the bog and so be well out of harm's way; others rode boldly along as much as to say, "My horse is afraid of nothing", only to have him bolt. One rider went head first into the bog drain on the side, but the majority held up both their hands and then, after we had stopped, endeavored to persuade us to drive back, for, as they said, the road was full of horses for the next five miles, and so it proved. But already we were late and so pressed on, only to encounter indignation and black looks as we wended our way through the droves of equines.

At last we came to a little village with walls on both sides of the road, where we met, head on, an Irishman of the funny type, with a face like a monkey, and whiskers under the chops and chin, a little cap on his head, a coat of the claw-hammer variety with big buttons behind, the sleeves of which were much too short, and trousers tied about the ankle with strings,

mounted on a wicked-looking black stallion with a blanket for a saddle and a straw rope for a bridle.

We wheeled round the corner and came square against him, and at the snort of the horse stopped the car. The rider began to bawl, and it seemed as though he caught the edge of his mouth over his ears from the opening shown, while the noise that issued far exceeded that of any steam calliope in a circus procession.

We remained still, but yet he bawled; men came out of the houses, two or three people from the near-by church looked hard at us, one or two shook their fists and ordered us back, and the horse seemed transfixed to the spot, while the roar continued. Hardly knowing what to do, we backed up, and for a moment the noise ceased, then, as he pulled to one side, my chauffeur dropped into his "low" speed and started ahead. Again the bawl began, and no baby could ever show such a face, and as we sped down the road, his cries still echoed in our ears.

I had to explain to Mr. Gill why we were twenty minutes late, and that had we not been as bold as lions we would not have landed at Newpark at all that day.

After the Fair, the Irishman sometimes relaxes and enjoys himself with his friends at the different public houses, and when one is coming to town towards evening on the day of a Fair, it is as well to drive slowly and look out for donkey carts. Foolish would it be for any man to sell or trade a good "homing" donkey, for ofttimes after being up half the night and enjoying himself a bit through the day, Pat will get into his little cart and snooze off, knowing that the faithful donkey in front will carry him home.

And well do the little animals that trace back to friendly relations between Galway and Spain perform their duties. Often the rope reins are held by a powerless hand, but at the glare of the lights or the toot of a horn, the faithful little animals invariably pull out to the side.

Birmingham tells another good story which I must quote.

A certain Mr. Tom Flinter, who lived in the neighborhood of Timahoe enjoyed himself until his household was reduced to

one faithful retainer, Dick Hennessy by name. This man seemed to have had some feeling for common honesty, and it should be noted to his master's credit that Dick's good advice was not wholly wasted. Mr. Flinter came into some money unexpectedly. He proposed to enjoy a "burst" at Timahoe fair. The conversation between him and Hennessy is thus related by a poet.

Tom Flinter	"Dick," says he,
Dick Hennessy	"What," says he,
Tom Flinter	"Fetch me my hat," says he, "For I will go," says he, "To Timahoe," says he; "I'll buy the fair," says he, "And all that's there," says he.
Dick Hennessy	"Arrah, pay what you owe," says he; "And then you may go," says he, "To Timahoe," says he, "To buy the fair," says he, "And all that's there," says he.
Tom Flinter	"Well, by this and by that," says he; "Dick, hang up my hat," says he.

This shows the Irish humor, and that it is still prevalent, His Honor Judge Curran, at the Mullingar Quarter Sessions, proved.

I had been sued by a farmer to recover nine pounds, the price of a heifer which was injured by my motor-car. It was stated that my car was a powerful engine from America, and that all cattle were in danger of their lives.

As I was insured, I wrote to the owner and informed him of that fact, and that it made no difference to me and possibly my chauffeur was to blame. This letter was brought in as evidence. My chauffeur was asked at what speed he was traveling at the time; he answered, "I was slackening down to seven miles an hour."

Mr. Shaw: (My solicitor). That practically means that it was not going at all. (Laughter.)

Witness: 'Tis no more than a walking pace.

His Honor: I could not consider it a walking pace.

Mr. Shaw: If you saw Mr. Dowdall (the opposing solicitor) on his motor-cycle, you would understand what speed is. (Laughter.)

Mr. Dowdall: I don't knock down cattle. Where is Mr. Smith?

Mr. Shaw: "He is hunting to-day."

Mr. Dowdall: "He would not think it worth his while to attend, and your Honor can form an opinion as to the speed the car was traveling; the animal's hip was broken across."

His Honor then said cattle and sheep moved in a very erratic manner on the road, that he had *never* ventured into a motor-car yet, but he knew that cars even drawn by horses stopped on the road to allow cattle to pass, and the motor must have been going at more than a walking pace when it broke the heifer's leg. It would not have taken a minute to stop and let the cattle pass. The driver took an advantage of an apparent opening and dashed through. He would give a decree for nine pounds. His Honor also added that he hoped he was not in Moate when the beast that was injured was sold for meat. (Laughter.)

His Honor Judge Curran, had held court in Moate a short time previous. In Ireland any animals dying from natural death, being smothered, or other accident, come under the head of "case meat" or "God's killing", and are not, naturally, considered fit for food, but still, like "bob veal" in the States, are often sold.

At another trial a certain Joseph King, testifying as to his employer and the service which he rendered him, stated that he helped the butler on some occasions, and His Lordship, evidently being of jovial disposition and appreciating his sporting clothes, said, "You were groom of the bedchambers, were you not?" at which the whole court room roared.

A sporting priest said he once went over to a neighboring county to hunt, and the "Divine" whom he was visiting was taken suddenly ill. As he had a funeral to officiate at that afternoon, he asked his visiting friend to take charge. Driving over, he found the friends and neighbors clustered in a little low Irish cottage moaning and taking on terribly. He started

in with his ceremony, and when he had got to the part where it was necessary for him to say "he" or "she", noting that the lid of the coffin was closed, he turned to a bystander and asked, "Is it a brother or a sister?" "It's nather, your reverence, only a relative."

When returning to America, I brought with me an Irish chauffeur, named Paddy McLoughlin, who was full of very quiet Irish wit. Going to the Highway Commission in Boston for his license, we found the office very crowded and the official behind the desk very crusty. He said to my man:

"What is your name?" Ans.—"Paddy McLoughlin."

"Paddy is no name, give me your real name?" Ans.—"Paddy it was and Paddy it will be"; so down it went Paddy.

"What is your weight?" Ans.—"Eleven stone eight pounds."

"Oh! Talk English here. Give me your weight?" I broke in and said, "Multiply the eleven by fourteen and add eight and you have got it."

His parting shot was, "What is your sex?" Ans.—"Roman Catholic", said Paddy.

At a Court in Dublin, the following question was asked of a police witness. "Did you obtain verification of the prisoner's story?" "I did, and I found it false" was the policeman's prompt rejoinder.

At another Police Court in Cork the witness, after being sworn in, was asked. "Do you corroborate what the previous witnesses have said?" his answer was, "Yes, I do. They are all liars."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HUNT BALL SEASON

KING'S COUNTY HUNT BALL IN BIRR, ALSO LIMERICK, CORK, THE UNITED, WATERFORD, CARLOW, GALWAY BLAZERS, MEATH AND WESTMEATH HUNT BALLS—MANY-COLORED COLLARS AND FACINGS OF THE PINK EVENING COATS—BALLYMACAD HUNT BALL AT LOUGHCREW, THE HOME OF CAPT. AND MRS. NAPER—TRIP FROM MULLINGAR TO SALLYMOUNT WITH LIEUT. FARIE AND MISS NUGENT—DINNER AT SALLYMOUNT, THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. ROTHERAM—ARRIVING AT LOUGHCREW—MEETING LORD TRIMLESTOWN, THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT, LORD AND LADY FARNHAM, A MEMBER OF THE COUNTY DOWN STAGHOUNDS, ETC.—A RUN WITH THE BALLYMACADS IN THE SNOW—SWEET FEELING OF THE ROTHERAM FAMILIES—TEA AT CROSSDRUM.

THE new year brought the "Hunt Ball" season, and trains were full of sporting fathers with daughters and young people traveling to first one ball, then another, enjoying themselves at the dances as the Irish surely can.

King's County had its ball with its Master, Assheton Biddulph, at the head of ceremonies, in the village of Birr. County Limerick had theirs at Limerick Town, and Cork, the United, Waterford, and Carlow followed soon after. Richard Burke sent me an invitation to come down and dance with the "Tips", and the Galway Blazers Committee likewise begged me to "Blaze" with them. The Meath Ball was held on Wednesday, January 29, and was the greatest social function in Ireland, as the Meath hunting country adjoins Dublin.

A Hunt Ball and a Regimental Ball are the most picturesque scenes in the world; at the latter they have the brilliant uniforms with gold lace, etc. and at the former the bright pink evening coats with the many-colored collars and facings reflecting the lights.

Meath has the sky-blue collar; Louth, a few miles north, the French gray facings; Limerick, the green collar; Tipperary, the red collar and facings with flying foxes; Waterford, the colors of "The Marquis", with red and white facings; Wexford, black collar and yellow facings; Kilkenny, red collar and cherry-colored facings; Kildare, facings the color of the Flag of Truce, which colors are also borne by the far-famed Galway Blazers

and the Duhallow, but the latter go a bit further and turn out smartly in knee breeches. King's County has a black velvet collar with flying foxes, and Saint Patrick's blue facing. One can readily imagine how these attractive colorings, together with the many-hued gowns of the ladies, made a bright picture on the floor of the ballrooms, for as most of the Hunts join each other, and as the balls were scattered along for a month, often as many as a dozen different Hunt coats might be counted in the hall.

These Hunt Balls are the great society events of the season. Committees are appointed to look after the invitations and decorations, which often embody the colors of the Hunt, and when, as in some cases, over one hundred and fifty "take the flure", there is certainly, as they say in the States, "something doing."

The Ballymacads, where I "viewed" my first Irish "Dance of the Chase", were formerly a pack of harriers, hunting part of the Meath country; later on they began to hunt the fox by courtesy of the Master of the Meath. The Hunt has existed since 1797, two of its former Masters being Mr. Gerald Dease of Turbotstown and Mr. J. L. W. Naper, who reigned from 1824 to 1830. Although a truly bred pack of foxhounds, they are scheduled yet under the list of harriers, and the Master and Hunt servants still wear green, the harrier color.

Surprised at this, I at once asked the Master what they were ashamed of, as surely the sport they furnished and the splendid pack of hounds which was before me merited the red coat. He replied, "Yes, I agree with you, but while John Watson was Master of the Meath he wanted only one pack of foxhounds in the county, and so they annually loaned us the country. Out of deference to him and his desires we have always kept to the green coats."

"That is all very well", said I, "but I believe the day will come when Meath will be only too proud of their neighbors, the Ballymacads, and want to see you in the true livery of the foxchase."

The Ballymacad country adjoins the Westmeath towards the northeast, near Castlepollard, and invariably on a Wednesday a number of their followers hunted with us around about Drumcree and Killynon. The Master and his two brothers, with their sporting wives, were often out, and now and then Captain and Mrs. Naper and others came down.

The Rotheram contingent themselves were a truly sporting one; born not with golden spoons in their mouths, but with silver ones enough to satisfy their wants, they played the game of fox-hunting as it should be played,—everything for sport, nothing for show,—and were invariably mounted on horses that might not shine at the meet but very often took the shine out of everybody through the run and shone out with great splendor at the finish of a hard day.

Many a tussle the American horses had with the Irish horses ridden by the Rotherams and Reggie Walker, and I was pleased indeed when Mrs. Rotheram asked me to Sallymount for the Hunt Ball, and suggested that I send a hunter to Castlepollard for the meet at Loughcrew, which for over seventy-five years had been the centre of festivities for sport among the Ballymacads. She added, "Now send a good one, Mr. Smith, as the cry will be Westmeath and Ballymacad the day after the ball."

I sent Success, my best, to Castlepollard on Thursday, and on Friday in my motor picked up Miss Nugent, one of our most attractive Westmeath belles, at Jamestown, and at the barracks Lieutenant Farie, and headed for Castlepollard. Snow was now coming down in earnest when we arrived at Castlepollard, and after seeing that our mounts were well housed, we started for Sallymount under the guidance of Miss Nugent, who had been there once before.

Anybody who has ever motored and driven in Ireland knows that one never goes a mile on the roads before he finds that there is not a signboard on the whole of them. In fact, the only signboard I saw in Ireland was at Barbavilla, inside the grounds, erected by some past Smythe who grew tired of everybody taking the wrong way and bothering him by inquiries.

There are said to be a few in Meath, near Dublin, but I have not hunted that country and only have it from hearsay; but there is one thing I can swear to, and that is that if ever there were a maze to perplex a motorist, it is Ireland, and were it not for the obliging cottagers, who seem always to be looking over their half doors and think nothing of running out in the rain to answer your question, it would be impossible to make ground at all.

From Castlepollard, even in the blinding storm, Miss Nugent kept her bearings, and finally landed us at Sallymount gate, and we were soon stamping our feet in the hall.

Sallymount is one of the old homes of the Rotherams and thoroughly Irish in its architecture,—a long servants' hall running out back into the kitchen at the far end, with the comfortable yard for horses adjoining.

Our host urged us to hurry and get into our pink coats, and I soon slipped into mine, with the black velvet collar and white facings of the Westmeath.

After a long day in the cold and snow, as our meet that day had been fifteen miles west of Mullingar, no appetizer was needed to appreciate the truly home dinner which was laid before us,—a big turkey which was "hung" to the day and other "fixings", as they say in the Southern States, which made one's mouth water.

All the houses about Loughcrew were filled with guests for the ball; Sallymount was no exception, and we were a merry dinner party.

Soon overcoats and mufflers were donned, as the snow was still falling, and after a four-mile run we saw the well-lighted park gates of Loughcrew on our right, and turning up the avenue, in a short run made the mansion, which was far more attractive in its architecture than most of those in Ireland, for in the centre were four stone pillars forming a *porte-cochere* which greatly relieved the bare look.

Lanterns were hung all about the grounds, so that the beautiful lawns would not be cut up by careless chauffeurs, and it

was with a feeling of gladness that we entered the portals and left the cold and snow behind us, for Lougherew, again unlike many other Irish mansions, was well warmed throughout.

We were early, and I passed some time in looking over Loughcrew itself, which well merited my attention. It seems that some twenty or thirty years ago, the main house was completely gutted by a disastrous fire, and a new house containing every possible convenience was erected on the lines of the old one. One would believe that he was in an American home, for with temperature perfect, and liveried servants at every turn, every want was promptly supplied.

Soon an order for dances was placed in my hands, and immediately I noticed that the celebrated Clark Barry Band of Dublin would render the music, which was a sure token of the best quality.

Guests began to drop in, and I noticed one gentleman in a dark brown or blue livery with raised buttons. On inquiry, I was told that he represented the County Down Staghounds, who hunt in that county and follow the red deer.

We had hardly paid our respects to our host and hostess, who had loaned their beautiful home to the Hunt for the ball, before I was told that Lord Trimlestown wanted to see me, and very soon he came up and introduced himself with the remark, "Mr. Smith, I am going to make a strange statement. I knew your wife in America before you did." He then went on to explain that in 1878 or 1879, before he came in for his title, he went to the States and with a friend of his, a Mr. Farley of Boston, had visited at Mariemonte, the Crompton estate near Worcester, where my wife, one of the daughters, was but seven or eight years old.

I said, "You are right, Lord Trimlestown; I never met her until she was twelve or thirteen years old." We then had a pleasant talk about the States, and he expressed great appreciation of the generous hospitality shown him on all sides while there; later on I had the pleasure of meeting his wife and her sister.

THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT.

Not being a dancing man, except of the "square" kind, I amused myself by watching the ladies and gentlemen about me. There was one good sportsman who, like myself, didn't dance a yard, and sacrificed himself hour by hour as his attractive wife enjoyed every minute. As in America, some danced, and others "cornered", and let me say that no house had more attractive corners than Loughcrew.

After a few dances had passed, in came the big party from Headfort, where the Marchioness of Headfort had a house full for the ball, and to my astonishment, whom should I see in her train but young Mr. Willey, whom I last saw at the Barre Fair, twenty miles from Worcester, and his sister, whom I met the night of the Fair at a dinner given by the President of the Agricultural Society, William A. Gaston, of the Shawmut National Bank of Boston, who has a large country place in Barre.

The Willeys are big worsted combers and spinners in Bradford, England, and started a large plant at South Barre a few years ago. Truly it is a small world, and soon Mr. Willey and his sister and I were proclaiming the fact.

A few minutes later I had the pleasure of meeting the Marchioness of Headfort,* and the additional pleasure of watching her through the evening, for her piquant face was beautifully expressive, and her sparkling eyes won the admiration of every man in the room.

Among others whom I met and who interested me especially was Lady Farnham, who looked the *grande dame,* attired in attractive purple gown and slippers.

When I sat through a dance with her, I found I had met one that was thoroughly up in every topic of the day. She said,

*The Marchioness of Headfort, formerly Rosie Boote, was one of the most attractive Gaiety Theatre girls. She has converted her husband from a very reckless young fellow into a respectable and useful member of society. Being passionately fond of hunting, a great sportswoman, and in love with country life, it was not long, with her unaffected good nature and kindness of heart, before she was accepted by the country families of the County Cavan where her husband, at Virginia Park, had his country seat.

The Marchioness visited America in October, 1923, to see her son, Lord William Desmond Taylour, who was entering business in New York.

"Lord Farnham left the House of Lords and came over via Holyhead this morning, and is then going to motor down from Dublin just for this ball, which shows you how much we think of fox hunting with the Ballymacads." Sure enough, in a few minutes I heard an exclamation of joy as Mrs. Naper espied His Lordship coming through the door,—all the way from London for her ball, so to speak.

After dinner the speed of the ball increased and never lagged till we left at six a. m; the dancing was broken only by suppers which were served continuously in the beautiful dining room. Now and then some of us would venture to the front door to see how the weather was, for all Irish houses have wooden shutters inside the window strongly held by iron bars, so one can not see out of door; word was always brought back that the storm still raged, first snow, then rain, till we took our departure.

Surely the Ballymacads should feel proud that they had been honored with such a home as Loughcrew, with its pleasant associations, for their Hunt Ball, and such an admirable host and hostess as Captain and Mrs. Naper, for nowhere in America have I passed an evening where every detail to make a perfect ball was so well carried out.

The chauffeurs, as my man told me, had a special tent erected for their convenience and hot supper was served to them; when I sent for him, he was happily engaged in a game of cards. This is just a little different from the courtesy extended to many of the motor men in the States, where they sit in the cold hour by hour and have to beat their hands like windmills to keep them warm.

We were soon back at Sallymount and it seemed as though I had only closed my eyes when I was awakened at half-past eight by the sun shining into them. I thought that at last had come a good day, for the warm sun would soon melt the snow and we might expect to have great sport. But by the time we were gathered around the breakfast table, at ten o'clock, clouds

were again dropping down snowflakes, and for two hours we gave up all hope of sport.

Our little hostess was continually at the door looking for a ray of light, and finally after the snow had stopped, she said, "Well, anyway, we can ride to the kennels and Crossdrum and see what the rest are doing."

At the kennels we found the orders were for no hunting, so I told my groom to go slowly with Success to Mullingar.

I got into one of the motors which had been trailing the party and soon landed at Crossdrum, another charming old Rotheram home, made of beautifully cut stone. Here we found they had all gone to Loughcrew, so we followed on and there to our surprise, found the hounds in front of the house with Major Austin Rotheram endeavoring to persuade a number of followers of the Meath, who made up the Loughcrew house-party, that hunting was possible. I backed him strongly, and truthfully said I had often hunted in a foot or two of snow in the States when they endeavored to show me how a horse would "ball up", so to speak, and would never jump.

I then told them how we had trotting races on the snow paths in the winter, how the horses "balled" and how, when the lumps got a certain size, they were thrown out, and came against the dasher of the sleighs like cannon balls.

Captain Naper then came out and all adjourned to the house, where we thoroughly liquidated the matter, and there were expressions of horror on the faces of the many when they found that an American Master of Hounds was foolish enough to be tied down to cold water.

Hanging on the wall of Loughcrew library, where we paused to warm ourselves, was a most attractive oil painting of hounds in full cry which had just crossed a brook, while some of the followers had gone over, others were in the brook, and a number were galloping headlong to their fate. It was beautifully executed, and I wish that I had had time to learn about the painter and more concerning the history of the scene, which evidently was painted when Captain Naper's ancestor was Master of the

Ballymacads. Just over the fireplace was another sporting picture equally as well drawn and colored, of which I could learn nothing.

I continually urged the possibility of hunting, even though I expected to follow in a motor, as I had sent my horse home, when Mr. "Crossdrum" Rotheram came forward like a true sportsman and said, "I am not going to have you say you came to the Ballymacad country and followed on wheels, and I insist on your riding my mount as the first horse to-day; I will send for another and will order two horses out, and you may have your choice." Gladly I accepted his offer and soon found myself on the back of a big chestnut Irish-bred which, from the way he dropped his chin, arched his neck, and slowly paced around the hounds, evidently knew the game.

In ten or fifteen minutes we were on our way with a few of the Ballymacad sports and others from the north of Ireland, who meant going, no matter what the weather was; while the Meathites followed in motors to the different coverts, telling us what would happen when the horses tried to jump and how foolhardy we were.

"Jorrocky" Rotheram, I always termed the Master of the Ballymacads, for when he got on his flat-brimmed beaver with the rising sun countenance beneath and the gray roan hairs crowding out from under the rim on either side, he looked a true Surtees character. Add to that the heart of a sportsman and a voice which made children and hounds turn to him, and you have the illustration of our huntsman that day.

He did not express his terms to his pack in the grunts and groans and unintelligible words that many huntsmen seem to think so necessary, but instead urged them to draw and called them from covert in round, mellow tones that made his voice charming to hark to; surely the hounds felt so, as they bustled out to his call.

Three coverts were drawn blank, and an "I-told-you-so" look was fairly settled on the occupants of the motor-cars, four of which followed from covert to covert.

Rotheram now slipped them over a low wall to the left of the road and went into the plantation himself, while his brother from Crossdrum made up to the top of the hill, for the plantation which looped out and back from the road left an open space along it for an eighth of a mile. On this open space the motors were drawn up, and we could catch glimpses of the huntsmen and hounds as they worked through the covert, and could see "Crossdrum" Rotheram on guard at the end of the loop, beyond where the fox was sure to cross into an adjoining wood.

We stood for a few seconds listening to the cheery voice of the huntsman in the woods, when his brother's welcome "Tally-ho over" electrified every being within its zone.

I have said nothing about the Ballymacad hounds until now, for it is only when hounds are seen at work and in full cry that they can be properly described. With only a modest subscription of possibly three hundred pounds a year, the Rotherams hunted the country two days a week, so that a pack of only fifteen or twenty couple were hunted; and it was not one made up of a lot of "fillers" or "loafers" that are of no value in the chase, for as I galloped alongside of them that afternoon, I could see that every hound in the pack was full of hunt.

Now they had the line, now they lost it, and now a wide swinging hound gave cry as he picked up the trail and they packed to him in a second; now they checked at a hedge-row where the fox had slipped through and fooled them for a few moments, then, turning, they galloped along the side of a wall with heads up, fairly screaming where the fox had run the top.

The country itself was as lovely as one could possibly imagine; the obstacles were principally stone walls and a few hedges and ditches; the going was pasture and very clean, with now and then a big wall with iron gateways to either the right or left; not for a moment did any one bother as to whether the horses could jump from their "balled" feet or not, but on everybody's face could be seen a look of exultation. As one sportsman said, "I don't believe there is another pack in Ireland that

could hunt under such circumstances, and aren't we having splendid sport, while many are in their walking clothes even though they have hunters standing in the stable."

The fox made a good four-mile point, and the up and down of the hillocks gave one a splendid opportunity to watch the little pack as they pushed on towards the high hills. Finally Mrs. "Crossdrum" Rotheram passed the word along to stop them, which she and the whips did in another moment, rather than let them go up the high hills where riding was impossible.

It was one of the great pleasures of the day to witness the sweet feeling between all the Rotheram family, including both Mrs. "Crossdrum" and Mrs. "Sallymount" Rotheram, both of whom were sportswomen, for they knew not only how to ride but also how to turn the hounds and hunt the fox, and if these chapters meet the eyes of any one who should by luck sometime follow the Ballymacads, let him not look for a leader beyond these two Dianas, for he will do well to keep pace with them.

We had been led in the chase by a gallant sportsman on a long-tailed horse who turned his head from nothing, and after the run we drew his sideboard which contained "Brace-r" after "Brace-r"; we then drew the gorse in the field beyond, in which the foxes were evidently underground, as it was unstopped, for the run had taken us completely out of the regular draw for the day.

Holt Waring of the County Down proposed a hare and hound chase over the country and endeavored to badger our host of the sideboard covert into jumping a five-foot wall near by, but calmer counsels prevailed, and soon we were making fun of the motorists, who had been gliding about on the roads and envying us our splendid run.

Five o'clock saw us with tea, toast, and buttered eggs at Crossdrum, and eight o'clock found me eating dinner in my bedroom at Portloman, after a steaming hot bath, for with two days' hunting, a ball, and only a few hours' sleep, my eyelids had already begun to ask questions.

Just as I was correcting these pages, word came from Ballymacad country of a terrible accident which had happened to the gallant sportsman with the long-tailed horse. It seems that while riding in his customary place, in front, he jumped a big wall, his mount came down, he fell on his head, and was not expected to live.

CHAPTER XVII.

HUNTING IN FRANCE

INVITATION OF FREDERICK HENRY PRINCE, AMERICAN MASTER OF THE PAU HUNT, FRANCE, TO HUNT WITH HIM—ARRIVING AT VILLA STE. HELENE, THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. PRINCE—TWO HOURS' RUN IN MOTOR AROUND PAU—DINNER AT MR. PRINCE'S THAT NIGHT WHERE I MET MESSRS. BARRON AND PALAMINY AND MISS ANNE HUTTON—A HUNT WITH THE PAU HOUNDS—INTRODUCTION TO MISS PLATT—LUNCH WITH FREDDIE PRINCE, JR. AT MOILASS AT AN INN KEPT BY MADAM PUTZ—MEETING LADY HAMILTON OF DALZELL—PAU KENNELS, THE PROPERTY OF THE CITY OF PAU, GIVEN TO THE CITY AND THE PAU HUNT BY MRS. TORRENCE—LIST OF AMERICAN MASTERS OF THE PAU HUNT SINCE 1874—DINNER AT VILLA BILHERE WHERE I HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING MISS HUTTON'S MOTHER AND FORBES MORGAN—THE CONCOURS HIPPIQUES—MEET AT ESCAR—GEORGE PARFREMENT, THE FRENCH STEEPLECHASE RIDER—ENGLISHMAN'S CLUB AT PAU—DINNER GIVEN BY MR. PRINCE IN MY HONOR—A FAREWELL DINNER GIVEN BY MR. PRINCE WHERE I MET THE BARONESS LA CAZE, DAUGHTER OF FERDINAND DE LESSEPS THE BUILDER OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

SHORTLY after I arrived in Ireland I received a letter from Frederick Henry Prince, Master of Foxhounds at Pau, France, asking how my hounds were doing in the new country and inquiring if I had seen any hunters in Ireland which would be useful for his whips.

In Westmeath I had seen a grand horse, bred and ridden by Fitz Russell of Lissanode, Moate, for which I knew he wanted three hundred pounds.

I wrote the Master of Pau advising him to buy it, and also a splendid chestnut which Willie Hanly of Tipperary valued at three hundred pounds. Hanly told me what a crack he was, and said, "Why, you know what a beautiful woman Lady Pole Carew is?"

I said "Yes", (for I had admired her at the Horse Show Ball in Dublin).

"Well", said he, "I think so much of her that whenever she comes here to hunt, this is the only horse I mount her on, for I know he will carry her safely."

Mr. Prince immediately sent a check for the Fitz Russell horse and asked me to look the Hanly horse over for him; at the same time he invited me to run down to Pau for a few days if I could possibly find time.

FREDERICK HENRY PRINCE, MASTER OF THE PAU HUNT, FRANCE, AND HIS SON
From the painting by A. J. Munnings, A. R. A.

We had now been having continuous rain. It was the same story day after day,—a gloomy morning, a covered motor to the meet, drip, drip on you from eleven till you left the saddle and took to your motor in the afternoon, making the reins like wet paper and soaking boots and breeches.

On receipt of Prince's kind invitation, I made up my mind to kill two birds with the one stone; so I took the train for Tipperary, looked over the chestnut, wired Prince from Thurles that he was O. K., and continued on to London, catching the noon boat across the Channel and arriving at Paris about half-past nine that night, just in time to get the slow train for Bordeaux which got us there at breakfast time.

Here I had a rather amusing experience. My man had found the proper train for Pau and put the bags into one of the compartments while we were getting a bite to eat in the restaurant. Suddenly, as we looked out the window, we saw the train commence to move but did not realize for a moment that it was going without any warning; then, as the speed became faster, I realized it was a question of jump, and jump I did, with my man close behind. The last car was just going by at fifteen miles an hour, and as I started for it, the station guard waved his hand and endeavored to block me, but by dodging first to the left and then to the right, I gave him a football pass, and went tearing down the platform after the last car. For fifty yards it held me, and then, with an expiring effort, I put on a little more pressure and swung on behind. My man proved as good a sprinter but barely caught the train as it went out of the station. Together we panted and panted till we got our breath and finally got into one of the compartments through a window which was open. The train guard came in at the next stop, and I could see that he was very much put out about something, but when we found the compartment where our bags were, we were happy indeed that we were not left in Bordeaux.

The train plodded along slowly to Pau, where we found Mr. Prince's man on the platform waiting to take us to the motor.

Suddenly a police officer spotted us and immediately began to jabber to me in French. I let him wind himself out and then he started on Mr. Prince's man, who could talk both English and French, expostulating on the way we had treated the station guard at Bordeaux. After eight or ten minutes of hot words back and forth, Mr. Prince's man at last said: "This gentleman is not going to run away, he is going out to Villa Ste. Helene; he will be there for a few days, and you can take down his name and find him there at any time." This finally satisfied the officer, and, having taken down every possible detail in regard to my size, looks, and sex, he allowed me to go on.

Never shall I forget that first impression of Pau and the delight of the warm sun,—the first friendly sunshine I had felt since leaving the States in August. Off to the right the majestic Pyrenees towered to the sky, and as we motored through the streets, we could not but be impressed with the loveliness of the old town which has tempted so many English and American sportsmen to its doors.

We ran by the hotels and on the outskirts found Villa Ste. Helene most attractively situated in three or four acres of ground with a charming west view towards the mountains and very satisfactory in every way for a Master of Hounds, being thoroughly convenient to Pau, the English Club, and the kennels in the country beyond.

I was soon taken to my apartments and found the villa heated in the halls and bathrooms; and one's room could be warmed in the first part of the morning by the fire, and then kept so by throwing open the casement and allowing the soft, spring air to enter.

After two nights in English and French trains, a hot bath and a two-hour sleep seemed good, and it was two that afternoon before I had the pleasure of greeting Mr. and Mrs. Prince in the library.

The former said, "Now, Harry, I will show you my hunters."

"You don't mean they are right here on the grounds?" I asked.

MRS. PRINCE IN THE PYRENEES
From the painting by A. J. Munnings, A. R. A.

"Certainly", he replied. "I keep the horses for the servants out at the kennels, but I keep twelve or fifteen thoroughbreds here for myself, my sons, Freddie and Norman, and my friends", —giving me a rap on the shoulder,—"and besides that, I have always in Larregain's hands two or three horses which he is breaking in for me."

We stepped outdoors and over the grass to where, under the trees, were fifteen loose boxes for the Master's treasures, which were splendidly looked after by a bright French stud groom.

After seeing the heavy and three-quarter-bred horses in Ireland, it was certainly a pleasure to have brought out before you clean-bred after clean-bred, all up to weight, heads well set on necks neatly cut out, with shoulders sloping; some were English-bred, some were French-bred, but all were in the Book. Among the lot was a brother of Mr. Vanderbilt's Seasick II and a few four-year-olds just breaking in, which showed about their ankles the effect of what they call in France "Gorse fever."

It seems that all about Pau is a low gorse, three or four inches high, which stings any green horse galloping through, and within a short time the legs swell and break out in small pustules. I was much interested to see this, for it was exactly the same symptoms and effect which had appeared on my American hounds, after they had drawn the gorse coverts in Ireland a few times. Mr. Prince stated that after a week or so it went away, and a recurrence was unusual, and that, like a mild blister, it left the legs in better condition than ever.

What a disinfectant sunlight is, and what a glow it gave to the horses. Every one of the string had blooming coats, and I am sure that when resistless energy is desired, fifty per cent. of sunlight must be the proportion, not nine or ten, as in the Emerald Isle.

After giving a few stable orders, allotting me for the morning's run the best of the string, we got into the motor and took a run out through the valley into the defiles of the mighty Pyrenees, where the soldiers of Napoleon used to file back and

forth while they were playing checkers with Wellington, during the War of the Peninsular.

In this part of France the ox and cow are evidently the most valuable asset of the peasant. The cows themselves are often driven like oxen, but invariably the load is drawn by a stick fastened across the base of the horns, rather than by a yoke about the neck as in the States; it was surprising what heavy loads could be pulled by these animals with this unusual, and what seemed to me, unhappy method of connection. Every animal, no matter how poor the owner, was covered with a cloth sheet, either to keep the bovine warm and clean, or perhaps on account of the flies. The children might be often naked, but the animals were always covered.

After two hours' run, we returned to the villa, and that night at dinner I had the pleasure of meeting Monsieur Palaminy, who was one of the first-flighters,—Mr. Prince said. As he was a lightweight with a quiet, determined eye, I could readily see that I would have my work cut out on the morrow.

With us also was Miss Anne Hutton, who was as important to Pau as the Master of the hounds himself. Originally English people, the Huttons for years lived at Villa Bilhere and dispensed that charming hospitality which has made them truly beloved by all visitors to the south of France. Because of her fondness for the chase, Miss Hutton was indefatigable in her desire to aid the master in every way to give sport, and, in addition, the Hutton stables had a large majority of the winners at the Concours Hippique in Pau, Madrid, Lisbon, Tarbes, and Sebastian.*

Her brother-in-law, Peter Barron, was considered second to none in the management of his mount over the different jumps and banks which make up the obstacles in the Hippique, and

*At the New York Horse Show in 1923 a young army officer came up to me and said, "Oh, Mr. Smith, I must thank you for a wonderful week in France." I said, "How is that?" and he replied, "Why, don't you remember you gave me a letter to Miss Hutton in Pau which I presented when I went there and was immediately asked to dinner, every possible kindness showered on me and was furnished a good mount for a hunt or two." This shows the courtesy of sportsmen and women the world over.

CONCOURS HIPPIQUE.
A great performer.

CONCOURS HIPPIQUE.
A grand spring. Horse and rider in cadence.

Mr. Prince told me that the year before over three thousand pounds were won by the Hutton string.

They were all much interested to know how my American horses were going in Ireland, and both Mr. Barron and Mr. Palaminy told me, "You don't know how lucky we are here in Pau to have a Master like our American friend; we felt that Mr. Ridgeway, the former Master, was doing the thing well here, but it was only after Mr. Prince came and put his wonderful energy and executive ability to work that we appreciated how much the sport could be improved."

As they explained it to me, the sport at Pau is different from anywhere else in the world; the foxes do not breed down in the plains where the meets are held, but up in the Pyrenees themselves, and to give sport it is necessary to have a reliable corps of hunters in the mountains that can deliver two or three freshly caught foxes three times a week and uninjured in any way, so that they are able to lead the Pau hounds a good chase.

When the meet was settled, the foxes were brought in a motor, and after being given a certain amount of leeway, the hounds are put on the line.

"If the first one does not give good sport, we have the second", said they, "and likewise the third, and as it is hot here, Mr. Prince brings the hounds in a van to the meet so they arrive as fresh as paint, and it had improved the speed of the pack twenty-five per cent. over former years."

They told me that the speed of the chase had increased so wonderfully under the new Master that while in former times half-bred heavy horses from Stokes, the jobmaster in England, were good enough, now "You have to have a blood horse; he must know the country, and besides, you have got to ride hard yourself, as the big banks and tombeaus take both nerve and ability."

I am frank to say this deep appreciation by Messrs. Barron and Palaminy of the good sport shown by Mr. Prince was sweet to me. I had known the latter for years and remember seeing his old gray hunter, which was one of the early winners at The

Country Club, Brookline, relegated to drawing the grass cutter over the golf links when I first began racing there. His hunter, Sherod, was the first winner of the historic "Challenge Cup" in 1892.

I knew that he was one of the original members of the Myopia Hunt Club,—in fact the name itself, Myopia, was taken from the eye affliction of many of his family who were among the founders of the club, but when I had taken up hunting and riding in the States he was busy in business, railroad consolidations, etc., and I did not appreciate that one could keep out of the game, so to speak, for ten or fifteen years and then come back with renewed ardor.

I spoke of this a few days later to Mr. Prince, and he took me into the drawing room, where there was a silver cup which he had won riding his own horse, Tramway, at the Mystic Park Meeting, Boston and the date on it was the early eighties.

The next morning I pulled on my hunting clothes and for once found them a bit warm in the beautiful temperature of southern France. We motored to the meet, which was at Grande Lande de Sedzers, and met there a splendid gathering, including Mr. and Mrs. H. T. King of New York and Johnny Wright, another American from Boston. I had met Wright years ago in the States before he went to Paris and astonished the European continent by his skill as a steeplechase rider. When Johnny Wright was at his best, no amateur or professional could beat him, and many a time did he bring off the "hat trick" to the delight of his backers.

Freddie Prince, Junior, introduced me to an attractive young horsewoman, Miss Platt, whose skill he prefaced by saying, "She is one of the best", and I found her most charming as she sat at the wheel of her motor which she had driven to the meet. Her family were great lovers of Pau, although her father was a member of the Platt family of England, whose cotton machinery handles fully three-fourths of the crop of the world. I also met a number of French sportsmen and before mounting my

hunter for the day's sport felt ashamed that years ago I had not conquered the French language.

Mr. Schwabe, who had hunted for years in England with the crack packs, was on hand, and it was a thoroughly well groomed and keen lot of followers that walked their horses behind the pack in twos and threes as Walter, the huntsman, led them forward to the covert directed by the Master.

Mr. Prince, as he explained to me, had taken infinite pains to make the game as near like the finding of a wild fox in his home country as possible. Reynard was freshly caught, kept in good order, quietly released in the covert decided upon without being scared, and allowed to make his own way until he heard the pack on his trail and took to his heels.

There is always a great pleasure in hunting a new country with a strange pack of hounds and also great anxiety in riding strange horses. Well I knew that the American Master had been spotted by every one and if, on one of Mr. Prince's best, I did not go out front, the name of the Master of the Grafton would have a black mark against it.

The country was a bank one; the valleys, which were interspersed with a number of brooks, were extremely fertile and therefore deep in places. On the uplands there were large plains or plateaus often covered with the short gorse previously spoken of.

No second-rate horse could keep up with the front riders of Mr. Prince's hunt that day, as I soon found out. If one believes there is no excitement in following the mountain foxes over the wide banks, varied by narrow banks six or seven feet high,—which take a deal more doing than the boundary hedges of England,—and often a tombeau, only equalled by the boreens in Ireland, let them go to Pau.

My horse proved a crack, and after three or four fields I was able to get up to the first flight, composed of M. Palaminy, Peter Barron and our Master, who was mounted on a beautiful chestnut, and cut out the work from the start.

The trailing of the fox in Pau is even more difficult than in the United Kingdom. In the first place, the fox is taken from his natural haunts and so loses a certain degree of scent; then again, when liberated, he does not take a natural run but zigzags here and there, and often will run down a dusty road for a considerable distance.

It was an eye opener to me to see the Pau bitches cast themselves forward, running more in the manner of the American than the English hounds, and what was more, with good cry. That day we had a run of fully an hour and ten minutes with a check or two, when it was interesting to see how the Master had his field in hand. A Pau field is made up of all nationalities, English, French, American, and visitors from Spain, Italy, Germany, and elsewhere, with a goodly percentage of ladies, all with a natural desire to "magpie" when the hounds throw their heads up. But so keen was our Master that he had thoroughly imbued the regular followers of the field with the necessity of absolute quiet when hounds were endeavoring to find the line, and the raising of his right hand was all that was needed to have his good lieutenants, Miss Hutton, Mr. Schwabe, Messrs. Barron and Palaminy bring the field to order and complete silence.

After the first burst or two, I got thoroughly in touch with my mount, and found his mouth as soft as velvet and his spring like a rubber ball as he topped the banks. How ashamed I would have been of myself had I not been able throughout the run to lay up beside the Master and M. Palaminy who, with Miss Platt, invariably showed the way.

Truly, the French have a delightful way of showing their appreciation, for that afternoon, as we were turning back from the run, an old sportsman by the name of M. Roy;* who for years had been starter on the race tracks about Paris, rode up to thank Mr. Prince for the good sport accorded him and said,

*At the Fiftieth Anniversary of the opening of Auteuil, on November 1st, 1923, M. Roy, who won a race the first day on the famous course for Gentlemen Riders on a horse named Nogent, appeared in the role of starter on the half century anniversary.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am I must go, and I can only call you 'my brother' to show how I feel towards you."

That day young Freddie and I stopped to get a bite or two of lunch in the little town of Moilass at the inn, so well-known to every one that ever hunted in Pau, presided over by Madam Putz. It is right beside the road; every one walks through the outer room into the kitchen, and here we found Johnny Wright and a number of others busily engaged stowing away the tempting morsels which Madam Putz pulled out of the different pots standing in front of the fire.

In a few moments the old fire, which had so many times done duty for the fox-hunter, made delicious toast for us and this, with some stew from the warm pot, tasted good after the sport of the day.

Not many years ago an Irish sportsman visited Pau and made some splendid sketches of the different members of the Hunt. One showed the old kitchen at Moilass and Johnny Wright with two old members of the Hunt, who have since passed on, warming themselves in the very fireplace itself, for it was so large they could easily seat themselves on one side and not interfere with the cooking operations.

Madam Putz has one son, who is, I believe, the head chef at Sherry's in New York, and I can wager that he is an expert in the use of pepper, salt, and mustard. She is also noted for her blackberry jam, and nothing would satisfy young Mr. Prince until he had teased six large jars away from the good woman; and at Lordvale the next fall I used them to the accompaniment of a good Rhode Island turkey at Thanksgiving time.*

That day I had the pleasure of meeting Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, and as we sat at luncheon in the old French inn, memories of Lord Nelson and Romney ran through my mind.

*"Louis Bustanoby, the restaurateur, friend and gastronomic adviser of many New Yorkers who thoroughly enjoyed life, died on August 4, 1917. He was born at Pau, France, came to New York in 1889, found employment in the old Cafe Martin, later became manager and in 1901 opened the Cafe des Beaux Arts where he was joined by his brothers, Andres and Jacques."
—*New York World.*

(This shows that Pau is almost the father of the leading American French chefs. H. W. S.)

The next morning we spent at the kennels, and right glad I was to have two or three hours on the flags, as a close inspection of the pack showed why they were giving such good sport.

Mr. Prince for a number of years had been buying the best drafts from the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds in Scotland; he told me it was so hot in the summer at Pau that it is impossible to breed hounds, and he was obliged to get drafts to keep the pack up. Walter had them all well in hand and showed me a "new one" when he put them through a whirlpool movement by swinging the whip about his head; then they all scampered gaily in one direction about the yard, and when he reversed the thong, they promptly reversed also.

The yards at the kennels and the buildings themselves are of stone, most attractively laid out with stables for the Hunt horses adjoining. The whole is the property of the City of Pau, for in fact the Master, Mr. Prince, is as much an official of the borough as the mayor himself.

On the side of one of the buildings I saw a tablet which stated that the property was given to the City of Pau and the Pau Hunt by Mrs. Torrence, in memory of her son who had been killed steeplechasing. What a sweet remembrance it is of the young sportsman, and what pleasure it has accorded to many in the past and will continue to give for generations to come.

In the club room at the kennels was given a list of Masters, among whom I noted the following American sportsmen:

W. G. Tiffany	1874 - 1875
James Gordon Bennett	1880 - 1882
W. K. Thorne	1888 - 1892
Henry Ridgeway	1899 - 1902
J. A. Wright	1903 - 1905
Frederick Henry Prince	1910

Willie Tiffany I met early in my sporting career, away back in 1903 or 1904, when he was judging carriage horses at the first Open-Air Show in New York.

A cup was to be given for "The Best Sporting Tandem," "the leader to be able to go across country." I studied the whole class out carefully and entered my tandem made up of Sans Reproche as wheeler (which I sold later in the week to Richard Croker, as he was not brilliant actor enough for the high-stepping enthusiasts) while in front of him I had Sue Woodstock, a lovely brown mare.

The bearing reins and the loin straps were taken off so as to give them as rakish a look as possible, and the two horses were put to a Brewster "Going to Covert" cart. I figured that if a leader was "to be able to go across country", I might possibly be called upon to ride him, so behind the screen under the seat I put a saddle and bridle, so as to be ready for all emergencies.

Among the entries were Richard Carman, who was then showing carriage horses and later on became so well known as a heavy harness judge, and E. Von der Horst Koch, who at the New York Show and elsewhere had been telling the young, heavy-horse enthusiasts of the States when the horseshoe buckle should be used and where the plain brow band was proper.

E. M. Fulton had Gamecock and Peacock in, and altogether it was a hot class. We drove around the ring half a dozen times, and my two gees with their trotting blood clearly outpaced the others. Then Mr. Tiffany called us into the centre, looked over the horses a moment, entered a few notes in his judging book, and said, "That is all very well for the driving; now let us have the cross-country part of the programme. I suppose you all have your saddles and bridles with you." Just then the Worcester stock went up two hundred per cent. as my groom jumped down, pulled the bridle and saddle out from under the seat, and unsnapped the lead traces, while I let the lead lines slip through my fingers. Carman, Von Koch, and the others looked at each other and had to admit that they had not brought theirs, and Mr. Tiffany gave them permission to borrow some.

I had only owned Sue Woodstock a few days and had never been on her in my life; and was considerably taken aback when

Mr. Tiffany said, "Now, young man, show what you can do over the regular jumps."

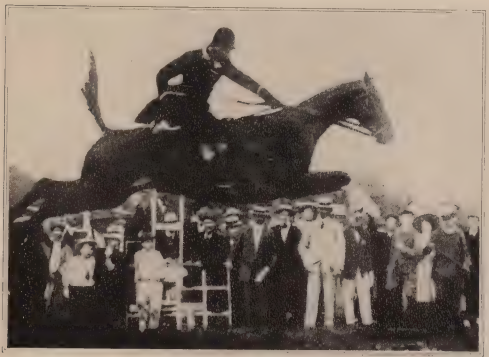
There was no chance to get out, and although I knew the others were in the same corner as myself, it surely was not a pleasant position before a grand stand of New York spectators. Luckily I had on a pair of spurs, and having faith in the thoroughbred blood in the Canadian mare, I drove her to the first jump,—a hedge; the way she stood off and sailed over it showed me that the ribbon was mine, for a stone wall, gate, and rail fence were taken in just as perfect a way. I then had the pleasure of watching Carman and others getting refusal after refusal at the hedge, and none of them got beyond the wall, so the cup came to Worcester.

After we had looked the kennels over, Walter showed us his Hunt horses and well might he be proud of his charges. When one knows, as I did from absolute knowledge, that Mr. Prince was paying three hundred pounds in Ireland for horses to mount his whips, their quality can be easily appreciated. There was a dozen well-bred, middle, and heavyweight Irish hunters, and only one or two of the heavy-necked, carty type, which were part of the previous regime, when hounds ran slow. If "speed" is the watchword in the field at Pau, then "cleanliness" is the watchword at the kennels, for never have I seen an establishment which was more neat and sanitary from the manure vault to the hay loft.

We dined that night at Villa Bilhere, and I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Hutton's mother, a lady of the old school, and Forbes Morgan, long a resident at Pau, who was much interested in the sport and who had a splendid picture of the Hunt painted to show his appreciation of the chase.

After the simple cooking in Ireland, delicious French dishes, light and delicately flavored, made the Master of Westmeath very content, and only those who have sat about the Hutton table can fully appreciate my dinner that evening.

(A poor photograph).
Put in to show perfect form over a triple bar.



CONCOURS HIPPIQUE.

(A poor picture)
but the greatest I ever saw of a horse seeming to fly along about 6 feet from the ground, as measured from the height of the spectators.

Afterwards, in the drawing room, I noticed a beautiful Morland in the corner and in showing my admiration interested Mrs. Barron, who said,

"You seem fond of pictures; do you know anything about the aquatint process of color engraving?"

I said, "Just a little, and that Rudolf Ackermann was the pioneer of that process in years gone by," and later I had the house of Ackermann in London send her that attractive little booklet which describes the founder of the house and gives its history from 1786.

While driving over that evening I noted that a number of jumps and banks were being erected in the square of the city in front of the barracks, and asked Mr. Prince about them.

He said, "Those are the jumps and the banks for the Concours Hippique which is to be here within a week or two."

In fact it seems that the Concours Hippique was started at Pau, and Mr. Prince explained how obstacles of many different kinds are put up; a single wall, an in and out, a double fence with hedge between, a huge step bank, where a horse jumps on to one step and then off his hocks on to the top, and then down five feet to the ground, and in a stride or two has to steady himself and jump on to a bank five feet high, flat on top.

It makes no difference whether the horse is a Tom Thumb or a Sampson, whether he is halt or lame,—when he starts the timekeeper snaps his watch, expert scorers are placed at each jump, and the horse that completes the circuit in the shortest time with the least number of tips or knockdowns is awarded the prize, and a good Concours horse often wins a thousand pounds or so in a year.

If you asked any Englishman or American as regards the horsemanship of the French twenty years ago, they would have merely sneered as much as to say, "They know nothing of the art." Long before that time Baucher had given to the world his book on bitting and balance, but so thoroughly were the Americans imbued with the idea that only the English race

knew anything about the horse, that the majority blindly followed their lead.

Fully thirty years ago, M. de Bussigny, the French riding teacher, came to Boston, and one of his closest students was Mr. Prince. I am frank to say I can remember that when at one of the early Boston Shows Mr. Prince brought him around and introduced me to him, I felt that the idea of learning anything from a Frenchman was preposterous. Later on I studied Baucher more carefully and endeavored in my hunters and steeplechasers to follow his principles, so that they might have the highest degree of speed and strength coupled with the lightest mouth, with neck properly flexed and the whole body in "cadence", as the French express it.

The Horse Shows at Olympia and New York have shown the English, Irish, and Americans that we are all rough handlers of the equine as compared with the French. For instance, when I went to Ireland with my thoroughbreds and started to ride some of them across country with double bridles and high ports, I was told that horses could only be ridden over the banks and ditches with snaffles, as a severe bridle was sure to injure or break their jaws. It is needless to say that I did not change my methods and was able to negotiate the country, as the chapters show, without holding on to the horses' mouths from start to finish.

It would surely be an object lesson to the Irish riders if they could see M. Larregain take a horse over the Pau country with a curb bridle on, his reins low down below the withers, body inclined well forward, affecting somewhat the crouching seat without the very short leathers which Sloan astonished the English racing world with. Yet while riding with the severest bit, his hands move back and forth on the withers, giving and taking as the necessity of the bank and ditch demanded.

The best riders in the Concours Hippique affect the same methods, and one of the most successful exponents is Peter Barron, whose mount is "in cadence" no matter how high or how

A MEDIOCRE PICTURE OF A GREAT HIPPIQUE HORSE.
Note bend of neck, ear, eye, nostril and chin. A bold one over the big ones.

CONCOURS HIPPIQUE.
The horse expresses surprise.

broad the obstacles; as for a number of years he had been high in the list of winning riders of the Hippiques, the value of the method is clearly shown, for when there are ten or fifteen thousand pounds to be won in a season, any seat which would make the winning easier would be used by the best horsemen.

If the English-speaking race needed a further example of the skill of the French as horsemen, we certainly had it in the Grand National of 1909, when Lutteur III came across the Channel and, ridden by the French jockey, Parfrement, carried away the Grand National from the best horses and riders in the United Kingdom.

"Over the water," Parfrement* has headed the list in France often, and had been down hunting with Mr. Prince at Pau only a few weeks previous to my arrival.

The next day the meet was at Escar, and another good day's sport was pulled off. Again I was splendidly mounted on one of the Master's cracks, and feeling a little more sure of myself, from the very first let him sail along in front and again found as a companion Miss Platt.

The first fox gave us a little more road work than usual, but as the pack carried the line and the peasants were continually viewing him out in front, we were right on top of "the red" from start to finish. I remember one short check we had when we turned left-handed and could not but admire the way that good old sportsman, M. Schwabe, came down over a big bank on to the road as keen and as clever as any boy of eighteen.

The fox gave us a short burst at the end, but my mount was not to be denied and carried me out front; as the fox turned into the road and they killed him a few hundred yards farther on, I was fortunate enough to be first up.

It was surprising that one could get such splendid sport under the extreme handicap of a hot sun of March. Hunting about Pau has the great asset of beautiful weather, a field made

*George Parfrement, the idol of the French populace, was killed at a stone wall while riding "Field Marshal" in a steeplechase in France in 1923.

up of charming people, and above all an attractive club in the town itself, known as the English Club, which, when properly presented, one may use for fourteen days for the sum of twenty-four francs, including the Government tax.

Certainly the Englishman enjoys the comforts of life, not only at home but abroad. Here was a club in a foreign country that was as cosy as one could wish, and to show how a Britisher carries his sport with him, there is the example of the pack of hounds which used to travel with the Duke of Wellington's army in Spain, another pack in the War of Crimea, which, in one of their runs, almost carried their followers into the enemy's camp, while Lord Roberts tells of the good sport given by English foxhounds during his fifty-one years in India.

That night Mr. Prince gave a dinner in honor of the visiting Master, and I had the pleasure of meeting at close range Mr. and Mrs. H. T. King, Forbes Morgan, and a number of others. It was an attractive party indeed, with the men in their pink coats and the ladies beautifully gowned after the manner of the French. During coffee, Mr. King told me about a trip which he and some friends had made by invitation of the Duke of Westminster to his boar-hunting country, which was located only seventy odd miles away. Unfortunately, he told me, boar were scarce just about the Duke's attractive villa, as they had been hunted hard and either killed or run off, but a few miles away they did get some good sport, although the country was sandy, which made the riding rather hard.

The following day we went out to Auriac, over which the Pau "Point to Points" are held. Mr. Prince ran M. Larregain out with me in the motor, and together we walked slowly over the course, which was made up of big ditches, banks, and two or three tombeau previously described (tombeau being the French word for death trap); some of these well merit the name, for they are at least fifteen feet wide and twelve feet deep. The only possible way to win these races is to jump these tombeau in your stride, for if you take the time to go down one side and up the other, you are hopelessly out of it.

CONCOURS HIPPIQUE.
Looks bad.

CONCOURS HIPPIQUE.
He threw his heart over anyway.

That year Mr. Prince had a match against the well-known wealthy French sportsman, Baron la Caze. It was a truly sporting race,—four horses from each stable, to be ridden by owners or gentlemen riders. Just before sailing for America I was glad to receive word from the Master of Pau that he and his sons had been carried to victory, two of his team being made up of the horses which served me so well while hunting with him.

The time was now drawing near for me to leave sunny France and wend my way back to the British Isles again. At a farewell dinner Mr. Prince asked a number of attractive residents of Pau to meet me, including the Baroness la Caze, daughter of one of the greatest Frenchmen of modern times, Ferdinand de Lesseps, the builder of the Suez Canal. All manner of fun was made of the American who could neither understand nor talk French, and many times I thought the translations given me by young Prince were far from the truth, for the ladies would often break out in gay laughter at my remarks. I was sad when I had to finally thank Mrs. Prince for her delightful hospitality and break away from the charming American family who had given me the one bright ray of sunlight through the rainy winter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE "KILLING" KILDARES

MEET AT HORSELEAP, A GRAND DAY FOR WESTMEATH—INVASION OF THE "KILLING" KILDARES—DEATH OF JOHN THOMPSON, THE IRISH STEEPLECHASE RIDER—COMMENTS ON THOMPSON BY THE *IRISH FIELD* LETTER FROM FATHER MAGEE TO A FRIEND OF MINE—ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S DESCRIPTION OF A DIVINE IN THE HUNTING FIELD—A TRIP TO ROSKROW, PENRYN, AND HUNTING WITH THE FOUR BURROW HOUNDS, NEAR TRURO, OF WHICH MR. AUBREY WALLIS WAS MASTER—WALLIS'S OLD HOME, DRISHANE CASTLE, NEAR CORK—MR. WALLIS'S FATHER THE FIRST GENTLEMAN COMMONER TO EVER TAKE "THE GRAND TOUR"—MOTOR RIDE ABOUT FALMOUTH—PAINTINGS IN MR. WALLIS'S HOME—INSPECTION OF MR. WALLIS'S PACK OF KERRY BEAGLES—THE MASTER OF THE FOUR BURROW STEEPLECHASING IN NEW ZEALAND—MEETING WITH JOHN WILLIAMS WHO FOR THIRTY YEARS HAD REIGNED OVER THE FOUR BURROW COUNTRY.

I SHALL always look back on Friday, February 21, as one of the most enjoyable days of my sporting experience. The meet was at Horseleap, and as the Westmeath country was to be invaded by a dozen or more of the "killing" Kildares, every good sportsman was mounted on his best. The day opened bleak, and after the warm sun of the south of France was not inviting.

When one has been traveling a night in a wagon-lit from Pau to Paris, from Paris by Calais to London via the English Channel, by train to Holyhead, then across the Irish Sea to Kingstown, arriving at five in the morning to take the next train to Mullingar, he certainly has not had what might be termed a refreshing trip.

I was especially miserable from the fact that though traveling first class from London to Holyhead, it was impossible to keep warm in the compartment. Finally I had most of my clothes out of my case and piled over me as I tried to snatch a few hours' sleep, wrapped in my heavy ulster. The dial of the heating device of the car was graced with two words "On" and "Off" and only needed the word "Finnegin" added to make a true Irish saying; for turn as one might, the only answer was cold and more cold.

There was a tremendous array of American correspondence and papers awaiting me when I arrived at Portloman about

FATHER MAGEE AND HIS BAY HUNTER.
Bad Ones to Beat.

noon and it was half-past one Friday morning before I turned into bed.

It was a disagreeable run to the meet, and it was only when I saw that the hard riders from Kildare had come down in full force that I cheered up a bit.

The first covert, Correagh, was drawn blank except for hares, and the dog hounds were remarkably steady. By the time we were nearing the second draw, Fox's Gorse, I had the pleasure of meeting a number of the Kildares, including General Hugh Gough, of that celebrated family of sportsmen, and had talked with Captain Dickson, whom I had met hunting before.

Captain "Consistent" Higginson,—and no one deserved the title more, as he was a regular "first-flighter"—and Mrs. Locke joined the party, and there was a grand sprinkling of red coats.

From Kildare came Kerry Supple, the County Inspector; George Belville, the polo crack; Major Campbell of the Sixteenth Lancers; Major Lockhart with his wife; both Captain and Major Dickson; Stephen Williams; Mr. Mansfield, and a good sportman clad in gray. With the invaders was John Thompson, the crack jockey of Ireland for six years, and as we stood about the covert at Fox's Gorse, it was easy to see that it was the "Devil take the hindmost" if hounds ran.

For Westmeath, there turned out Major Bayley, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Rochfort and his brother; Colonel Hall and his sister; Bertie Clibborn on a new cob; Edward Wakefield; "Uncle" Arthur Joyce; a select contingent from Athlone; and last but not least, Father Magee mounted on his bay.

A boy gave us the signal as the fox broke to the south, and the next two or three minutes were spent internally damning one another as we went single file through a narrow opening around the corner of the covert. Hounds were soon on the line, and Major Bayley, keen after his hard fall at Gaybrook a few days before, cut out the pace. It only took three fields to show me that the Hunt from the south founded by Squire Conolly whose portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds used to hang at Castletown had sent their best, as at my right and left, and even in front, they

charged every fence, every wall and every bank without a look for a lead.

Success was on his mettle and held his own, but again the curse of Irish hunting showed itself, for just as we began to taste the run, the fox popped underground and the "jig was up."

Here was a dismal opening for our visitors, and a rather sad cavalcade wended its way towards Moorland Bog, after refreshing themselves from James Locke's motor, which always teemed with good things, solid and otherwise.

Moorland Bog held a good fox, in fact a regular "champion", and he headed first across the railroad and then ran parallel to the main road towards Ballintubber. Hounds handled the scent gingerly, and Fitz Russell greatly aided me in keeping the field in order as the pack worked and checked towards the turnpike.

Across the road and over towards the bottom, aiming for Fay's Scrub, ran the line, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole scene changed.

The dog hounds threw their tongues with splendid cry and galloped at a racing pace over Fay's Ridge, down the other side, "Consistent" Higginson showing the way with a dozen crack men at his heels. Over the road into the fields to the east we rode, and Success carried me to the front as we went at the big jump at the corner of the stone wall. Major Bayley's hunter led me and took the wall in his stride with one or two more close up.

Quickly following, Success again tied the leaders, and three or four of us vied with each other as we raced over the splendid sod fields which spread out ahead of us. As the bottom looked all sound, I let the son of Rainbow stride away. Galloping at a two-minute clip, I suddenly felt my mount stick, as his front feet went through the turf, then stagger, and finally turn a somersault, throwing me far on ahead, to land on my right shoulder and complete my thirty-seventh fall. With a shake I picked myself up, but Success lay perfectly still, and I feared that his neck was broken. When I got to him however, he was

breathing, and after a few pulls at the bridle, he staggered up. There was not a moment to lose, so I jumped on, and he trotted off after a violent shake of the head.

The next jump was a narrow brook which Success refused, and I knew that the fall had hurt him more than it seemed, so I trotted off to where Tom Jenner was opening a gate. Soon at a low wall off the road to the left of the bridge embankment he again refused, and a Kildare crack "blacked my eye" over it. Putting the spurs to Success I carried him at it with a rush and found that there was a drop of fully eight feet onto the grass beneath.

Then came half a mile of "sawtooth" ridges, which with the pace and the big drop thinned out the field; to my left I saw one horseman ride exactly away from the hounds, while to my right a good Kildare man, whose name I did not get, mounted on a small but valiant gray hunter, was the only follower visible.

We jumped on to a big bank and off into some briars, with hounds just at our right, and in a few moments they checked. I remarked to my companion that Kildare was certainly holding its own, for four from their Hunt were coming up with Major Bayley, Father Magee, who with me made only three to represent Westmeath.

Hounds casting themselves, soon had the line again, and swinging left-handed, pressed on hard. A dozen were behind them, and we narrowed down to jump the deep stone-edged ditch near the railway. We were now leaving Crieve, that is bounded by the big drop from the road which it seems brought General Gough down so hard that for some little time his mind was "away" and, as it developed later, a rib was broken. These minor details never stop a Gough however, and on he came as eager as at the start.

The pack was running hard just before us. The first whip, who was mounted on Old Sport, galloped up beside me and I asked him how he was going. "Top hole", he answered, with

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The pack was running hard just before us. The first whip, who was mounted on Old Sport, galloped up beside me and I asked him how he was going. "Top hole", he answered, with

a smile all over his face. Only two "Yankee" horses were out but both were still in the running, and the field had now settled down to the good, bad, and indifferent.

What a feeling of satisfaction there is to ride up front with the best, and what a sorrowful feeling to see a good man come down. In a field or two we came to a deep ditch with plenty of water in the bottom and two possible chances over it. On a day like that there is no waiting or looking, as banks, ditches, and walls must be taken in their stroke, since four or five were crowding at an opening the moment one showed the way.

This ditch proved the undoing of gallant Kerry Supple; it needed a little speed, and some one pulled across him just as he was aiming at it, so that he had to dull up, jump from a stand, catch on the opposite bank, and drop back again—splash—into the water like a cracker in a soup tureen. I took my chance to the right and was joined by five or six others who helped me cut out the pace for the next half-mile.

Hounds had now checked a bit but not enough to bother about, and I was thankful that old "Voyager" and one or two others were out, for time and time again they set the pack right.

The going had been remarkably sound throughout the run, and as we had been hard at it now for fully an hour, many a half-bred was done to a turn.

The line led over two or three fields and diverged to the left, where there loomed up in front of us one of those big stone walls of which I have previously written,—five feet eight inches high, two feet broad, with a stone coping overhanging two or three inches. The pack at my left were driving hard. At my right I saw the first-flighters galloping up the fields to what turned out to be a gate. Feeling sure of Success, I let him stride at it, and without varying his stroke an inch, he sailed over the top and landed in the wake of the pack, while the others crowded through the gate.

How proud I was of him and how thankful that, nearing forty-eight, I could have had those sixty minutes, every second

THE CRIEVE WALL
CRIEVE DEMESNE, COUNTY WESTMEATH, IRELAND.
5 FT. 8 IN. HIGH. 2 FT. WIDE AT TOP
MEET AT HORSELEAP - FOUND MOORLAND BOG
ENGLISH HOUNDS
TIME OF RUN 1 HOUR 10 MINUTES
FOX LOST

Out of a field of 70 from Westmeath and 15 from Kildare the only hunter that jumped the wall and stayed with hounds was the American thoroughbred "Success" (owner up) all the rest of the field went through the gate a quarter of a mile to the right.

of which was golden, and what an additional pleasure at forty-eight to find yourself lean, keen, and as hungry for the big ones as a boy!

Harry Lauder has a splendid song in which he says "I am so happy when I am drunk", and they tell me that just enough stimulant makes one forget the rough spots, the path ahead look golden, and even the dark sky smile. I can imagine a great actor, or actress, as an audience is moved to the highest pitch, feeling a great sense of pride, but to me there never has been such a combination of happiness and exultation as when I am on the back of a blood horse, and he is holding his own with the best. There is that tense feeling which comes over you as you mount at the meet; there is that keen desire to be away at the first whimper; the great feeling of pleasure that creeps over the experienced horse and hunting man when they set in behind the pack on a good scenting day; and above all, that eager thrill that throbs from head to heel when the jumps follow each other in rapid succession.

On a lovely hunting day I always think of the words of George Borrow:

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Thou thinkest so?"

"Think so? There's night and day, brother; both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there is likewise a wind on the heath.

Life is very sweet, brother.

Who would wish to die?"

For "night" and "day" substitute "horse and hounds," and in the place of "wind" put "scent," and then certainly life "is very sweet."

The older we grow, the more we drop out of all competitions save those of the brain. Many can look back and think of the pleasure they had when they knocked out a home run, carried the ball between the posts for a touchdown, or pulled off the vantage set of a tennis match, but hunting alone gives the older man the opportunity of still indulging in that splendid competition of mind and body which almost makes him young again.

With hounds screaming in front and a gallant horse under you, no jump seems too big, and holding your hunter firmly together, you scan the first-flighters with as keen an eye as you scanned the starters in any steeplechase years before. The ever changing footing, the ever different banks, ditches, and walls, the varying direction as the fox leads, all call for prompt decision, for with an error or two all is lost.

How good it was that day to find a dozen as keen as yourself, well mounted and asking quarter from no one.* Our hunt indeed lacked "Atty" Persse, Reggie Walker, and Harold Large to carry the red and white of County Westmeath to the front, but we were lucky to have that valiant "Divine", Father Magee from Tobar, out with us. He was riding his good bay, and with mild, determined eye and set jaw that meant going, was as good as any half dozen crack men.

What a pleasure it was to see him pick his way across the country in no apparent haste, yet always in front, never changing his line, but leaving the yawning ditch and over-topping bank behind him with a regularity that exasperated all our visitors. I was proud of him, and when hounds run in the happy hunting ground of the Indians, let me have that gallant priest beside me, and surely "Skyland" will not be so bad.

The first-flighters had not varied much in the last few bursts, and always John Thompson was holding his own on his little cob. Kerry Supple had fished out his horse and was up again, wet to the skin but game to the core as his answer proved, for when I asked him how he felt, he called back, "Fit as a fiddle."

Nothing can daunt a good man, and they told me a story of Kerry Supple who, when hunting in Kildare, had followed the hounds through Mr. Barton's demesne to the edge of the Liffey. Not knowing exactly where he was, as he saw the hounds in the water swimming towards some land opposite, the gallant Supple trotted his hunter down to a narrow footbridge and coaxed him to walk across it on to the land, which proved to be an

*"Only six men, all of whom might have been named before the fox was found, have kept their place with the hounds."

—*Memories of Dean Hole.*

island in the Liffey, which Mr. Barton had laid out beautifully with flower-beds, etc. The pack landed and Supple followed them across the island only to see them again take to the waters of the Liffey, stretching wide before him; then, with a sinking heart, he turned back, re-treading the footbridge to dry land.

That night Mr. Barton was told that a horseman had crossed the single plank bridge, but he would not believe it until he went down next morning and found the hoof-marks all over his pet garden and walks on the island.

Our hounds were still calling, but Success, who had never been known to rush or bother, was boiling at his jumps, and it was with great chagrin that I apologized to Mrs. Lockhart, for in going out on to the road, he made a mad plunge after her and almost caught his forelegs in her skirt. I checked him in the adjoining field for a moment, and he then seemed all right and galloped with the front riders as strong as ever.

All those that were still up felt that they had had one of the crack runs of the year even if it ended now, and one valiant rider from Kildare, who, with Captain Dickson, Major Campbell and one or two others, had been fighting for the lead all the way said, as we checked, "That is the best run I ever had in Ireland."

I added, "Yes, about the best you ever had in your life", which he assented to.

At the check, Captain Dickson came up and asked me the breeding of Success. "He is no ordinary horse, he certainly has some magical blood in him", he declared, "for as he jumped the stone wall, he took it like a stag and seemed to fairly fly through the air."

Although the fox had been viewed a number of times, he evidently was the right kind, for whenever I saw him he was galloping leisurely along, and I longed for Sportsman, Signal, Shamus, Stars, and Scarecrow to put in with Voyager and one or two others of the tender-nosed English hounds which carried the line and did all the work.

This run proved conclusively to me what I felt from the very first,—that nine-tenths of the English hounds are sadly deficient in nose, and the other tenth are twenty or thirty points behind a crack American hound. It takes nose and nothing but nose to find the line, carry it forward, and not run over it. That day with an American pack, we could have caught the fox within the next ten or fifteen minutes, for with their good noses and great speed, they would have been continually gaining on him, rather than losing, and gained principally from their ability to self cast, with each individual doing his share.

Out of this pack of twenty-four couple, two hounds did most of the work at the checks, with five or six giving good help, but if we had eight or ten couple, all with better nose than Voyager, we would have gone much faster. No one can ever make me figure differently until I have seen a crack American pack up against the best in England on their own ground; and even with everything in favor of the latter, well do I know what the result would be.

In America we time our race horses by watches. In England, time is seldom taken, but trial horses are used to prove the speed of horses in training for the big events. For the past six months I had been riding my American thoroughbreds as trial horses, so to speak. Time and time again in Virginia had I sat in behind my American hounds with those very same horses, to have the pack finally pull away from me and kill their fox alone in the open. In Ireland I had been able day after day to gallop at two-thirds speed and hold my own in the front ranks in each and every run in which I had participated, which clearly proved to me that the American hounds, with their splendid cry, good nose, and method of self casting, could keep the fox going at a higher rate of speed than the English packs.

Let the reader remember, that it is only once or twice a year that you will get in behind a fox that will prove anything. That day we had a "prover", and I know the day will come when the English breeders will work for nose and cry, same as the Ryans have at Scarteen, as Squire Curre has at Itton Court, and as

the American sportsmen do in the States. Then they will find that they will get a greater percentage of good sport than ever before, for now fifty per cent. of the days when they cry "bad scent" it is only "bad noses."

With the scent getting fainter, the checks lengthened out, and we would only get a spurt of half a mile, to be held up for two or three minutes until a welcome signal or halloo would put us right again. On one of these dashes Johnny Grant, who had now come up, led the way with me. When I was in the air over a bank, I saw wire on the farther side. Success went into it, but as luck would have it, the stakes pulled, and he got through safely, letting my comrade also through.

The cry had sweetened up a bit, and Father Magee and myself went coupled into the road and out the other side, only to find ourselves pocketed with wire on all sides with three Kildare riders as companions. Nothing could defeat the gallant priest however, for away down at the farther end he espied a pathway with wire across, with only two or three small twigs laid up against it. Without ever checking his good bay, he jumped the twigs clean and landed safely over, although the Kildares were calling "wire", "wire."

Success was close behind him, which gave courage to the others. They soon joined us, and after following the "sky pilot", as Harry Rich calls the priests, up a tremendous, stone-faced bank on to the Mullingar turnpike, we all drew rein, as hounds were now over the railroad towards Jamestown, puzzling on the line.

Success had been riding a bit queer for the last ten minutes, and when on the road I at once saw that he was in dire distress. Generally perfectly mannered, he was now lashing out at horses and striking with his forefeet. While we were checked, I dismounted, borrowed a sharp knife from a groom, and cut a gash an inch deep and two inches long in the roof of his mouth; as the blood poured out, it eased him greatly. The fall in the bog when he landed on his head evidently was more serious than I appreciated, and while I knew he was dazed for a moment

or two and refused the next few jumps, I could not know how hard he had hit his head, and he could not tell me. For thirty or forty minutes he must have been in terrible agony, and it seemed wonderful to me that he carried me through as he did.

I walked him along for a few hundred yards, and finding he was getting steady again as the blood pressure lessened, I mounted and trotted him slowly down towards Bertie Clibborn's. Colonel Hall overtook me, and I turned and asked how he had enjoyed the run. He replied in a peculiar, blank way that "He had not seen any of it."

I asked, "Where are you going now?"

He replied, "This is the first time I have known where I am."

I learned that night that the game old sportsman had had a regular "purler" a half mile back and was knocked out for a long time. Some friends propped him up against the bank and were waiting for him to come round, when a rider jumped over that very bank within a foot of the prostrate man and another followed close behind. This was a little too much, and they pulled Mr. Hall into a safer anchorage. Gradually he came round, but when I saw him he was certainly one quarter vacant.

Putting Success into one of Mr. Clibborn's box stalls, well bedded down, we soon had the saddle and bridle off and two blankets on, and I left him in good hands.

I found my motor there and started out to see where the hunt was when I met Mrs. Locke, who said they had dragged on for a short mile only, and as they were getting farther and farther behind the fox, Mr. Pollok gave the chase up. She said, "They are now back at Streamstown at the public house, having tea, and the Kildare men all say that they have had one of the best days of their life." I must acknowledge that her words were sweet to me, for the sake of Success; who had never before failed me, and had now given up through no fault of his own; surely I would have been sorry to have had the run go on with my game hunter out of it.

I ran out to Rockfield two days later and found Success as lively as a cricket, having evidently entirely recovered from his hard knock.

A few days later I met Mrs. Wakefield from Moate. She had heard of the splendid run through her husband and said, "Well, Mr. Smith, I understand that your hunter was the best of them all that day", which made my heart glow with pleasure and pride.

The chapter above was written during the winter season in Ireland, and the following June I was at Lordvale, with the clear, invigorating air of the States rustling the leaves of the beautiful maples and elms on the terrace.

What a pang seized my heart as I took up the *Irish Field* and read that John Thompson, who rode in the "Horseleap" run with me, and who was always fighting for the front at the right or left, had ridden his last hunt, for *The Field* states that he died on a Thursday from injuries received while schooling a horse over hurdles a fortnight previous. From my short acquaintance I knew no one who enjoyed a good hunt better, and the three or four hours' companionship when I rode with him had already knit our hearts together.

The Field further stated:

"He never really regained consciousness, although last Saturday hope was given out, but on Tuesday the lights grew dimmer and on Thursday all was dark."

Thompson was the first Irish jockey to attempt the American seat, and was without a peer as a rider, heading the list for seven consecutive seasons and was second innumerable times. He rode Orby, with whom "Boss" Croker won the Derby, in his early races, and besides, was as good as the best "Between the Flags."

In *Curragh Chat* I found the following:

"In private life John Thompson's company was always appreciated by his multitude of friends, and whenever amusement or sport was to be had and when opportunity offered, he was always present; he was of the essence of good nature, of a

most charitable disposition and always ready to assist the needy. He was a well-known figure in the hunting field, more especially with the Kildare hounds and Kildare Harriers, and he was always to be seen riding a brilliant jumper. At Horse Shows his horses won many prizes, but perhaps his principal winner was that good huntress, 'Shy Anne.' I may well say 'Gone but not forgotten', for the name John Thompson will live green in the memory of the racing public, not alone in Ireland but in England for many years to come. To his afflicted relations I wish to offer my sincerest sympathy in their irreparable loss."

It is impossible to ever describe the feeling that comes over you when you learn of the death of a true sportsman, for when one loves the game as the writer does, and is always fighting to keep up front, he knows from experience the difficulties which day after day face the first-flighters. He also feels a peculiar fondness and respect for those with whom he has ridden in the chase (even if only for a few hours) and especially so if, during that short period, they have shown by their keenness and gameness that they truly deserve the name "Sportsmen."

The chapters of my Sporting Tour, being published in the *Westmeath Guardian,* brought the following letter from Father Magee, which a friend of his kindly sent me:

"I enjoyed the reading of Mr. Smith's reminiscences. His style is peculiarly brisk, full of news, and so varied in its items of social facts, etc., as to be always fresh and sprightly. He must have a tremendous memory to recollect every small detail of both Society and the Hunt, and the hunting field. Of course I specially enjoyed the account of the big Hunt with the Kildare men,—although Mr. Smith's reference to myself leans rather to the side of flattery, I fear. But it is no harm to confess I rode that day 'for all I was worth'; as the Americans say,—'It was up to us',—of Westmeath, to hold our own, and as not many seemed to realize the fact, I thought it as well to step into the gap. I remember that day at Coreagh speaking to a certain gentleman—not remarkable for hard riding—and saying to him, 'Well, Mr. L—we'll want to keep moving to-day if we are to hold our own', and he blandly replied, 'My dear Sir,

I assure you I'm out for my own enjoyment and not for any one else's.' I must say I miss Mr. Worcester Smith in the field. He was always a kind of hunter 'head-line'; always as keen as a greyhound, as determined as a bulldog, and as daring as an Irish terrier—if I may use such a simile, and his riding seemed to beget a kind of quiet, sportsmanlike rivalry which acted as a wholesome stimulus for the rest of the Hunt.

"The three best hunts I've ever had were with Mr. Smith, viz, —the hunt from Kilcornan cover to Gortmore; from Streamstown Bog to beside New Forest; and the hunt from Fox's Gorse (Moran's) to Carne, with the Kildare folk. This last was the best all round hunt I ever was in both for pace, jumping, and duration."

Of the Divine in the hunting field, Anthony Trollope says, and I thoroughly agree with him, "For myself I own that I like the hunting parson. I generally find him to be about the pleasantest man in the field, with the most to say for himself whether the talk be hunting, or politics, literature, or the country. He is never a hunting man unalloyed, unadulterated and unmixed,—a class of man which is perhaps of all classes the most tedious and heavy in hand."

Trollope's description surely fitted Father Magee to a T.

Sometime in November, 1912, Aubrey Wallis, Master of the Four Burrow Hounds, near Truro, wrote me that he was much interested in the description he had read of my American hounds and courteously offered me the use of his country with my hounds for two days a week, if the foot and mouth embargo was not removed.

When I found that there was no sport to be obtained with my pack in the bog country about Moate, I wrote and told Mr. Wallis that I would ship six or seven couple and see what sort of sport I could get with them. He replied that unfortunately he had distemper in his hounds but would be pleased if I would run down myself and get a few days' hunting with him, so the next week I landed in Truro.

There my host's big motor-car met me, and I was soon at Roskrow, Penryn, which is only a few miles from Falmouth, the seashore resort, on the south coast of England. Hardly had

I stepped inside the door before the genial Master had my hand in his warm grasp, and in his snug library before a cosy open fire we were soon discussing the pros and cons of the modern foxhound.

Wallis, as I had been told by different sportsmen, came from one of the oldest Irish families, a race of sportsmen, whose old home, Drishane Castle, was near Cork. There for generations his family had bred the Black and Tans (Kerry Beagles) and hunted them for their own pleasure.

He was, as I learned, a member of the Carlton Club, London, and his father was the first gentleman commoner to ever take "The Grand Tour", which meant visiting the different capitals of the countries of Europe. As there were no railroads at that time, he drove his coach from one court to the other, accompanied by his entire family. My host was a keen sportsman, a great believer in nose, cry, and speed in hounds, and had been interested in the pursuit of wily Reynard from a boy.

Shortly we were called to luncheon, where I had the pleasure of meeting his wife, and during my short stay at Roskrow her great interest in Mr. Wallis's sporting pleasures was keenly apparent. The household also included Mr. Wallis's attractive daughter, who had come back from India, where her husband was stationed in the Army, for the winter's sport with the Master of Four Burrow. She was a good lightweight, went like smoke, and evidently was a source of great comfort and delight to her father.

That evening we took the motor and drove about Falmouth, which is one of the loveliest seashore resorts in England. Cornwall itself is known as the "British Riviera", and even at the time of my visit, in the early part of March, the trees were budding, and the crocus and hyacinths, which bloom attractively in the spring, springing up through the grass on the lawns. The Gulf Stream beats right up against Cornwall, and as we had had a day or two of sun, the temperature was delightful, and the views from the high promontories about Falmouth most picturesque.

DRISHANE CASTLE.

Later on in the evening we sat in the library, and Mr. Wallis interested me by taking down the different volumes of his sporting library, of which he had a good collection. Scattered about the house were a number of valuable pictures and prints which came from the old castle in Ireland.

In my bedroom were five engravings of "Game" by Richard Ansdell from the original pictures in the possession of J. B. Neilson, Esquire, published in 1852. They were life-like illustrations of the pheasant, duck, blackgame, rabbits, and partridge. In the morning room was a beautiful old print of Lord Middleton with his pony and spaniels.

Mr. Wallis's family are connections of Lord Middleton, who holds sway in the Yorkshire Country, and the picture was emblematic of the time the country squires lived on their land, bred their shooting ponies and used a clumber type of spaniel for flushing the game.

Perhaps the rarest prints were two by J. F. Herring, entitled "The Mare and Colt Scenes", published by Fores, who still have their shop in London. They were only ten or twelve inches long and six or eight inches wide, but were wonderfully true to nature, one being of the cart mare and foal, and the other the thoroughbred mare and foal. After the fashion of the olden times there was neither frame nor glass, the canvas being simply tacked about the wood and then coated with varnish.

Mr. Wallis enjoyed looking over the old prints as much as I did, and really is there any greater pleasure, when one has a hobby, than to find another who is interested in the same line!

The old Wallis castle in Ireland must have been a grand home in its time. Mr. Wallis had installed some of the mirrors from it at Roskrow, but here they seemed reaching for more room and longing for the high vaulted walls and chambers of Ireland. At Drishane Castle, which was built of stone and adjoined one of the primeval towers of Ireland, was a library sixty feet long, which gives one a little idea of the magnificence of the structure.

My host, like his father, used to drive a coach and four and

showed me a splendid picture of the old place with the coach at the door with a happy house party which filled the castle to overflowing during the hunting season.

Perhaps the most attractive relic that this good sportsman had from the old home was a beautiful old mahogany, brass-bound peat box which used to stand beside the fireplace in the dining hall and now has a position of honor in the Roskrow drawing-room.

The next morning, as the sun streamed through the blinds, I heard the cheery voice of the Master on the lawn and looking out saw him walking about in a white kennel coat with two kennelmen and the celebrated pack of Kerry Beagles. Hurrying into my clothes, I joined him, and together we spent the time till breakfast on the grass. I selected Waspish and Chorus as my choice, being a clean-cut couple of bitches with straight fronts, and not quite as heavy as some of the others.

I was surprised to find Mr. Wallis's pack a somewhat different type than Mr. Ryan's pack at Scarteen. I should believe they averaged one and a half inches higher with a trifle more of a bloodhound look about them. After breakfast we went down to the kennels and spent the morning there. My host was justly proud of the arrangements, for nothing could be more perfect. Built under his own supervision, there was at one end a complete hospital, then a large cook room which was equipped with a contrivance which I had not seen previously used in any kennels,—namely, a meat slicer, so that the raw meat might be thinly sliced and thereby be well scattered about in the cake. Beyond the cook room were ample storerooms for a supply of oatmeal, etc., and not far off were the kennels themselves. Here I saw big yards or runs for the hounds exactly like those we have in the States, in addition to the small yards adjacent to the kennels, which are useful to the hounds at night.

In Ireland most of the kennels have simply the small yard which is connected with the sleeping room, and often when twenty or thirty couples of hounds are in the yard there is

KERRY BEAGLES.

Aubrey Wallis's Woodland Pytchley Pack.

hardly any space between them. Here they are kept day in and day out, except when they are hunted or walked about. I firmly believe that a large run covering two or three acres is not only more healthy for the hounds but keeps them in better mental condition, as the semi-crowded confinement entirely eradicates independence and energy.

Later on we looked over the string of a dozen hunters, and Mr. Wallis had already begun to cull out those which he thought would not be of service in the Woodland Pytchley, that beautiful hunting country in Leicestershire where he had just accepted the Mastership, as he was leaving Four Burrow the first of May.

I was much interested in Mr. Wallis's stud groom, who was one of the right sort. My host informed me, that the men of his family had been in the employ of the Wallis family for quite two hundred years.

What a strange and what a strong call sport has on man! Here was Mr. Wallis with a complete hunting establishment, comfortably located,—although the country I will admit was not very conducive to good sport. Yet to get the acme of sport, he was discarding the whole investment of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, with its splendid system of waterworks, which was the best I have ever seen, and leasing a house in the Pytchley country. In sport as in business one cannot stand still, and "Rest" spells "Rust."

One of his ancestors was Sir Harry Smith, whose charge at Aliwal in 1846 at the head of the Queen's Own Lancers is well remembered. In fact, Mr. Wallis has a beautiful painting of this incident brought from his old home in Ireland. Sir Harry Smith also accompanied Sir Edward Pakenham to America and fought with him in New Orleans.

The Master of the Four Burrow told me of his father's wonderful exploits in the Crimea, and in talking of my steeplechasers and their success, he said, "Well, when I was twenty-one there was nothing I enjoyed more than one season in New

Zealand when I won both the big steeplechases riding my own horses."*

It was from Mr. Wallis's pack of Black and Tans that Peter Ormrod purchased the hounds with which he originally hunted the Java deer in Lord Ribblesdale's country in England. The said Peter Ormrod, Wallis told me, was a sporting character, if ever there was one bred, and he further said that although Ormrod had run several couple of English bitches with the Black and Tans, the latter could not only outtrail but outpace them, and in many of the long runs of an hour or so, the Kerry Beagles were alone at the finish.

We hunted next day, and it was a sporting little crowd we had at the meet. There I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. John Williams, who for thirty years had reigned over Four Burrow Country and whose family had mastered the hounds since 1854. He was much interested in America and a firm believer in the advance of Canada, which he had visited a short time previous.

It was a bad day for sport, and although we finally started a fox and killed him after fifteen or twenty minutes' burst, there was no opportunity to judge the work of the hounds except that they were good cold trailers and had grand cry.

*November 1914. That love of country and bravery still runs strong in the Wallis blood is shown from the following dispatch regarding Mr. Wallis's only son: "The death is reported of Lieutenant H. D. Wallis of the Coldstream Guards while fighting at the Front."

EDWARD CURRE, M. F. H.

"Mr. Curre's hounds are quite unique—they are nearly all white, many of them pure white—and only five dark over the back. They are not quite so high as the modern English hound but they have great bone and quite extraordinary strength of back. They are deep all through, and though a number have broken coats many have smooth white. On the whole perhaps, they are more English than Welsh in appearance but in no pack have I ever seen a more pronounced kennel type or a greater family likeness. I could have spent hours in the kennel and hope to do so before long."

"Shotley" (Charles Richardson) of The Field. Author of "The English Turf," "Practical Hints for Hunting Novices," "Hunting in Many Countries," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A WELSH HUNT

A TRIP TO ITTON COURT, CHEPSTOW, WALES, AND A VISIT WITH EDWARD CURRE, ESQUIRE—FUNERAL OF LORD TREDEGAR—VIEW OF THE SEVERN—THREE WAVES CALLED THE "BOA OF THE SEVERN"—DELICIOUS BREAD THE RECIPE OF WHICH WAS IN THE FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS—DESCRIPTION OF THE ITTON COURT HOUNDS—DINNER AT WHICH I HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING SILVANUS REYNOLDS AND MRS. REYNOLDS—SHOTLEY'S ARTICLE ON MR. CURRE'S HOUNDS—MR. CURRE AND THE TURNING OUT OF HIS ENTIRE STAFF ON HOME-BREDS—THREE LARGE OIL PAINTINGS BY DEAN WOLSTENHOLME, MORLAND AND STUBBS—SEQUOIA GIGANTEA, OR THE WELLINGTONIA—A HUNT WITH THE ITTON COURT HOUNDS ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

AT Itton Court, Chepstow,* Wales, lived Edward Curre, Esquire, and like many of the leading gentry in all parts of the United Kingdom, he kept his own pack of foxhounds, which for the past thirty years he has been deeply interested in improving.

In olden times the many different Masters, like the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Fitzwilliam, Earl of Lonsdale and others, lived on their country estates and used the intelligence of a gentleman in breeding their foxhounds.

There are few of the old family packs left to-day, for in the majority of countries the Mastership is put to the highest bidder, so to speak, and many a rich man presides over a country who has no love for horse or hound, but simply wants the glory of the position.

This has left the breeding of the hounds to servants, and as their wish is always the most comfort and the least work, it is natural that any young entry which shows a wilful desire to break away from their steadfast rules is promptly drafted. This continual breeding of the demure and subservient specimens has naturally brought forth hounds with those traits accentuated and with lack of energy and independence.

Squire Curre, as he is called about Wales, at the beginning of his work as a breeder had his own definite ideas as to what a foxhound should be, and he has pursued those ideas relentlessly.

When my hounds first landed in England, I received a courteous letter from this Master in regard to Sportsman, a photo-

*Chepstow is in Monmouthshire, England, just over the Wales border.

graph of which he had seen in *Country Life*, and while hunting in Kilkenny, Mr. Bell, the Master there, told me of the visit he had made to Itton Court and the splendid pack of almost entirely white hounds which Mr. Curre had bred. Mr. Bell told me that the Squire favored all white hounds with slight tan markings from the fact that the country was a woodland one, and a gay-colored pack was much more easily viewed than the somber Belvoir colorings of the present day.

Mr. Curre kindly asked me to run over and see his hounds, and while hunting with the Four Burrow, I met one or two gentlemen who could not say enough of the value of the Itton Court blood. They said:

"Two seasons ago the Cotswold Pack, which is made up of the best Belvoir blood, were not able to give as good hunting as desired, and some followers of the hunt, in telling of the good sport shown by Mr. Curre, induced the Master to accept a couple of his best-bred hounds and run them with his. This couple, Poison and Sportsman, had, they said, improved the hunting qualities of the pack tremendously; they were good hunters, gave splendid cry, and there was not a run in the past season when the couple from the neighboring pack had not shown the way."

These facts interested me greatly, and on my return to Mullingar I soon arranged to visit Mr. Curre, but my visit was postponed two days on account of the death of Lord Tredegar, a great nobleman and the best loved gentleman in Wales. For eighty-two years he had lived in Tredegar Park and never during that time had he stepped one pace from the rigid line of duty. He had been a Master of Hounds for many years, and also a good man "Between the Flags."

He took part in the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava and rode that day a "Chaser" called Mr. Briggs, on which he had previously carried off the big steeplechase at Newport, Wales. Right well the steeplechaser carried him on that memorable day, and after returning to England His Lordship won many more races on him.

HOUND SHOW.

Royal Welsh Agricultural Society. Powis Castle in the background. The Prince of Wales with escort in foreground.

His death went to the heart of every Welshman, and the day of the funeral representatives of all the old families and every public body were gathered at Bassaleg church to pay respects to the great man.

The survivors of the charge of the Light Brigade sent a wreath with the inscription: "With sincere regret on behalf of the survivors of Balaclava."

His Majesty, the King, was represented by Lord Annaly, Master of the Pytchley Hunt, and Permanent Lord-in-Waiting. Seven Crimean and Indian Mutiny veterans, each wearing his medal and carrying the walking stick presented to him at Bristol by Queen Victoria some years ago, acted as Guard of Honor.

The hearse itself was a Victoria car, drawn by four massive Belgian horses, and the day was thoroughly in keeping with the going out of so great a man.

The Cardiff papers spoke beautifully of the funeral, and I quote from them as follows:

"A gray brooding sky, with a monotonous downpour of cold pitiless rain sweeping across those paths of Tredegar Park, where the double line of trees ends abruptly, and the open ground stretches on both sides, where the deer are browsing, huddled together in a low-lying mist; a leafless dripping avenue, through which proceeds slowly at a walking pace a simple funeral procession,—a four-horse hearse containing a plain coffin, with one plain laurel wreath on it, a squad of soldiers in sad-coloured cloaks and a half dozen ordinary mourning coaches.

"Thus without display or splendour, Godfrey, first Viscount Tredegar and the best beloved man in Wales, was driven for the last time from Tredegar Park to the Church at Bassaleg Village."

I give the above space to Lord Tredegar's funeral, because it impressed me so much as I entered Wales on my journey to Chepstow; and it will give my readers a little insight into the manner of men who live in Wales; for all the gentlemen whom

I had the pleasure of meeting at Itton Court were not only friends but deep admirers of the late Viscount Tredegar.*

We arrived at Chepstow via Fishguard early in the morning, forty-five minutes earlier than we had been expected by Mr. Curre, so I hired a carriage and drove about Chepstow for a little time, and inspected the wonderful old walls which were all about the town. One could easily imagine why Cromwell was so long in subduing the inhabitants.

Leaving the quaint Welsh hamlet with its narrow streets, we slowly ascended by a good road through broad woodlands to the gates of Itton Court. When the driver found that I was interested in sport, he told me what a successful season Mr. Curre had had, killing some seventy foxes already, and how the Squire received no subscriptions of any kind, paying the whole expense of the hunt, stopping, poultry fund, etc., from his own pocket.

From the entrance of the estate itself the ground rises sharply, and half way up we met the brougham drawn by a splendid pair of home-bred horses starting out to the station to meet me. Beautifully kept lawns flanked us as we drove through the grounds, and finally drew up in the courtyard of the castle. Imagine, if you can, a castle built since 1300, erected about a hollow square, the main entrance under a massive tower in the centre of one side. When my man rang the bell, a great, iron-studded door was thrown open, which led into a vestibule leading into the hollow square beyond. On the left were the servants' quarters and kitchen, while on the right was an entrance hall with welcoming open fire, where my coat and hat were soon deposited. I was led farther along this side and then sharply to the left through a large living room, which completed one entire side of the square with the exception of Mr. Curre's library, which occupied the corner.

*This year, 1924, will be the hundredth anniversary of Lord Tredegar's show of horses, cattle, sheep and swine. It was founded by one of the early Lords in 1824. Viscount Tredegar derived an income of over $500,000 a year from his ancestral mining royalties alone and could show descent from Caractacus, the valiant chief of the Silures tribe of the Britons, who was carried off captive to Rome in the Reign of Emperor Claudius.

HUNTING NUMBER

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

FIELD

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S NEWSPAPER

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My appreciation of Mr. Curre's hounds was written in 1913, and now the Hunting Number of *The Field;* the greatest sporting paper in the world; in the article by "Shotley" entitled "Mr. Curre's Hounds," gives four full pages illustrated by thirty pictures to the splendid pack bred at Itton Court. Three of the pictures I have included in this work.

H. W. S.

PUTTING MR. CURRE'S HOUNDS INTO HOLLY BUSH COVERT.

Again turning to the left, I found a hall running parallel to a parlor which looked out to the broad fields, the hall continuing to the dining room, which occupied the farther side of the square parallel with the living room, and was connected with the butler's pantry, kitchen, and servants' quarters, thereby making the entire square.

The rooms on the second floor were arranged to face out, with halls on the inside running about the entire square, lighted by windows from the courtyard. The whole plan was most attractive and above all livable.

I found bright fires burning in the living rooms and in the lower halls as I passed along to my large chamber over the drawing room, from the windows of which a most lovely scene greeted my eyes.

Far away the Severn could be seen, in which, at Chepstow Bridge, the tide rises some twenty-five feet, making it, next to the tide at Digby in Nova Scotia, the highest one in the world. Mr. Curre, in pointing out to me the beauties of the country a few days later, stated that when the tide was going up the Severn at certain times there were formed three waves which had such a peculiar appearance that they were called the "Boa of the Severn", as they seemed to rush up open-mouthed under the bridge. He also pointed out Wyecliff, where thousands of travelers go each year to get the beautiful view from the high promontory.

After an all-night knocking about from Ireland a warm bath was appreciated, and forty winks in the big, black oak, four-posted bedstead made me fit and fine again. A few minutes before ten I opened the door of the dining room, ready for the hunt, to find my host seated alone at the head of the table. He rose and greeted me most cordially and said, "We are having a bye-day to-day, Smith, in your honor, about Itton Court."

One needs to be at Itton Court but a short time to find that the keen brain of Squire Curre has not only been used in the hunting field, the kennels and stables, but also on the manor itself. Here was one of the few homes which I had visited in

the United Kingdom where fruit was served at breakfast. I asked Mr. Curre about a delicious bread which I tasted and was told that the recipe had been in the family for generations, and the baker in the town was specially commissioned to bake it in his ovens two or three times a week.

Breakfast over, we sat a few moments in the living room, where my host showed me a number of fox masks and brushes, one of which was the grandest I had ever seen, being fully eighteen inches long, tagged with white. There were also otter and stag heads about the walls, together with poles,—as the tail of the otter is called. On the sidetable were trophies of deer hunts in France, one made up of the cloven foot, above which, on the bone, the skin of the leg was skilfully braided which, when dried and hardened, made an attractive remembrance of the chase.

It was a cold, raw day, and at the outset we knew that good sport was impossible and therefore hung to the fire as a fox hangs to covert, until the butler came for the second time to say the horses were at the door. In the outer courtyard we found the mounts all of the same type, strong, well-made, half-bred hunters. I followed the Master through the high arch in the outer courtyard into the drive beyond, and could then get a view of the surrounding country.

Itton Court, as I have previously stated, is situated on top of a hill, so look where one may in any direction, a charming view is obtained. As the broad acres about the court itself have been kept up for generations, the eye is greeted only by well-kept fields, walls, and avenues.

We made our way out on to the lane through a gateway, the posts on each side of which are surmounted by leaden foxes,—a gift of an admirer to the Master. Turning left-handed, we went by the brick stabling and yard erected some twelve years before, took a dip down, then a rise up, and found ourselves at the kennels, splendidly situated on the top of an adjoining hill. Before locating the kennels there some few years previous Squire Curre told me that when he had determined to give up

MR. CURRE WITH HIS HOUNDS AT EXERCISE.

Note soft, intelligent expression and dark coloring about the eye as spoken of on page 305.
H. W. S.

the old kennels, he searched for the driest spot in the neighborhood and settled upon the top of the hill; it had fully fulfilled his expectations, as he had almost no trouble from kennel lameness.

Having heard so much about the Itton Court hounds, I was naturally eager to see them, and at the same time I wondered whether they would come up to the high ideals which I had pictured; but when at a nod from the Squire, the kennel gates were opened and the beautiful pack of bitches burst forth like a white torrent boiling under a bridge, all such fears were put at rest.

Mr. Curre rode off a hundred yards with the sixteen or eighteen couple about him, and it was with envious eyes that I looked them over, first as a whole, and then singling out the best of the lot, as they appeared to me; my selections were fortunate, as the Master granted.

In color they were most even, white with lemon or yellow markings on the head with black spots on their body here and there; standing about twenty-one inches high, looking especially toppy, with well carried head and stern. One had only to look at them a few moments to appreciate that intelligence had been one of the leading attributes sought in the breeding of the pack. They were straight in front, but with not quite a full cat-foot, well-set pasterns, and none of them over at the knee.

Well might Squire Curre be proud of his pack, for, single-handed, he had produced a type of hound whose standard is now set, so to speak, and from now on the task of duplicating them should be easy compared with the foundation work. Few hound breeders have accomplished so much in any generation, and it shows a vision and determination seldom met with.

Although bred in the first instance from the rough Welsh hound crossed on the English, the Itton Court pack to-day are smooth-coated, with scarcely a trace of the wire coat. All have that wonderfully soft, intelligent expression of the Welsh hound, which is made much more evident by the dark coloring about the eye, giving to the face the same attractive look and

expression that dark eyes and lashes do to a beautiful, fair woman.*

After a few moments more inspection we started forth, as a number of the followers had now come. No day could have been worse for sport,—a dry, cold, piercing wind, and I felt sorry for Mr. Curre.

The hounds were keen, spread well, and turned to the horn like minnows in a stream. After drawing one or two coverts blank, a welcome "Tally-ho" was heard, but the Master allowed the pack to hunt out their own line, and we were treated to a good scamper across an open bit of country. But the high wind still held, and all we were able to do throughout the day was to carry the line for half a mile now and then, slow up, puzzle it out, and carry it on again. The Master had bred the hounds to be independent, and time and time again we would picket ourselves on some promontory and watch them run to a loss when they would fan out and swing for the line.

Skilful was one of the best bitches out, and she and Caramel, another crack, both by Dandy, were a pleasure to see. We watched them once work up an old road, carefully trying each side as they trotted on, and at last with a joyous bark at the head of the lane, they found the line and called the rest to their aid. Time and time again Skilful would cast ahead and recover the loss, but scenting conditions were so bad that I felt sure nothing could be accomplished. Still the Squire believed in his pack, and as the cry opened up stronger in front, we put

*From the article entitled "Mr. Curre's Hounds." By "Shotley," the celebrated Hunting correspondent of The Field.

"As for the pack, it is quite unique.....there is no other like it in the Kingdom..... They have, as a matter of course, a great deal of a family likeness but the most wonderful thing about the pack, apart from the color scheme, is the extreme quality of the hounds..... They excel in many directions..... All are remarkable for strength of back and loin while nearly all of them face you well.

Space will not admit of further reference to the early breeding of this pack but the combination of English and Welsh blood has in this kennel been so well carried out that what is almost a new race of hounds has been produced. Indeed, an ex-Master of the Cheshire, who was at the kennel last summer (1922) remarked that now there were three sorts—'English, Welsh and Mr. Curre's Hounds,' and I am inclined to think that anyone who has seen the pack will agree."

SILVANUS REYNOLDS AND HIS PACK OF OTTER HOUNDS IN IRELAND.

our horses into a sharp gallop as they ran steady from covert to covert.

As I found from some of the sportsmen present, I was mounted on the best horse in the stable, and right well he carried me up and down that hilly country. There were eight or ten out and at about half-past three, after catchy scent for fully three or four hours (where English hounds would not have gone with the line for half a mile,) the pack found a better line and by their cry showed more interest in the game.

What a pleasure it was, after hunting with the mute English packs, to hear hounds throw their tongues in delight, as they puzzled over the trail; and how much easier it made the following; one could hear them for a long distance, and did not, therefore, need to ride on their very backs.

Getting nearer their fox, the pack pushed him hard until he found a hole under an old ledge and popped in, thereby checking our sport for the day. The bitches marked well and trotted home as cheerily as they went out.

That night at dinner we turned out in pink, and I had the pleasure of meeting Silvanus Reynolds, Esquire, who formerly hunted a pack of otter hounds in Ireland. Mrs. Reynolds also came to stay at Itton Court for the week-end, and was as much interested in the sport as her husband, who, I was told, held the record for otter hunting in Great Britain, having killed thirty-seven otter in sixty-one hunting days. They were then located in the Cotswold country and told me of the splendid work done by Mr. Curre's hounds, Poison and Sportsman, hunting with that pack.

"Why", Mr. Reynolds said, "time and time again they set the English hounds right; are far superior in nose, cast wider, and when the pack is running hardest they are invariably in front, and with their splendid cry are always easily located."

A house guest also was Colonel Henry Lewis, Master of the Ystrad and Pentyrch Welsh pack of hounds, and a sportsman of the old school. His pack was descended from a pack of black and tans owned by his great grandfather in 1700 and

originally came from a pack of black and tans owned by the monks at Morgan Abbey. To this day the livery of the Hunt is the brown coat made of the Welsh woven cloth called "Brychanllwyd", and in hunting the hounds only Welsh terms are used.

What a pleasure it was to sit about the table after dinner and hear these sportsmen discuss the hunting of their packs and the individual hounds; for, except in my short talk with J. J. Ryan of the Black and Tans and in my interesting discussions with Mr. Bell and Mr. Lambert, nowhere, during my tour, have I seen such an interest in the art of venery as was evinced that evening.

Squire Curre told how for years he had worked to produce hounds which were a proper size to go up and down the hills and dales of his country, white in color so that they could be seen at a far distance, with noses that could carry a cold trail and start their fox, and with good cry to drive him and speed to kill him. He could not say enough for the Welsh blood he obtained from the Master of the Ystrad pack, and Mr. Reynolds, being a keen sportsman, as every Master should be, gave from time to time his opinion as to what a perfect pack should be.

After dinner we went by the way of the living room through a narrow hall, which connected a part of the inner court with the outer court and was bounded on one side by a large gun room, for annually some two thousand pheasants are shot in the adjoining coverts.

The narrow hall led to a beautifully balanced drawing-room, at the end of which a bright fire and comfortable chairs welcomed us. There Mrs. Reynolds was seated, and again the conversation was on horse and hound. A good story was told by the Welsh Master of a great old sportsman who found his hounds at a drain with one or two in it evidently tackling their quarry. Not being sure whether they had a fox or a badger, he called the hounds out, and smelling the breath of one of them at once pronounced it "Fox", and the drain was soon opened.

Reynolds, not to be outdone, told of another fox-hunter who had run a fox into a drain with a stream running through and wished to be sure that he was still there. He asked for a tea-cup, and drinking the water as it ran from the drain, immediately pronounced that Reynard still tarried, and the next few minutes proved he was right.

The next morning was Palm Sunday, and a beautiful, warm sun made every one happy. One must visit an English country home on a Sunday to appreciate the feeling of perfect rest which comes on every seventh day. Church being at eleven o'clock, there is an hour or two of leisure in the morning when the sport of the past week is talked over and plans made for the future. Our worthy Master of course attended church, which was within fifty yards of the house and built of stone in keeping with the Court itself. Every grave in the little yard was covered with flowers, and the neighboring tenantry of the Protestant persuasion, old and young, turned out.

After church we walked down to the stables, where the stud groom was waiting in the well-kept office adjoining the saddle room. Hunter after hunter was stripped for our inspection, and the value of good care was clearly shown by the clean legs, glowing coats, bright straw, and well-washed mangers which we saw in every box.

Many good horses are bred in and about Wales, and the Cardiff Show, which is the second largest in England and in which Colonel Lewis took a great interest, has done a great deal to improve the hunters in the neighborhood.

Mr. Curre had his own hunter stallion, and would ofttimes turn out the entire hunt staff on home-breds, which with the hounds all whelped at Itton Court made up an establishment of the deepest personal interest and only equalled, I am told, by that of Lord Middleton, who also breeds his own horses and hounds at Birdsall House, Yorkshire.

After luncheon I went through the apartments of the Court with Colonel Lewis and found in the drawing-room three large oil paintings by Dean Wolstenholme. They were hunting

scenes fully thirty-six by thirty with lovely backgrounds of trees and dark foliage setting off well the white marked pack and the scarlet-coated Master and servants.

History says: "Dean Wolstenholme was born in Yorkshire in 1757 and was at the outset a man of independent means whose time was largely devoted to sport. Originally he only painted for amusement but occasionally presented his friends with portraits of horses and hounds. Ruined by a law suit, he determined to make painting his profession, thereby verifying the prophesy of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had predicted that he would in time develop into a serious painter. He was over forty years of age when he began to paint for a livelihood, and a number of his paintings were engraved by Sunderland and printed in color and published by Ackermann."

Nowhere had I seen such splendid examples of the skill of the older Wolstenholme as I found on the walls of Itton Court. The Colonel also showed me the attractive sporting sketches in the gun room and a wonderful collection of old Stafford and Chelsea china, while in the state drawing-room were a pair of Morlands fit to be hung in any art gallery. Over the mantel in the entrance hall he pointed out an original painting by the master hand of the great equine artist George Stubbs.

In 1790, as Ralph Nevill, in his interesting work, *Old Sporting Prints*, says, Stubbs was offered forty-five thousand dollars for a series of portraits of famous English race horses, but the outbreak of the war with France brought the series to a premature conclusion when only sixteen of the portraits had been executed. Stubbs himself, Nevill goes on to say, was a man of unusual vigor and at seventy-nine years of age, just before his death, was still walking eight or nine miles a day.

In the Master's den itself was a beautiful painting of a goldfinch by Archibald Thorburn, a present-day artist who already occupies a high position.

The house of Curre for generations had been in sport, and it was a pleasure to wander about from room to room and find on the walls, the tables, or mantels interesting pictures, books,

etc., which showed the care, thought, and success of the sportsmen of former days. On the table of the dining room was an attractive parchment-bound album presented to Mr. Curre by the Master of a French pack of staghounds, filled with pictures of the hunt, the mansion of the Master, together with himself, servants, horses, and hounds, in memory of Mr. Curre's stay with him.

On a near-by table was an interesting piece of japan work on tin, being a beautiful specimen of that lost art of Pontypool, Monmouthshire. Later on the Squire walked with us about the place and showed us his rock garden and just beyond it a beautiful green sward running north from the windows of his dining room.

The end of this terrace was a circular hedge, and there the gardener had fashioned from the branches and leaves of the hedge itself a fully furnished fox, standing clean-cut and distinct above the hedge, and not far back three or four hounds in full pursuit, and still farther back at the right one or two members of the field and the Master riding up. One can hardly comprehend the thought, time, and patience necessary to form from the hedge these growing images, which at once bespeak your attention and close examination.

We now wandered back to the house, and seeing to the south leading towards the chapel a line of trees strange to me in the United Kingdom, I inquired if they could possibly be Sequoia Gigantea, and was told "Yes."

They were a double row of fine, large trees, fully two and a half feet through. The last time I had seen a Sequoia Gigantea, or as it is often called in England, "the Wellingtonia", was in the Yosemite Valley and its borders, where the "Grizzly Bear" is of such size that a coach and four is driven through the butt of the living tree.

We walked an hour or so over an adjoining field where colts were trained, and Mr. Curre showed me a cottage on the hill where Bill Benjamin, a celebrated prize-fighter who had fought Tom Sayers, had once lived.

After staying a day or two at Itton Court one is deeply impressed with the perfect routine and care of the establishment. On my arrival I was greeted by the old butler who, although active and attentive, seemed from sixty-five to sixty-eight years old; and I could not help but note how perfectly the different departments of the household were directed by him. Each day after hunting, tea and toast simply waited the touch of the bell, bright fires warmed one's back in every room, hot toast and cold water flanked my plate at dinner, and the serving-men in the dining room went about their duties like soldiers under the eagle eye of the old butler.

I spoke to Mr. Curre about the value of such a servant.

"Yes", said he, "it is impossible to calculate the value of Went to Itton Court. He has been in the family for years, his first thought is his God, his second thought is his King, and his third thought is for those who live at Itton Court."

The next day was St. Patrick's Day, and as the meet was some eight or ten miles away, we motored out. We had the dog pack, which were fully one and a half inches higher than the bitches, strong through the back, and a number of them with a rough coat and carrying a few more body markings than the bitches.

There was a good sporting field out, all interested in hound work, rather than in hard riding. The country did not lend itself greatly to fox-hunting, although I could see that if a fox could have been put out of the hills and headed across the valley, a good run of three or four miles could be obtained.

We were not so lucky, however, for our fox evidently had no desire to break away from home as he ran from covert to covert, but gave me a good opportunity to listen to the cry of the hounds and watch them casting themselves and carrying the line without fault.

The country was well cut up by roads, and we were able to keep them in view without much jumping, although again I was mounted on a crack hunter that gave me a great feeling of confidence.

MR. CURRE'S HOUNDS ON THE WAY TO THE MEET.

After thirty minutes of slow hunting, the pack worked up to their fox and with grand cry pushed him hard for a few fields, when he dodged into the drain under the road, at both ends of which we found the pack marking with splendid cry.

Soon the terrier man who, in an old pink coat, had been leading a couple of terriers around, came up, but although the terrier could locate the fox, we could not dig under the road, so the hounds were driven away from one end, the terrier slipped in at the other and away the fox bolted.

The hounds were put on the line and streamed away for eight or ten minutes more, when Reynard eluded us again by running into an old earth, which was so honeycombed that it was impossible to mark him, or, as Mr. Curre honestly remarked, "He might not have gone in at all, but only run over it, for the scent about here is so bad that it is very hard to carry the line."

It was now four o'clock, and we jogged back to Itton Court, where a steaming hot bath and forty-five minutes of sleep put me ahead of the game again.

We did ample justice to the delicious dinner set before us, and it was with a feeling of great sorrow that I shook hands with the Welsh Squire and his sporting friends who had made my stay so interesting. As Went, the butler, was packing my bags into the wagonette, I congratulated him on the perfection of the establishment under his care. My appreciation touched him, and he proudly drew out a gold watch given him by the Squire after fifty years of service in the family. I remarked that such a term of employment was very rare these days, and he replied, "Mr. Smith, it takes two to make a servant."

NOTE—

"A smooth, white bitch named Beauty, who is by Beadman out of Blameless, stands out as nearly, if not quite, perfect although she is on the small side and would not be big enough for the average English kennel. Her beauty of outline, her perfect symmetry, her neck and shoulder, and her wonderful back loin, are literally faultless and her bone is in keeping with her weight. She is, I believe, to be modeled for the Cardiff Museum, who have asked Colonel Curre for a sculptured hound."

—"Tour of the Welsh Kennels" by "Shotley" in *The Field* of May 29, 1924.

CHAPTER XX.

BOOKS AND PRINTS

A FEW DAYS IN LONDON—INSPECTION OF THE CAMBRIDGE WORKS, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, THE HOUSE OF ZAEHNSDORF, ARTISANS OF BOOK BINDING—COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON—FRANK FORESTER'S WORKS—SKETCHLEY'S DESCRIPTION OF ZAEHNSDORF'S WORK—FINDS OF BOOKS AT HOWELLS IN LIVERPOOL FROM THE LIBRARY OF SIR THOMAS BROCKLEBANK.

WHEN night found me and my man at Claridge's, London, right tired I was from my railroad ride in the uncomfortable carriage. But I was delighted to find that for home comfort, quiet, and perfect service I had chosen the right hostelry and thoroughly did I enjoy my few days' stay there.

I had looked forward for some time to a few days in London, as I wanted to call at Ackermann's and Zaehnsdorf's and see, if possible, a collection of drawings by Thomas Rowlandson at Henry Sotheran's, "Booksellers to the King", in Piccadilly.

The latter especially interested me, for at the time of the first Sportsman's Dinner in New York, I had gone around with John E. Madden of Lexington, Kentucky, to view a beautiful set of colored drawings by Rowlandson at Knoedler's Gallery, which then was opposite the Waldorf. It is needless to say that Mr. Madden bought them for the library at Hamburg Place, and at the exhibition of pictures, prints, and mezzotints at the Sportsman's Dinner, they occupied a prominent place.

The next morning, after a grapefruit and a broiled sole for breakfast, with a toasted buttered muffin as a side line, I called at Sotheran's and found that I had not made the trip in vain, for the collection comprised sixty-two original drawings by the great artist, ninety-six engravings and caricatures, together with a beautiful collection of books illustrated by Rowlandson, which included a set of two volumes of *Pierce Egan's Life in London*, or *The Rambles of Bob Tallyho, Esquire, and his Cousin The Honorable Thomas Dashall through the Metropolis.*

Among the original drawings were a number of truly sporting coaching scenes. One, entitled the "Chelsea Stage", showed a Chelsea stage coach at the corner of a street labelled "Paradise Row", while a stout passenger and his wife are endeavoring to squeeze into the already full interior. Another showing an overturned, four-horse coach in a stream, with a disheveled young lady endeavoring to escape by the window and unconsciously sitting upon the head of a stout passenger.

Rowlandson was certainly the King of Caricaturists; his pen depicted the humorous side at every stroke, and in nothing did he succeed better than in the lines of his stout characters. He had a mind of wonderful versatility, for he would jump from Holland, drop in some sketches on Billingsgate Market, Illustrate the parable of "The Fatted Calf", "Lust and Avarice", then to Westminster Abbey, without a stop, to work out a colored caricature of Milton's verse "On she came—such as I saw her in my dreams." He also attacked Goldsmith's verses, as he showed "The Deserted Village", which of course interested me, for, as I have previously stated, Auburn was not far from Mullingar.

Later in the day I went to the house of Zaehnsdorf, on Shaftesbury Avenue, and there met young Mr. Zaehnsdorf of the Cambridge works, artisans of bookbinding celebrated the world over.

Years ago, when I began to take a little interest in sporting books, I would now and then come across a beautiful bound volume, the sides of which lay flat, the leaves of which were invariably intact, and always could I find the name "Zaehnsdorf" at the bottom inside the front cover. Later on, I noticed that in any of my book catalogues where any rare volumes were offered, they were invariably bound by Zaehnsdorf, so naturally I had begun to be interested in a bookbinder who was so respected on all sides. I had taken to Ireland with me my entire library of sporting books relating to hunting and had sent down to the Cambridge works my collection of the writings of "Frank Forester" (Henry William Herbert) who is admitted by all to

be the foremost among the sporting writers of the States. I had been aided in making this collection of Herbert's works by Fred E. Pond, Esquire, of the *Sportsmen's Review,* who, under the name of "Will Wildwood", had written that most interesting preface of the life of Herbert in *Sporting Sketches.*

Admiring Forester's works as much as I did, I felt that if anything in my library was to be crowned by Zaehnsdorf it should be his writings, and for that reason I sent them to London. They had arrived, and one of his experts had been over them most carefully and immediately reported that in a certain volume a plate was missing, and that of the full works of Forester I was short a number. This rather surprised me, as I felt my list was perfect, but he easily verified his statement by showing the list which he had taken the trouble to obtain from the British Museum. I give this incident to illustrate the infinite care and pains taken at the Cambridge works.

Before going, Mr. Zaehnsdorf courteously asked me to inspect the works, of which he was, naturally, very proud, for bookbinding in his family is truly an art. The first Zaehnsdorf worked as an apprentice in Stuttgart and Vienna, and later on in Baden-Baden, Zurich, and Paris; he came to London in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, where after five years as a workman, he set up for himself. He died, as R. E. D. Sketchley says, in 1866, having done a craftsman's work before craftsmanship came to be really heard of in modern England, and leaving a tradition that his son, the present head of the firm, was qualified to fulfil by Continental apprenticeship.

Sketchley goes on to say: "A typical Zaehnsdorf binding is not a fashion, and its value is open to all eyes, though the sight trained to appreciate skill and appropriate design must value it. A long, laborious, and wide experience, a practical ideal that rules the workshop and the manufacturies of tools and materials as well as the designer's studio, and a reputation and a tradition to maintain, are some of the vital forces that lie behind the work and fashion it."

With eager interest I followed my guide through the works, first where many of the old books were taken apart (for a large part of their work is re-building) and where quick-eyed girls and middle-aged women scrutinized every leaf, a labor which is called pagination.

Zaehnsdorf showed me the method of dampening the leaves, or removing the stains and again starching the leaves, so as to give them the proper stiffness; also how careful they were to see that the linen threads penetrated the back of each leaf and so firmly held it; what pains were taken to leave exact margins; and how by hand the rounded back was made by a pounding process, then how the flax fibers of the linen thread were opened out and laid into the covers, so as to give the full strength to the complete bound volume.

After the books are bound, the tooling is put on the covers and back, generally with gold leaf. This work has to be most exactly done, and a surprisingly large amount of gold leaf is used yearly in the establishment for this purpose alone.

One department was in charge of an old and trusted employee, and there I was specially interested, for Mr. Zaehnsdorf told me it would be difficult indeed to tell the value of some of the work which was sent to this section. Just at that time one ancient workman of this department had in his hands the vellum charters, as I might say, of The Distillers Company of London; the earliest was at the time of Charles I, and its binding cords were embraced by a wooden seal in 1624; later on there were the records during the reign of Charles II, and then William and Mary, the silk cord of the latter being held by a seal of wax in an ivory box.

I was also shown the "Freedom Book" of the Cutler's Company from 1611 to 1790, and what interested me deeply was the beautiful work of John Gould, published in 1850 by the author. Gould was a great naturalist, and I was surprised to find that in North and South America he had found and beautifully depicted thirty-two varieties of partridge which are commonly called "quail" in the Northern States.

I had seen the California quail with its topknot on the Pacific slope, and the Virginia "Bob White", and had heard of the variety in Southern California which roam about in large droves, rather than coveys, but was greatly surprised to find there were so many other varieties in the Western Continent.

Zaehnsdorf told me an interesting story of a German who once brought a book all the way from the Continent to be bound, left it in the office, and then sat down in the waiting room. After waiting three or four hours, he mildly inquired when his book would be done, believing the question of binding a volume was one of three or four hours rather than as many days.

We then visited the leather room, which was well stocked with calf and goat, commonly known as "Morocco", from which the cape and levant leathers come, and I was shown a few skins of seal, which Mr. Zaehnsdorf stated had been brought to great perfection of color in the last eight years by dyeing. I was surprised to find that sheepskin was not used at the works, and he further explained to me that the best calf which they got was from the young animals that had never eaten grass.

Naturally, different varieties of bindings from all parts of the world are sent to these binders. Four Daniels' *Rural Sports,* which I had purchased of the Brocklebank's collection from Howells, for instance, were bound in pigskin, and Zaehnsdorf told me in one or two cases there had been volumes sent them from far-off countries bound in human skin.

In the exhibition cases I saw the Awards of London 1862, Dublin 1865, Paris 1867, Vienna 1873, Chicago 1893, Paris 1900, together with the Grand Prize at the World's Fair in St. Louis 1904, and Milan 1906.

Volumes from the King and Queen are often sent to be put in new covers by this old firm, whose success is so well illustrated by the adjective "thorough", which word was applied to the great binder in Charing Cross Road by Mr. Sketchley.

Not having further time that afternoon, I asked Mr. Zaehnsdorf to send me some of the sporting cuts made by his tools so

that I could make a selection for the back of my Forester collection, and he sent me next day what he termed a rough "pull off." Not finding anything which exactly suited me, I called at Ackermann's and there told Mr. Foster my quandary. In a few moments he pulled out from behind his shelves an old work dated 1821, being *Impressions from a Set of Silver Buttons*, illustrative of British Field Sports, drawn by A. Cooper, R. A. and engraved by John Scott as a labor of love for Thomas Gosden, the great English XIX century Sportsman, Bibliopole and Binder of Angling Books, whose life has been so beautifully written by the late William Loring Andrews, of Long Island, New York.

Here was a find indeed, and nothing could be more appropriate than the woodcock, the stag, and half a dozen other of the impressions and with his permission I took them to the Cambridge works. Mr. Zaehnsdorf, Senior, was as pleased as myself in the matter and said to me, "I shall be very glad to have these special tools engraved for you, and I shall also make no charge for this additional work."

Upon my second trip to London I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Zaehnsdorf, Senior, and found him a broad-minded man, a sportsman, passionately fond of fishing, as he often made trips, he told me, to the different lakes in Ireland. He was deeply interested in my ambition to make my collection of sporting books on hunting and racing as complete as possible, and I told him how in one section I had placed my first editions, in which, where possible, I had bound in a presentation or autograph letter from the author.

He said there had just come into his hands a small library of an English sportsman who had pursued this same fancy. Among these books was a presentation copy of *Fifty Years Of My Life* by Sir John Astley, commonly known as "The Mate", a great friend of the late King Edward, who, as the memoirs showed, was blessed with an iron constitution on which his hard life never made inroads.

There were also two volumes which I had never seen before by the Honorable Grantley F. Berkeley; strangely enough that very day I had been driving by the Berkeley Hotel in London, and noticed the footmen and doormen attired in the yellow plush livery of the old Berkeley Hunt. The volumes were in the original cloth and were on the habits and treatment of animals, a presentation to F. T. Dickens by the author.

On the list were also *Tallyho, Sketches of Hunting, Coaching, etc.* by Whitehurst and his presentation copy to the Reverend Jack Russell, who for so many years gave sport in Exmoor and of whom the story is told that whether the meet was twenty or forty miles away he invariably attended, and even up to the time when he was over seventy, no distance was too far. One day, riding some thirty miles to the meet, an old countryman looked at him and said in an admiring tone, "It's hard to put two forenoons into one day."

There was a presentation copy of *Silk and Scarlet* in original cloth in which was inscribed "William Ford from The Druid, July 20th, 1859", and last, but not least, the first edition of *Handy Andy* by Lover, with twenty-four plates by the author and the original wrappers bearing an autograph presentation inscription.

It is needless to say that I was not happy until I acquired the whole collection for Lordvale, and told Mr. Zaehnsdorf that if any more such finds should come his way not to fail to advise me.

But my hunt for books and prints did not finish in London. Years ago I somewhere ran across a catalogue of Howell's Bookstore, Liverpool, and wrote over to have my name put on their mailing list and so for a long time received it three or four times a year.

The greatest pleasure in sport of course is winning yourself, the next is having your friends win, and last but not least is reading of the great English sportsmen, their exploits, and the history of those who have gone before.

Experience is the best teacher, but one may learn a great deal from the experience of others, and I have always felt a great amount of satisfaction, when riding from "Point to Point" or racing "Between the Flags" or in the breeding or hunting of my hounds, to find that years ago such great sportsmen as Gentleman Tom Smith, the mighty T. Assheton Smith, Squire Osbaldeston, Sir Thomas Mostyn, and others had exactly the same difficulties that I was experiencing, and time and time again I achieved success by following their example.

The time for sport in the States is naturally limited on account of the season, so there are a number of fallow hours which may be turned to great advantage by scanning the old and new *Sporting Magazines, Baily's Magazine, Annals of Sporting,* and books of the lives of the great masters.

Howell's catalogue was for me a veritable key to that knowledge of the past, and throughout my life I can truthfully say that this blue-covered book led me into a field of happiness which seemed ever fresh.

The list of sporting books was generally on the inside or back cover, sometimes separately listed; often on the first page would be illustrated some celebrated print, engraving, or mezzotint which would catch my eye and frequently the walls at Lordvale were made richer thereby.

Countless volumes journeyed across the ocean singly, or in sets, and that wonderful engraving of Thomas Landseer of the painting of a setter of the olden times stiffened to a point by Sir Edwin Landseer so impressed me that I bought the entire collection of a dozen signed artist's proofs owned by Howells and presented them to many of my sporting friends.

One I gave to John E. Madden of Lexington, Kentucky, to adorn Hamburg Place, for there surely "class" is bred both in trotters and runners. I wrote on the border, "Class, if I ever knew it", for the rigidity of the dog, the fixedness and glare of the eye, the lines of the shoulders, ribs, back, and tail, all depict "Class", the doing of something promptly, precisely, and perfectly.

I had looked forward so much to an hour or two at Howell's that I was sorry when I landed in Liverpool on my way to Ireland that I had not time for a personal inspection of the old store, although I went by once or twice in a taxi and longed to stop. When I was in Liverpool again, the day before the Grand National, I dropped in for a moment and met one of the Howells and found that my good friend, Spencer Borden of Fall River, Massachusetts, had recently called on them.

The bookseller told me that their best market for books, prints, etc., was in the States, that they had over eight hundred customers in America, and that they were such good buyers he would often have a splendid collection ready to be catalogued when the orders from across the Atlantic would come in so fast that he would have to cancel the printing of the list, as a large percentage would have been sold.

I had only a few minutes that day but made an appointment to come in on Saturday morning, when he promised to have everything that might interest me at hand and well he kept his word.

On Saturday I met the oldest member of the firm, a relative of Mr. Howell, founder of the house, and he was a veritable gold mine of information. He told me that when they sent their last catalogue out the cover was illustrated by a cut of a beautiful mezzotint from the painting by Thomas Weaver engraved by Will Ward. The subject was a portrait of John Cotes, Esq. M. P. of the County of Salop, and was dedicated to the members of the Shiffnal Agricultural Society.

It showed the great agriculturist mounted on an attractive cob standing with the rein dropping on his withers with a fine greyhound just in front, a pair of horses at the plough with the quaint, old-fashioned collars, and in the background a grand old mansion with pillared front.

This picture was purchased by Mr. Borden when he was in Liverpool but my informant said that after they had sent their catalogues out they received a letter from a gentleman in one of the old towns in England who said that he had a copy of the

print in its original frame and also a companion-piece showing John Corbet, Esq. and his foxhounds, also painted by Thomas Weaver in 1812, and engraved by Richard Woodman, dedicated to the Members of the Warwickshire Hunt and to Sportsmen in general.

He went up stairs and brought them down and I admired both of them, one so splendidly depicting Agriculture, and the other Sport. John Corbet is shown on a full-made gray hunter with cap in hand putting his hounds on the line, two whips are in the background which also includes two grand trees, the trunks and foliage of which are finely drawn.*

I was not long in purchasing these, you may be sure.

He also told me that he had purchased the splendid library of the late Sir Thomas Brocklebank, of Irton Hall, Cumberland, whose daughter had recently married the son of Westinghouse, the American, whose air brake and electric devices are noted the world over. Brocklebank was a sportsman of the old school, much interested in coursing all his life, and in 1855 nominated Mr. Jefferson's "Judge", winner of the Waterloo Cup of that year. To hold a nomination to the Waterloo Cup is regarded as a "hall mark" of standard position in the Coursing world.

His tastes evidently were of the highest order, for my informant told me that he had found in the library a number of editions of Somerville's *The Chase,* one of the best being illustrated with woodcuts by Thomas Bewick and printed at the Shakespeare Printing Office of J. W. Bulmer & Co. in 1796. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* states as regards Bewick:

*The original painting is now in the possession of Harold Weaver, Esq., of London. The artist shows Mr. Corbet on his favorite hunter Dapple while his huntsman, Bill Barrow, is riding Mr. Briggs. The celebrated foxhound Trojan appears in the right hand corner.

—From *"The Annals of the Warwickshire Hunt" by Charles Mordaunt, Bart., and Hon. Rev. W. R. Verney.*

(The most carefully written, beautifully illustrated and most interesting history of a hunt I have ever read. H. W. S.)

"The works of this young artist will be held in estimation and the engravings in Somerville's *The Chase* will be a volume of fame and more celebrity than marble can bestow."

The artist of the wooden block lived at the time of His Majesty, King George III, who believed it impossible that such delicate effects could be produced from simple blocks of wood and ordered his bookseller, Mr. George Nicholls, to produce the blocks for his inspection, so that he might convince himself of the fact.

From the same library my learned companion told me, "I got a first edition of Daniel's *Rural Sports* in four volumes, quarto size, with the title pages by the great engraver, John Scott, and so that you will appreciate the deep interest of Sir Thomas Brocklebank in sport, his true knowledge of every variety of it, and his wonderful forethought and patience, I must show them to you."

He brought out the treasures and let me pore over them in a little back room of the old shop; they were bound, strange to say, in pigskin, and all through the volumes the old sportsman had placed between the leaves cuts, mezzotints, prints, and original water colors by the great artists.

The work is in three volumes and a Supplement, and I found many of the articles extra illustrated by Sir Thomas, who, evidently for the greater part of his life, had been interested in collecting steel engravings, copperplates, prints, colored prints, mezzotints, woodcuts and etchings which would still further illuminate the text. He spared no time or money in the furtherance of his object and was, of course, obliged to have all those illustrations conform to the size of the folio, ten inches by thirteen inches.

Daniel's articles about Hunting had colored prints by Alken; Racing was splendidly depicted by pictures by Herring; Spaniels at work were illustrated by woodcuts by Howitt, and a number of interesting studies of Stags' heads and Deer were shown, the work of the same artist; there were steel engravings from paintings by Thomas Gainsborough, Paul

Potter, and eight or ten charming soft colored prints of Morland's work, not to mention others from J. Ferneley, Thomas Landseer, and a fine print in color of a Red Deer from a drawing by Newton Fielding.

To the original illustrations Sir Thomas Brocklebank had added one hundred and five which shows at once the breadth and interest of the sportsman. There were two exquisite water colors by Samuel Howitt, one of a setter pointing a covey of birds, some of whom were flying and others still on the ground, and the artist gave to the setter that wonderful frightened look which comes into the eye of a bird dog when he finds, perhaps, that he has ventured too far on the line of the tempting scent. Another original signed water color by the same artist showed a hawk in mid air battling with a snake whose throat he held in his beak while the snake was wrapping his coils about the body of the bird. It seemed almost a sacrilege to turn over the leaves of *Rural Sports* and disturb the work which the grand old sportsman had with his own hands collected year after year. In the fourth volume, or Supplement, I found three colored plates by George W. Wolstenholme entitled "Coursing, Going Out", "Coursing, the Hare's Last Efforts" and "The Death." The color of these prints was as fresh as though taken off the stone yesterday.

Sir Thomas Brocklebank's industry in sport, as shown by the above, interested me deeply and I was pleased indeed, on reading *Fifty-Six Waterloo Cups* by Lowie Hall ("Vindex"), to find how high he stood in the coursing world and that his name is still perpetuated by his son, Harold Brocklebank. In 1881 Sir Thomas was in the Chair at the Waterloo Banquet and at his right sat the Marquis of Anglesey and at his left Lord Wodehouse, and on another occasion the Cumberland sportsman paid just tribute to James Hedley, the great Coursing judge, who wore the "Waterloo scarlet" for twenty-four years.

It is needless to say I was not long in bargaining for all of these rarities, and whereas English collectors are the losers,

the library at Lordvale is the gainer, and the sportsmen of the new country who visit there can always have the pleasure of looking over the life work of Squire Brocklebank, who could take his pleasure in his own country and was not drawn here, there, and all over God's universe by telephone, telegraph, and daily papers.

I was also able to purchase at Howell's a volume of Nimrod's *The Chase* published in 1837, which was extra illustrated by a number of cuts I had never seen before.

This "find" of books seemed so valuable to me that I asked him to send them to Zaehnsdorf, in order that he might clothe them in some binding suitable to their standing and properly insert the illustrations and plates in the four volumes of *Rural Sports,* and I now look with pride at them on my library shelves.

AN UP BANK, PUNCHESTOWN.—TROUBLE APLENTY.

CHAPTER XXI.

POINT TO POINT RACES

THE BARBOUR CUP, WESTMEATH—KILDARE HUNT AT PUNCHESTOWN, ETC.—MERRI MERRI, WINNER OF THE BARBOUR CUP—COMMENTS IN THE *IRISH FIELD* ON THE CONYNGHAM CUP WON BY MERRI MERRI—PEDIGREE OF MERRI MERRI—EXTRACTS FROM *AN IRISH GENTLEMAN* ON THE MOORES OF MOORE HALL, COUNTY MAYO—WHY IRISHMEN ARE SPORTSMEN—THE WESTMEATH HUNT BALL—DINNER AT KNOCKDRIN CASTLE THE NIGHT OF THE BALL—MEET OF THE ENGLISH HOUNDS AT THE MARKET HOUSE, MULLINGAR—DINNER AT LEVINGTON PARK AS GUEST OF MR. AND MRS. HUGO FITZPATRICK—PICK OF THE HUNTERS AND STEEPLECHASERS WITH GROOMS ON TRAIN TO DUBLIN TOGETHER WITH SPOTTED PACK OF AMERICAN HOUNDS—MOTOR TRIP TO DUBLIN—LIVERPOOL VIA HOLYHEAD.

MARCH and April are the months when the Point to Point races given by the different Hunts in Ireland take place, and there is nothing more attractive than these gatherings of the different sportsmen from far and wide with their crack horses that have followed the chase. The majority of the races are confined to entries that have been hunted in the country, but there are a few races open to all comers, such as the Barbour Cup given at Westmeath.

The calendar is an interesting one. The Duhallow run their races at the Kilcoleman Course, near Doneraile, and there, in addition to the regular races, a Farmers' Race is added out of courtesy to the farmers whose lands have been hunted over. Sportsmen's Races is the term used by the Meath Hunt for their sporting meeting, given at Gatrim on All Fools Day. The North Mayo Harriers over the Dooneen Course have their Point to Point race on April 3rd, and an Open Cob race in addition to the three other events is given by the Athlone Harriers late in March.

The Kildare Hunt and their meet at Punchestown, the last of April, is most strikingly described by Hervey de Montmorency:

"The Kildare Hunt came into being shortly before the Rebellion of 1798, and it was not long before the members of the Hunt aspired to test the respective merits of their hunters across country. The first race meeting is said to have been held in 1822, and there exists a record of races which took place at

Rathgorrah, where the spectators could cheer friends from an excellent point of vantage on Kill Hill, a landmark well known to all followers of the Kildare Hounds.

Steeplechases were held, too, at Kilcock, Rathcoole, and Naas in the early days of the nineteenth century. There is an interesting account of a meeting held near Naas in 1834 which may be read in Paddy Kelly's Budget, a sort of Irish Bell's Life of the day. Paddy describes the course, the jumps, and "the continuous line of tents stretching from east to west, in which many a rustic couple figured in reels, jigs, and hornpipes to the well-known airs of 'Shiver the Quilt', 'Father Jack Walsh', 'My Ducks in the House', and 'The Night of Fun', to the astonishment and delight of the spectators."

At Kilcock in 1835 there were apparently present:

> 'Many a stiff-necked brat of a dandy,
> Lots of Parliament, potheen and brandy,
> Carloads of nieces and country cousins,
> Jingles and old charabangs in dozens,
> Bog-trotters, turf-cutters, butchers and bakers
> Jackasses, parsons, a few undertakers.'

It was not until the forties that Punchestown was chosen by the members of the Hunt as the most suitable course for holding their meetings, and Punchestown has become world famous since then, and its records are indelibly inscribed in the history of the Turf. What does Punchestown not mean to Irishmen and Irishwomen? Once upon a time it was a mere incident in the Dublin season; to-day it is the season."*

At Fairy House the Ward Stag Hounds have their races, which are more elaborate than any others in Ireland, for in addition to the Hunt and Farmers' Races, they have the King's Cup, the Irish Grand National, and a Military Steeplechase.

Mitchellstown advertised their Point to Point to be run the seventh of April over a splendid grass course, all good fences, and Leopardstown gave a Spring Meeting on April 25th at Leopardstown, Foxrock, County Dublin, in which they offered free stabling, forage, and boys' beds.

*At the opening of the races at Punchestown, the M. F. H. and Hunt servants of the Kildare Hunt, beautifully mounted, precede the Royal and Viceregal procession to the grand stand.

DITCH, BANK AND DITCH, PUNCHESTOWN.

THE WALL, PUNCHESTOWN.

BARBOUR CUP DAY, SLANEMORE, WESTMEATH.

"ATTY" PERSSE, FRANK BARBOUR, REGGIE WALKER, G. A. BOYD-ROCHFORT.

The most valuable Point to Point given in Ireland was that on Slanemore Course of the Westmeath Hunt.

The race was for the Barbour Challenge Cup, value one hundred pounds, with one hundred pounds in specie added, all by the generosity and true sporting spirit of Frank Barbour, Esquire, Master of the Hunt for the five years previous to my taking command. As Master, I was made one of the stewards, together with Mr. Barbour, The Earl of Longford, K. P., Major The Honorable E. M. Pakenham, J. P., Sir Walter Nugent, Bart, M. P., Colonel Cecil Fetherstonhaugh, D. L., G. A. Boyd Rochfort, Esquire, and others.

Barbour Cup day was a gala day in Mullingar and County Westmeath; all roads led to Slanemore, and hundreds of people from adjoining counties ran over in motors.

An Irish Point to Point is over a natural country when possible, and that chosen by Mr. Barbour was one which gave a severe test to any horse completing the course. It was about four miles, weight to be carried was thirteen stone, and the horses must have been regularly hunted with a recognized pack of hounds during the season, to be ridden in colors by gentlemen riders.

On the hillside about the start a number of tents were erected and in theirs the Highland Light Infantry from the barracks dispensed generous hospitality to all. Those from a distance brought their luncheon, and all about parties could be seen figuring the possibilities of their favorite, taking a bite of lunch together, or journeying to the paddock to inspect the entries.

Right glad I was to see the good sporting farmer, Hogan, who had piloted me in Limerick, riding the same horse that Success had followed so well, Merri Merri, a grand Point to Point type. Another of the starters was "Atty" Persse's hunter, who had been going splendidly through the season with the Westmeath. Mrs. "Ikey" Bell was up with a crack from Kilkenny, and eight or ten others, including Hope-Johnstone

who succeeded me as Master of the Westmeath, riding his own horse.

The start was in view of all, and a most striking picture was Lady Levinge as she dropped the flag and the horses took up the four-mile journey, which a number were never to finish. The first three miles seemed more like a good hunt than a steeplechase, because all the riders knew the distance, the severity of the course, and were perfectly content when one chap took the lead and they followed on.

With but a mile to go, the scene changed suddenly, and then the sport began. For the last quarter of a mile it was a most spirited spectacle with the four or five horses left in, all struggling for the lead, often jumping on and off the banks together. It is one thing to ride a tired horse over Virginia rails or stone walls where the jumping is clean and the ground solid, or to put a steeplechase horse over a made course, but it is quite another thing to ride a horse at top speed over the ditches, banks, gripes, and boreens of Ireland, against three or four other riders who are as keen and as game as yourself.

In all courses in America there is no part of the race where a horse is handicapped by jumping too far, but in Ireland let a horse jump a ditch and not keep in perfect submission, then instead of landing on the bank and clearing the far ditch with a quick kick-off, he sprawls on the top, drops into the ditch, and all is lost. This last brought down the leading horse at Slanemore, and after a pretty fight between the second and third, Merri Merri pulled out and came in an easy winner.

This good horse continued to do well and I felt prouder than ever of Success when I read in *The Irish Field*, of April 15, 1916, the following:

The *Irish Field*, April 15, 1916.

THE CONYNGHAM CUP.

"The Conyngham Cup was the race of the day, and as it was known that the Grand National winner, Covertcoat, would be a runner, interest was all the greater. Minden Rose, a previous

LADY LEVINGE STARTING THE BARBOUR CUP.

START OF THE BARBOUR CUP, SLANEMORE, WESTMEATH, 1913.

winner of the race, was amongst the opposition, as likewise was Dysart, who fought out a memorable finish with Victor Olympic five seasons ago for this event; and Monica III was another who had proved her liking for the course, while Merri Merri, a good stamp of weight carrier, was quietly fancied by his connections. Nothing looked better than Dysart, a capital type of the deep-girthed weight carrier. Covertcoat seemed in good fettle, and he started an 11 to 8 on chance, but since he went to England he has had little experience of banks, and he jumped that leading into the new country slovenly, while at the next he bungled awkwardly, and rolling over slipped into the ditch on the landing side, breaking his neck.

THE RACE.

Flygate settled down with a long lead until at half way Minden Rose went up to him, but the Western-trained gelding resumed command after passing the stand, about half the distance having then being covered. Soon after they had jumped the brook Merri Merri took close order with the leaders, and Dysart also improved his position, the whipper-in a long way in the rear being Awbeg. Coming out of the herd's garden Minden Rose was passed by Dysart, who, as they raced to the wall, was in close attendance on Merri Merri and Flygate. After jumping that obstacle Flygate was in trouble, and Minden Rose again came on the scene, but her bolt was shot before the third last fence was reached. From this the race was a duel between Merri Merri and Dysart, and the former holding his own won in a canter by ten lengths.

THE WINNER'S ANTECEDENTS.

Merri Merri, now eight years, had not run since his five-year-old days, when he showed himself to be a useful performer over a hunter's course by winning the King's Cup at Fairyhouse after a fine finish with Frontispiece, and, if we do not mistake, Mr. Hogan's gelding has, in addition to being a winner of the Barbour Cup, won numerous point-to-point races. It was a coincidence that Covertcoat should have met his death on the same course over which he won his first race, the Maiden Plate in 1911, being purchased the same year at the sales of Messrs. Goff and Co. by the late Sir C. Assheton-Smith for 1,075 gns. The latter's trainer, Mr. Robert Gore, came over to Ballsbridge with a commission of 1,000 gns., and when the bidding exceeded

that figure the baronet (who was also present at the sales) was disinclined to exceed the price he had fixed upon, but Mr. Gore, acting on his own responsibility, would not be denied. As we know, his judgment was fully justified. The pedigree of Merri Merri which is given below, shows him to be an exceptionally well-bred chaser, with fine jumping blood, for he was got by Senanus, a son of Trappist (by Hermit), who was sire of the Oaks winner L'Abbesse de Jouarre, the dam of Desmond. Merri Merri is out of Miette, a daughter of Red Prince II, and the extended pedigree is:—

MERRI MERRI, b. g. (1908)	Miette (ch.)	Senanus (bay)	Hermit (ch.)	Newminster	Touchstone
					Beeswing
				Seclusion	Tadmor
					Miss Sellon
			Bunch (bay)	Muscovit	Hetman Platoff
					Dau. of Camel
				Diomedia	Weatherbit
					Taurina
		Crumpling (bay)	Red Prince I. (ch.)	Young Melbourne	Melbourne
					Clarissa
			Bro. to Strafford (br.)	Daughter of	Gameboy
					Physalis
				Chanticleer or Lord of the Isles	Touchstone
					Fair Helen
			Chieftain's Daughter (ch.)		Bay Middleton
					to
				Sunflower	Doncaster
					Rouge Rose
			Kendal (ch.)	Bend Or	Macaroni
					Miss Agnes
				Windermere	The Marquis
					Victoria
			Empress (ch.)	Blood Royal	King Tom
					Jeu d'Esprit
				Jeu des Mots	Gladiateur
					Battaglia
		Bonnie Lassie (bay)	Clear the Way (ch.)	Lord Gough	Student
					Weatherwise
				Weatherglass	Weatherbit
					Brown Agnes
			Breadcrumb (bay)	Brown Bread	Wild Dayrell
					Jewess
				Rosalie	"

Truly the Irish are a sporting race, and their love of competition "Between the Flags" and over the banks has put them

WATCHING THE BARBOUR CUP RACE. TYPICAL IRISH COUNTRY.

MERRI MERRI, WINNER OF THE BARBOUR CUP, 1913.

at the head of all "Lepping" events in the United Kingdom, and in the Grand National itself fully half the entries are bred over the Irish Sea. Ascetic, the great steeplechase sire by Hermit standing in Ireland had in one year as many as nine representatives running in the great race at Liverpool.

After eight months in Ireland and having previously read every sentence which could be found with regard to Irish sport, I am convinced that there is no book which so truthfully describes the Golden Era of the sport of fox-hunting and steeplechasing in Ireland as *An Irish Gentleman,* by Colonel Maurice George Moore, C. B., in its vivid description of the sporting life of his ancestor.

The Moores of Moore Hall, County Mayo, were the true Irish nobility, and the brothers Augustus and George were the leaders of the reckless sporting life of the time.

When Augustus was killed, Maria Edgeworth wrote to his mother:

"But in truth I do pity George; we know how fond they were of each other; but I have no doubt that such a great shock, instead of being permanently weakening, as sorrow sometimes is to the mind, will be serviceable and strengthening and consolidating to his character. He will turn more to quiet literary pursuits, and he will feel in them, along with resource against sorrow, something congenial to his hereditary nature and pleasing and comforting to his mother. His higher nature, his superior tastes and abilities will come out. You will pardon me for this prophecy. I am an old woman."

The two brothers gave up all else and devoted themselves heart and soul to racing and riding. Their favorite hunting grounds were in Tipperary with Lord Waterford, in Galway with Mr. St. George of Tyrone House, and at Melton.

The Honorable F. Lawley in one of his reminiscences, speaking of the first-flight men in Galway, when Lord Clanmorris owned Jerry (winner of the Grand National) and Lancet, which he considered to be a better horse, says:

"Mr. George Henry Moore, M. P., commonly called 'Dog Moore' after his celebrated race-horse, Wolfdog, was noted for

his well trained stud of hunters and for the reckless courage with which he rode them across Galway."

They were equally at home "Between the Flags" or over the banks, as the following from *An Irish Gentleman* shows:

"In those days hounds were not bred as they now are, and hunted more methodically; the huntsman left them for the most part to fight their own battle, somewhat after the manner of the harriers of these times. For men really fond of hounds rather than horses and fond of watching the wonderful instinct and perseverance with which they work, it was a far keener pleasure than the constant lifting and trying forward, necessitated by the ignorant and unruly crowds that now try the patience and the tempers of the masters. But the young bloods were not content to ride home quietly after these steady-going hunts. That mad Irishman, Val Maher, would suddenly throw up his hand and clapping spurs to his horse shout, 'Who's for Melton?' Then Lords Gardner and Wilton, George and Augustus Moore and many others would follow him in a lark across country; the most uncompromising line was chosen, and if the leader lagged or failed he was not long without a successor."

In Galway a somewhat more methodical plan was adopted; the "schooling party" went from place to place seeking for awkward spots; the more reckless searched eagerly for some place to "pound" his friends. A correspondent of the *Irish Sportsman* writing more than half a century later describes one of these "schools."

"The wall stood at least six feet six inches in height, for I myself saw Robert Dillon Browne, who stood six feet two, measure himself against it, and the sod topped his head by at least four inches. Lord Clanmorris on Distiller; Mr. Parsons Persse on Salmon; Peter Tranick on Thresher; George Henry Moore on Lion; Christopher St. George on Treasurer; John Denis on Pluto; and Martin Blake on Brunette, cleared it in a manner which I do not believe could have been matched in any other hunting country in the United Kingdom. But the most dangerous leap of the day was taken by George Moore and Martin Blake. It was an iron-spiked gate nearly six feet high, and the slightest touch would have lamed a horse forever. Had Punchestown flourished then with Jerry and Lancet in their prime and George Moore or Lord Clanricarde in the saddle both Plate and Cup would have gone to the west of Ireland."

"It was no easy matter to excel in Galway in those days; 'Black Jack Denis', Master of the Galway Blazers, once rode his fine horse, Clinker, over the steeplechase course of Rahasaue, including ten stone walls and twenty-five other fences, without saddle or bridle, whip, or spur, and accomplished the feat without balk or fall."

"That these men were not ordinary men became manifest when they went among strangers. Lord Wilton, who was regarded by Dick Christian as the finest rider that ever hunted at Melton, and the Hon. F. Lawley both testify that Lord Clanricarde was the best man to hounds they ever saw. 'It was his custom to hunt in Yorkshire after his daughter's marriage to Lord Harewood. How shall I describe the appearance, seat, and style of the grandest horseman that my eyes ever rested upon? In person Lord Clanricarde was the thinnest and sparest of men, and his head resembled that of a corpse. He rode very long, leaning back in his saddle and never looking to the right or left. In him every faculty of mind and body seemed absorbed in the task of getting across country when hounds were running their best, and I never saw any man put such tremendous energy into his riding as he did. He was not in the least jealous of his rivals, some of whom (the late Tom Fairfax in particular) would have sacrificed anything to beat him. Such, however, was his superiority, and so easily was it maintained, that, without demur or remonstrance, he was hailed as facile princeps of that hard riding Yorkshire field. There are some hard riders whose performance in the saddle suggest that they are hustling their horses too much, are indeed in too great a hurry, and that a bad fall will before long be their inevitable fate. Not so, however, with Lord Clanricarde, for so easy was his style and so matchless his hands that he filled you with confidence and admiration, as you watched him jump and gallop. To the eye he never seemed to be out of a canter; it was only when you tried to stick to him that you found how fast he was going.'"

They were contemporaries and bosom friends of the Marquis of Waterford, a fine rider with beautiful hands, who held sway at Curraghmore, and of whom Moore says; "Although eccentric, he was the best sportsman even in that sporting time," and from

An Irish Gentleman I continue to quote:

"It is needless to say that horses that carried these daring riders were not taught to jump in this wonderful manner without infinite labour, trouble, and perseverance. Long and careful lunging with ropes was succeeded by constant practice and regular schooling. Every morning the horses were taken out and ridden over every sort of obstacle. Knocks and marks they got in plenty over the stone walls; so that in Mayo blemished knees came to be named the Moore Hall marks.

At this time there was at Moore Hall an animal called Faugh-a-ballagh, so named because he had been bought out of a trap from an officer in the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers (the Faugh-a-ballaghs). A more wretched looking thing could not be seen; he was incurably thin, with big knees, and seemed to be completely broken down. He could not gallop and trotted with difficulty. He had only one quality; he could jump a stone wall six feet high with the greatest ease; but hunting men seeing him for the first time, would really make any wager against it. It was a constant delight to the Moores to make such a bet, and, amid the jeers of the company, have him led down to a stone and mortar wall six feet high. He staggered as he was mounted, and seemed barely able to hobble across the field, but, nearing the obstacle, he cocked his ears, gathered himself together, and hopped over it comfortably. It seemed a conjurer's trick or a miracle, so impossible did the performance appear. It was his one trick, but he never made a mistake or failure.

Sixty years ago pounding matches were favorite amusements in the west of Ireland. It might be at some dinner before the races or a fair, when the punch was smoking, spirits waxing high, and the merits of horses were being discussed, some fortunate owner of a great jumper would challenge a rival sportsman to this test. On the appointed day, accompanied by their friends, their grooms, and by half the countryside, they would ride to some very difficult piece of country, and then each in turn had the choice of a fence, over which the other must follow or admit defeat. Large sums were often ventured on these ordeals, and in the effort to pound an opponent the most dreadful obstacles were attempted.

The records of some of these matches lived long in the memory of the peasants, who delighted in dangerous games. They used often to speak of one between Augustus Moore on Faugh-a-

ballagh and Lord Clanmorris on a fine hunter whose name is forgotten. They met at Ballyglass, half way between the two houses, and in the midst of a fine hunting country. There was a crowd to see the sport, but the first fences were of inconsiderable size and easily negotiated. Gradually the competition grew keener, and each man, as his turn came to lead, began to select a fence more with regard to its danger to his opponent than to his own safety. Several very high walls and narrow banks proved ineffectual obstacles, and Augustus's wretched little nag, so much despised in the beginning, became the popular favorite by the extraordinary cat-like cleverness with which he crossed every fence.

Nearly two hours had passed and yet the competitors were quite equal, but nearing Newbrook, the residence of Lord Clanmorris, they came on a wall about six feet high with an uphill approach and, moreover, the ground was so broken in front that no horse could jump it. It was Augustus's turn to lead, and he went along searching for a possible crossing. In the corner was a large rock half the height of the wall and at this he rode; to the amazement of all, the little horse changed his feet on the rock, using it as a sort of stepping-stone, and landed safe on the other side. There was nothing more to be done; Lord Clanmorris's big far-striding hunter would not even look at the rock, and even if he had tried he would probably have been killed."

In describing George Moore, our author stated that "he was more calculating and more skilful than his brother Augustus, he had finer hands and not less determination and courage. Captain Peel, a relic of those times, often said that on account of the shape of his head he found it difficult to keep a hat on, and he could often be seen in a fast run sailing along in front with a white handkerchief fastened around his head. He was soon known as one of the best steeplechase riders in Ireland, and, in after years, old men loved to relate of the heroic times of the Irish Turf; when John Denis, Master of the Galway Hounds, Allen McDonough, 'Wolfdog Moore,' Lord Clanricarde, Lord Howth, Lord Waterford, and Val Maher contended against each other in all the great steeplechases in Ireland, and, crossing the Channel, showed the Englishmen that they still had something to learn."

The New Melton Stakes at Cahir in 1842 the Irish writer describes beautifully as follows:

"Under the special supervision of the Marquis of Waterford the course had been laid out, and all the best sportsmen of the day were gathered together, Lord Clanricarde, Lord Waterford, Lord Clonmel, Lord Howth, Val Maher, Mr. Preston, owner of Brunette, Mr. Colgan, Mr. Power, George Henry Moore, Augustus Moore and a number of others. One hundred and twenty sat down to dinner the night before. Such a gathering had not been seen before.

The course lay over the fine lands of Ronscar, the property of the Marquis of Waterford, the field being all grass, with the exception of one at starting, and another about the middle of the line, which was a mile and a half out, returning over the same course to complete the three miles. There were thirty-two fences; the first two were simple, the third awkward in the extreme, being a high bank with falling ground on both sides; the fourth was the same kind and led into the field where the long row of carriages were stationed. The next was the ugliest of all, a high bank, awkward to come at, and looking even worse from the top, when horse and rider surveyed the depth to which they had to descend; this led to a field with a four and a half feet strong wall, in fact as solid as a rock; then a high bank topped with furze.

Such was the course, the like of which does not exist nowadays.

Three to one was laid against Lord Waterford's Blueskin, four to one against Regulator, five to one Anonymous and the Fawn. Blueskin was a wonderful horse; he had won over all sorts of courses, but at Eglinton Park he surpassed any performance that has ever been accomplished. Ridden by his owner he won three successive steeplechases, meeting fresh horses each time. In the first race he carried 13st. 7 lbs. over four miles, and, after a fine struggle, beat four others, including that good stayer, Knobstick. Then he carried 12 stone, again over four miles, and beat seven others, winning by a head. For the third time he came out in a two-mile handicap in which he was awarded 12 st. 12 lbs. top weight. In this race he disposed of six good horses and won by two lengths. He thus swept the board and covered ten miles of country and crossed seventy fences in twenty-eight minutes. Regulator, Clinker, and the Fawn and Blueskin were the best Irish chasers of their day, so this race promised to be a desperate struggle.

All got away nicely, but Anonymous, Blueskin (Byrne), and the Fawn (Charlie Lockwood) took the lead. Bannalath, hav-

THE IRISH COUNTRY IS NOT ALWAYS AS OPEN AS YOU THINK.

A BAD CORNER IN A POINT TO POINT. NOTE EXPRESSION ON THE HORSES' FACES.

ing a bad leg, was pulled up after the first few fences, the rider not wishing to be waked in Tipperary. Lambkin breasted the big bank and threw his rider into the next field, causing him to perform some curious evolutions on the way. Regulator bungled at the fence opposite the carriages, but Mr. Colgan managed to keep him on his feet. Blueskin and Anonymous still led, but racing together at the next fence the former rolled over his rider, who lay motionless after all had passed on. Six now only remained, and these closing up went almost in a line over the big wall. Then they faced the hill, but still Anonymous continued to force the pace, and, leading over the next five fences, got first to the turning flag. The race was only half-run, but the severity of the pace had begun to tell; the Fawn closed with Anonymous, but could keep with him for only one fence, and then began to get into difficulties. Manilla was the next to tackle him and they crossed the oblique fence together, but he faltered on landing, and was soon in the ruck again. Regulator and Clinker kept steadily on, and now, as the horses neared home, the real struggle for supremacy began. This is the moment that tests the true steel of the horse, and the head and nerve of the rider; the moment when the drop of soft blood shows itself, and when the inexperienced amateur, beginning to waver in his saddle, takes up the whip and strikes wildly. Regulator and Anonymous arrived at the stone wall together, and both sought for the soft spot. A collision seemed imminent, but Moore prudently gave way on Anonymous, and Regulator landed first. Manilla, tired and unable to rise, rolled over with a broken neck to rise no more; Clinker still struggled on in the hope that some more accidents might befall, but Anonymous going away from Regulator won easily by three lengths.

Mr. George Moore's b. g. Anonymous, by Philip I.	(Owner)	1.
Mr. Hick's Regulator	(Mr. Colgan)	2.
Mr. Morris' Clinker	(Mr. Fitzgerald)	3.
Mr. Power's The Fawn	(Mr. Lockwood)	4.
Lord Waterford's Blueskin	(Byrne)	0
Mr. Kellett's Starling	(Owner)	0
Mr. O'Moore's Bannalath	(Moloney)	0
Mr. Montgomery's Lambkin	(Canavan)	0
Lord Waterford's Manilla	(Doolan)	0

Rarely has such a field of horses met over such a course. The brothers won a thousand pounds in bets besides the stakes."

Riding Milo for Lord Waterford in the same stakes the next year the horse breasted the bank and fell and crushed the rider.

"We find that Moore was carried off the field insensible, and taken to a friend's house in the neighborhood. The doctor examined him and decided that he was dead, and the question as to his burial and how his mother was to be informed was discussed in the room. He often described afterwards how he listened to the whole conversation, hearing and understanding every word distinctly, but yet unable to move or make a sign. Though he understood he felt no horror at the situation. It did not seem to him to matter one way or the other; consciousness only remained; there was not enough vital energy to be afraid.

There he lay for weeks, hesitating between life and death. Lord Waterford sat beside him day and night and nursed him as if he had been his brother. His grand constitution and temperate habits enabled him to recover, and he was riding again at the Curragh in April.

On the flat his fine judgment and knowledge of pace made him the best gentleman-rider of the day. The Corinthian Stakes at the Curragh were almost a monopoly for him."

The Golden Era of fox-hunting from 1825 until the railroads made travelling so easy was the time of Lord George Bentinck, Squire Osbaldeston, T. Assheton Smith, and others, when gentlemen lived on their estates and rode against each other in the Hunts and across country. History states:

"In 1843 George Moore was elected Steward of the Turf Club in succession to the Marquis of Sligo, retired. In 1843 and 1845 he won the Irish Gold Whip and in 1846 the English Whip. He is the only Irishman who ever held the English Whip."

About that time George Moore wrote to his mother:

"This shall definitely be my last racing season. My arm is getting on famously. I have only this instant arrived from the packet and shall be only just in time for the races at the Curragh."

Later in the book we find—

"In the Grand National of 1845 Augustus Moore on Mickey Free as usual made the running at a severe pace to the first lane, and came down the hill to the brook at railway speed, the

rider seeming to think more of the end than the means of getting over this formidable place; the consequence was that the poor animal fell on the opposite bank and snapped his back."

"At this time George Moore was at Moore Hall, and, on the afternoon of the 7th March, he was walking down the avenue with his cousin, Dominic Browne of Breaghwy; the latter said: 'Hello, I thought Augustus was at Liverpool; when did he return?' They both saw the well-known figure, and in astonishment went forward to meet him at the gate; but as they advanced he seemed to be moving away and passed behind the trees, and when they arrived he was not to be seen. They looked at each other amazed, but were too startled to speak. Some days after came the news of the accident, but when George arrived in Liverpool there was some talk of improvement. As he went up the stairs Augustus knew his step and sprang up saying, 'Thank God you have come.' But he fell back exhausted, and when the doctor came again his condition was very serious. One day he said to his brother, 'George, let us go back to Moore Hall and not lead this wild life any longer.' Then he lingered for a few days and died on the 22nd March. He was buried, 29th March, at Moore Hall near his brother, John, who had died a few years earlier from the same cause."

George Moore wrote his aunt saying:

"For two long days and nights I sat by his dying bed and saw his fiery spirit gradually waning away. The love he felt for me from his very childhood, and which never slackened through youth or manhood, was strong in death. Even when apparently unconscious of other external objects he knew my voice—he died in my arms—I closed his eyes with my own hands. God help me."

George Moore went on racing after a while, for, in September, he wrote:

"My dearest mother:- I am happy to be able to tell you that I won about £470 on the Baron for the St. Leger. It was much wanted at this moment, and will just stop up sundry holes through which the wind was beginning to blow. I was at Moore Hall the other day and never saw it looking more beautiful. It was, however, a sad and solitary scene to me and awoke a multitude of old feelings I thought I had almost crushed."

Then came the ten-strike which would have made his dead brother so happy and of which he wrote so feelingly to his mother as follows:

"My dearest mother:- Coranna won the Chester Cup this day. We win on the whole £17,000! Deducting Lord Waterford's share and other expenses etc. etc. I shall realize about £9,000 all good money. This in fact is a little fortune, and I am surrounded on all sides by congratulating friends. Every success is now to me a source of melancholy, and I have shed bitter tears over my good fortune

> 'Tis not in joy to charm me.
> Unless that joy be shared by thee.'

The dear companion of all my successes, and all my reverses, is not here to share this crowning triumph—and I now regard it as a mere escape from debt and difficulty."

and in a later letter he continued:

"Having recovered from the shock of so great a success and got through the settling, which has been one of the best known (I shall not lose a shilling out of my winnings) I sit down to 'tell you all about it.' On the day of the race my book stood as follows:

Amount for which I backed Coranna	365 to	17,000
Sum 'stood' by Lord Waterford & friends	170 to	7,830
Amount of my own risk and winnings	195 to	9,170
In addition to this half the stakes or		1,200
		£10,370

so that after presents, etc. necessary and judicious on such occasions, I net £10,000. What does Mrs. Grundy say now? Has she the hardihood to deny that a race-horse well directed, may be after all not the worst investment going? I am satisfied that it is the best, and that money must be made by race-horses if attended to with care, attention and intelligence. You will say it is all luck, and advise me to give them up, now that I have been successful. I reply that it is not luck, and that, on the contrary, I have been exceedingly unlucky on the turf, and that I ought, with decent luck, to have done this once or twice before, as I shall certainly do it once or twice again. To show you, however, that I have not been made heedless or

extravagant by winning, I beg to state that I did not bet more than £5 on any race during the meeting except Coranna's and that I intend to employ my winnings, exactly as I should employ a similar sum coming to me in a more regular manner; namely, to pay my debts and feed my poor tenantry. As however, it is possible I may not myself be able to be at Moore Hall at this time, I shall write to William and Mr. Ormsby, to let them all know that no tenant of mine shall want for plenty of everything this year, and that, though I shall expect work in return for hire, I shall take care that whatever work is done shall be for the exclusive benefit of the people themselves. In the meantime I shall lodge £500 in the Westport Bank to your account, and leave the whole direction of that sum to your judgment, with the sole limitation that every tenant of mine, or being on my land, whether tenant or squatter, shall receive immediate and full relief; and that all work required in return shall be for the improvement of their own holdings, or at all events for the land on which they live, and for their own exclusive benefit. Should you think more money requisite I will send it. I also wish to give a couple of hundred in mere charity to the poorest people about me or being on my estate, so as to make them more comfortable than they are; for instance, a cow to those who want one most, or something else to those who may have a cow, but want some other article of necessary comfort; indeed I will give £500 in this way. I am sure it will be well expended, and the horses will gallop all the faster with the blessings of the poor. Now, my dearest mother, set it going at once. I shall direct Pujet & Bainbridge to place £1000 to your credit in the bank; £500 to be expended in one way and £500 in the other. It will be tithes really paid to God.

With regard to any works to be executed on the first £500, I would give the people the choice of what they think would be most to their benefit, provided it met with the approval of some competent person, who should be paid for the purpose, and for superintending the execution of them. Let me hear from you in answer as soon as possible. I had almost forgotten to tell you that Wolfdog won £100 at Newmarket and £250 at Chester, and has thus helped to keep the wolf from the door.

Of course I need not say any money you want for yourself is at your service. Write to Mr. Ormsby, and tell William to let the people know my intentions, or communicate it to them in any other way you may think fit."

Can one wonder why the Irishman is a sportsman? Certainly it has been bred in the bone for generations and generations, but it is only of late that Ireland has come to "its own" in producing of crack horses on the flat.

Desmond perhaps more than any other horse has carried the Irish blood to the front, and in the English Derby for 1913, after his son Craganour was disqualified for crossing, another son, Aboyeur, was awarded the race.

The most brilliant two-year-old of 1913, and perhaps the most brilliant for a generation, was The Tetrarch, sired by Roi Heroide, a French horse standing in Ireland.

Of course it is to be expected that the Irish horses should win the principal jumping races and, therefore, one is not surprised to see Covertcoat by Hackler who made his first appearance at an Irish meeting, led in the winner of the English Grand National, of 1913, which I was eagerly looking forward to.

As the season was now drawing to a close I began to think of home and America, and after eight months in a country with a stud of thirty hunters, two packs of hounds, and the necessary retinue for their care, it is a task to pull up stakes. All day Friday was spent in giving final orders, and Friday night was the Westmeath Hunt Ball in the new county hall.

That night Lady Levinge asked me to dine at Knockdrin, and it was with a feeling of deep regret that I ran up the long avenue between the yews and drew up in front of the old castle. I was very late, and as she was one of the Patronesses of the ball, a fine company were all seated around the dining table when I came in. What a picture it was! Sir Richard* at the head of the table, which was covered with beautiful flowers in the red and white colors of the Westmeath Hunt, with five or six charming young ladies separated by sportsmen in their pink coats, some of whom had come over from England for the dance that night and the hunt next day.

*That "War is Hell" was never more strongly brought back to me than when in 1914, I heard that the Master of Knockdrin, one of the First Life Guards, was dead, Lady Levinge a widow, and the little two-year-old boy, all too soon, Sir Richard Levinge.

It is said that the Englishman's home is his castle, and surely Lady Levinge had made Knockdrin Castle homelike without injuring the effect of ancient times. Many a delicious breakfast, happy luncheon, and hearty dinner had I had in the grand old room with its wonderful black-oak sideboard and raftered ceiling, and these memories I shall stow away in the same pigeonhole in my mind in which nestles that of the hospitable dining room at The Homestead, the Manor House of the late W. A. Wadsworth, Master of the Genesee Valley; that of Oak Hill, where Rozier Dulany of Upperville, Virginia, for years has held sway; and last but not least, Broad Hollow, Long Island, the home of that brave sporting family, the Thomas Hitchcocks. My mind runs back over the past thirty years of sport after the hounds, and those several homes where I had spent so many charming hours talking over the chase of the day.

Westmeath had not had a Hunt Ball for three or four seasons, but, as events proved, they could give as attractive a one as any other country of Ireland. Arthur Joyce, commonly known as "Uncle Arthur", who was behind every good movement in the county, had charge of the building of the hall on behalf of the County Council, and has a right to be proud of the structure. The arrangements could not have been more perfect for the ball, and with a delicious supper brought down from Dublin and the music of the band of the Highland Light Infantry, the evening danced itself quickly away.

Hunting men came from Kildare, Meath, Ballymacad, and other neighboring Hunts, and the evening was a most enjoyable one. The white walls of the hall gave a charming setting to the many-hued gowns of the ladies and the red dress-coats of the sportsmen. The revelry kept up till Saturday morning, when grilled bones and champagne at four lent speed to the dancers who kept merrily at work till six o'clock.

At noon that day hounds met at the Market House, Mullingar, and a few moments later I nodded to Tom Jenner, and he led the way to Tullaghan, three miles away. A field of fifty or sixty gathered about the covert. Before we were there ten

minutes we found a ringing fox which gave no sport, although Lieutenant Gilbert Faric of the Highland Light Infantry and others were on their tiptoes hoping for a good run so that they might give the visitors a taste of their quality as riding men. The red took one swing to the left towards the Slanemore "Point to Point" course and was headed, doubled back, and went to ground.

It was a lovely warm day and the roads were full of motors and carriages, as the ball had brought a number of strangers to the country, and it was with difficulty that the hounds wended their way to Ballinafid Bog, near Clonhugh.

They had hardly been in covert a minute before the fox was viewed running south, and Uncle Arthur, who had left the ball-room at six, popped into his hot bath and completed two hours' business that morning, was close behind them on his grand brown horse, followed by Mrs. Locke on Mrs. Batten's best, the whole field of sixty or seventy clamoring along behind. Hounds ran parallel to Lake Owel for half a mile and then swung left-handed over the road towards Ballinegall.

I had been blocked in the early part of the run, as there were a number of ladies out, and knowing Scribbler could make up ground at any time, I stopped him time and time again and held back the crowd so as to let the ladies through the opening; for often in Ireland there is only one place you can go, and it is a question of single file.

Over the road John Taylor, of General Symons fame, showed the way for a field or two, and then I dropped my hands, and Scribbler and Arthur Joyce's best were soon neck and neck. I could not but admire the grand old Westmeath sportsman who stood for all that was good in sport in both polo and hunting, who was responsible for the beauty of the county ball, who was the mainstay of the dance all through the night and morning, and who was now leading the way with the trusters from many hunts behind him.

Once with him, I took a pull on Scribbler and brought him back to a canter, and within a field or two the hounds ran the

fox to ground, and the sport was over. The field came up and while standing about for a few minutes, Mrs. Robinson's bay began to paw and finally lay down on the ground, while she adroitly jumped off just in time as he began to roll. At the cry for help, one good sportsman (I forget who) jumped off his horse and took hers by the bridle, endeavoring to pull him up and save the side saddle, when, strange to say, the earth suddenly fascinated his mount, for down he went on his knees and likewise began to roll.

Uncle Arthur immediately let out a roar, "Gone to Ground", which brought a hearty laugh from every one.

Mr. Pollok drew the Ballinegall coverts and wasted an hour and a half of a good day in an impossible country to the chagrin of every one. Finally appreciating that to such a field sport must be given if possible, I ordered him to take the hounds to Delamere's Bog. The hounds went into the north of that covert, worked down through, and suddenly the splendid "Tally-ho" of that good sportsman, Dudley Fetherstonhaugh, was heard at the south end.

What a glorious thing it is to give a good "Tally-ho", and what a cheering effect it has on the field, especially at four o'clock in the afternoon. Tom had viewed the fox again just below, and hounds were quickly out of covert streaming towards Clonhugh. Those who knew the country, however, took but little interest, as there was not much chance of a run, although we got a mile or two of a scamper, which was better than nothing. One jump I vividly remember which shows the deliberation of the Irish hunter.

Mr. Pollok, who was in front, went at a big ditch which his Irish horse refused promptly. A young chap on an Irish cob, jumping to his right, landed on top of the big bank, and thinking of course that his horse would jump the farther ditch, I let Scribbler spring along. He skipped over the big ditch and landed on the bank, but as the young chap's hunter stood looking at the yawning ditch beyond, Scribbler jumped so close to him that he hit his rump with his shoulder and hurried his

thoughts. My good thoroughbred, not to be denied, immediately sprang over the farther ditch, giving a good lead to the young chap's horse, which then came on.

The pack headed back for the bog, ran the fox into the covert, and the sport was given up for the day. My last hunt in Ireland!

Sunday I dined at Levington Park as guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Fitzpatrick, who time and time again had been most courteous to me.

Monday found the pick of my hunters and steeplechasers with Wheeler and the grooms on the train for Dublin, together with my kennel man and his wife, and the spotted pack of American hounds. Some ten days previous I had presented the ring-necked pack to Frederick H. Prince, the Pau Master of Foxhounds, as I felt that they would have a splendid opportunity there to prove their merits. As I have previously shown, Mr. Prince was hunting English hounds entirely, and being a keen sportsman would give my hounds every chance, and it would be interesting to note which of the two breeds would give the best sport in the delightful country under the Pyrenees.

Motoring to Dublin I went to Jammet's for a last taste of sole, which he cooks so deliciously, and at half-past seven horses and hounds, together with the men and motor-car, started for Liverpool by boat via Holyhead. I spent the night at Holyhead Hotel, and if ever there was a noisy place, it was there, and I was glad to leave the next morning.

The usual rain had now commenced, and it was drip, drip, drip, all the way to Chester. On entering the town, I ran by the gates of Eaton, one of the seats of the Duke of Westminster, and as I looked about for a place to get a bite of lunch I happened to espy Bolland's Restaurant, "Cake makers to Royalty", and was able to obtain there a most delicious luncheon, as dainty and well seasoned as could be served at the Waldorf in New York or Claridge's in London.

On one side of the room was the Royal Warrant given by the Lord Steward of the Board of Green Cloth, making R. Bolland

and Sons Ltd. "Purveyors of Confectionery to His Majesty." On the walls of the dining room hung photographs of the different confections and cakes. One was for Victoria before she was Queen, the other was for the beautiful Lady Beatrice Butler, daughter of Lord Ormonde, at the time of her marriage to General Pole Carew in 1901, whom I met at the Cafe Cairo Ball.

A run of twenty miles or so brought us to Birkenhead, where we crossed the Severn to Liverpool, and the travels of my sporting tour were at an end.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ENGLISH GRAND NATIONAL

THE EXCHANGE HOTEL—DINNER OF THE LORD HIGH SHERIFFS OF THE COUNTY—GREAT DISPLAY NEXT MORNING—DINING AT THE ADELPHI WHERE I MET HARRY USSHER, MRS. FREDDIE FREAKE AND CAPT. O'BRIEN BUTLER—HONORABLE AUBREY HASTINGS AT A TABLE NEAR-BY—KEEPING WHEELER OVER TO SEE THE RACE—WALKING OVER THE AINTREE COURSE—LORD LONSDALE—LIST OF PATRONS OF LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING—DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, PATRON OF SPORT—EARL OF SEFTON AND WATERLOO CUP—STANDS FOR SPECTATORS AT AINTREE—WINNIE O'CONNOR—M. DE MUMM, CHAMPAGNE KING—STABLING AT AINTREE—NAMES OF PAST WINNERS ON STALLS THEY USED—DANNY MAHER, THE CRACK JOCKEY—SEEING THE RACE—NATIONAL INTEREST IN THE GREAT EVENT—JOHN R. FELL OF PHILADELPHIA—HIGHBRIDGE AND "JIMMIE" FRAYLING— COVERTCOAT AND HIS PREVIOUS WINNINGS—LAY OUT OF THE GRAND NATIONAL COURSE AND GROUNDS, THE JUMPS AND THEIR MEASUREMENTS—LORD DERBY, OWNER OF AINTREE COURSE—AMBROSE CLARKE AND "SKIDDY" VON STADE—PERCY WOODLAND—STEEPLECHASERS IN THE PADDOCK—THE RACE, THE REFUSALS, THE FALLS AND THE PACE—MONKEY SEATERS CATAPULTED TO THE GROUND—BOYD ROCHFORT WINS A BIG DOUBLE ON LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP AND GRAND NATIONAL—MASON ON LOTTERY—GENTLEMEN RIDERS—STEEPLECHASE SEAT—OFF FOR NEW YORK.

I intended to stay in Liverpool until after the Grand National, and knowing well that during the races the tables of the Adelphi would be at a premium, I had engaged a table for Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, and would also have stopped there, but although I had written for rooms in January, I received word back that all their accommodations for race week were bespoken months before. So I was obliged to go to the Exchange, where the Boyd Rochforts and their party annually stay and make themselves most comfortable with a private dining room and sitting room. In fact the Exchange furnished the best quarters in Liverpool before the Adelphi was built, as the trains for Aintree, where the Grand National is run, leave the depot adjoining the hotel.

The first morning during breakfast at the Exchange there seemed to be extraordinary commotion about, for the reason which soon became apparent. It seems that the night before, April 1, there had been a dinner of the Lord High Sheriffs of the county, at which some fifty or sixty were assembled. As I looked out of my breakfast room window, I noticed two trumpeters in brilliant uniform standing on the opposite side

Mason. Oliver. Powell. Carlin. A. M'Donough. Ferguson. Byrne.
Barker. Martin. Wadlow. Waller. Morgan.

The Second Brook.—Second Round.

THE FIRST GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE, 1839.

RACING NOTES.

For a text from which to develop the subject of these notes, I take the first verse of a poem which appeared in the columns of Bell's Life in 1839, on the Sunday after Lottery had won the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase, as the first Grand National Steeplechase was called:

"Ye lads who love a steeplechase and danger freely court, sirs,
Hark forward all to Liverpool to join the gallant sport, sirs;
The English and the Irish nags are ready for the fray, sirs,
And which may lose and which may win 'tis very hard to say, sirs."

of the street, who, at a given signal, stood to attention, raised their trumpets, and played what evidently was a morning call for fully a couple of minutes, the tune sounding very much like those given by the guards on the coaches in days gone by.

The trumpeters were very striking in appearance with their red coats, braided all over in gilt, and gilded huntsmen's caps. From the trumpets themselves, which were about three feet long, hung banners emblazoned with arms.

This morning salute was either to waken the Lord High Sheriff, call him to breakfast, or else let the populace know where he was residing. In about thirty minutes one of the most beautiful four-in-hands of bay geldings I have ever seen drove up to the door, the wheelers, 16.1, perfectly turned, and the leaders just a shade smaller. They were caparisoned in harnesses befitting a coach of state and driven by a coachman liveried in the Lord High Sheriff's uniform, with tucked shirt, breeches, and patent leather boots. The carriage itself was a large landau, with its top thrown back, with a rumble for two footmen, who were likewise perfectly attired.

At a given signal, the Lord High Sheriff stepped out of the hotel across the sidewalk into the carriage, the footmen jumped up behind, the coachman gave the office to the wheelers; the grand carriage started majestically forth, followed closely by eleven sheriffs, or servants of sheriffs in uniform, each provided with a large steel hatchet with a red wooden handle fully six feet high which they carried erect.

Such a gorgeous array in America would have attracted the attention of hundreds of people who would view it as a circus parade, but here it seemed so commonplace that only a few stopped to look.

That day was spent interviewing the agents of the Leyland and Cunard lines in making arrangements for the quarters of the hounds and men who were sailing on the *Canadian* of the Leyland Line on Thursday, April 3, and also in getting down the big box in which my motor had been shipped across

the ocean, which the Leyland Company had kindly stored for me.

Wednesday night I dined at the Adelphi and there found Harry Ussher, brother of Mrs. Boyd Rochfort, and Mrs. Freddie Freake, whose husband was coming over on the Duke of Westminster's team for the International Polo Cup against Harry Whitney's Meadow Brooks later in the spring. With him was Captain O'Brien Butler, another gentleman rider, and I was glad to have them sit down to dine and chat with me.

The latter was well known in England and Ireland as one of the best amateur steeplechase jockeys riding in either land. In 1906, his third season, he headed the list of gentlemen riders with thirty-one wins. He also rode most successfully in India and held a great record there.*

At a table near us was the Honorable Aubrey Hastings, who won the Grand National on Ascetic Silver in 1906, with his charming wife, his brother, and one or two other sportsmen. Hastings, it seems, had by an accident lost one eye years ago, and after jumping the last fence in the National well in advance of the field, got a little mixed in the course and was starting to go over it again, when the crowd frantically waved him on, and in a few minutes he galloped over the line. That year he was training Regent, sired by King Edward's Derby winner, Diamond Jubilee, the property of Sir George Bullough, and Carsey, which made such a good run in the National the previous year.

Harry Ussher was training four horses for the Grand National and was to ride the favorite, Ballyhackle, while Captain O'Brien Butler, was to ride his second string, Dysart.

We had a pleasant evening together, discussing the worth of the several entries, and they both voiced my sentiments exactly when they said, "Any prophesy of the Grand National

*December 1914. The present war called many of the best sportsmen in England to the front, and sorry was I to see that among those who had been killed was Captain O'Brien Butler, R. A. M. C. of the Fifth Lancers.

Carlin. Mason. Oliver. Powell. Morgan. Martin. Barker. Walker.

The Third Brook.—Second Round

Powell on Railroad. Mason on Lottery. Hardy on Charity. Carlin on Dictator. Barker on True Blue. Martin on Paulina. A. M'Donough on The Nun. Walker on Pioneer. Oliver on Seventy Four. Ferguson on Daxon. Morgan on Rambler.

The Stone Wall.—First Round.

MASON ON LOTTERY IN THE LEAD.

is impossible, for no matter how good a rider may be or how good a horse you may be on, there is always a chance of a horse falling in front of you and the chance interference from riderless horses makes any forecast most difficult."

They were both going out the next morning early, so I was roused at half-past six and ran Captain Butler in a taxi out to Aintree, where we found an interesting group of spectators already on hand, with thirty or forty motors in waiting.

When I shipped the horses home that day, I had not the heart to send Wheeler along with them, for he had been training steeplechasers all his life from the time of Jim McGowan and Trouble in the States. He trained The Cad for me when he won the ten thousand dollar Champion in 1900 and also Sacket and King T. when they ran one two in the memorable Grand National at Sheepshead Bay in 1901, and to start him off to America a day or two before the Grand National was an absolute impossibility—; so I obtained quarters for him on the *Campania,* and he accompanied us out to Aintree that morning.

We again had a look at some of the big fences, which were all groomed up for the next day's race, and they looked even bigger and wider to me than when I walked over the course the August before, or the first time eighteen years ago, when The Wild Man From Borneo won. I did not see the race that year, but I walked over the course six weeks afterwards, making a special trip to Liverpool to view it.

Aintree was in full dress that morning; all the fences white, courses carefully cut, lawns raked, and flowers placed in the different beds.

A number of horses were being given a final short spin on the exercise track. Soon down came the chestnut, Dysart, Captain Butler up, looking just a bit light for an Aintree winner, and right behind him came Ballyhackle, Mr. Ussher in the saddle, the personification of a National horse,—a large, upstanding brown gelding, good quarters, splendid shoulders, deep through the middle, and above all a sensible

eye and head! If ever there was a race that wanted a sensible eye, it is that over the course at Aintree.

Next came Jamagata, the Austrian entry, ridden by its owner, a small horse not fifteen hands. Ussher had told me the night before an interesting story about his owner, trainer, and rider. It seems that the horse was well thought of at home and had won a big steeplechase in Austria, very similar to the Grand National, and his owner was very desirous of having an opportunity to school his horse over the regular course at Aintree. So one fine morning, the first any one knew Jamagata was headed for the first jump, over it, galloped to the second, which he took in his stride, and likewise the third, only to come down at the next,—a big thorn fence,—and give his owner such a cut on the head that he was unable to get up and ride farther. Naturally this caused a good deal of consternation among the officials present, and they endeavored to tell the Austrian how wrong he had been. His only answer was, "Me no understand English." Surely in this case ignorance was bliss, as his trip over the four big fences was not held up against him, although he had ignored the flags which were up.

A few moments later I saw Lord Lonsdale swing across the course accompanied as usual by a big cigar. It was eighteen years since I had hunted with the Quorn when he was Master, and certainly Father Time had treated him lightly. He was perhaps a stone heavier, but there was the same pleasant smile as he stopped here and there to pass a good morning to the sportsmen who were gathering from all over the world for the morrow's big race.

Lucky he was, while Master of the Quorn, to have a huntsman like Tom Firr. Well I remember the latter! Not only was he a wonderful huntsman but also a perfect horseman, and I can see him mounted on Golden Shower, a beautiful chestnut. Lord Lonsdale purchased the hunter the year previous for a big price at "Alty" Morgan's sale, the latter being one of the syndicate who built the Defender that held the America's Cup in the States. Firr was a nice weight, sitting

well into his horse with hand at the pommel as light as a woman, and without any apparent effort guiding his mount over the country, which seemed to him only a mere incident, as his eyes and thought were riveted on the work of his pack.

After an hour at Aintree, we started back at nine for town and I was soon busy packing for Saturday's steamer.

The Liverpool Spring Meeting of 1913 extended over three days, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and for its patrons had:

Patrons

His Grace the Duke of Westminster

The Marquess of Cholmondeley,	The Earl Cadogan, K. G.
The Earl of Derby,	Lord Arthur Grosvenor,
Lord Marcus Beresford.	Captain Fetherstonhaugh.

F. Alexander, Esquire.

Stewards

The Earl of Sefton.	The Earl of Enniskillen, K. P.
Sir John O. S. Thursby, Baronet.	G. F. Fawcett, Esquire.

Surely Westminster's Duke was doing his share for sport in the United Kingdom, for not only was he one of the largest subscribers to the Cheshire Hunt, near Eaton, of which he was Master from 1907 to 1911, but in 1912 he had his own private pack of hounds and forest for hunting the boar in France near the Pyrenees. Later he took a house in Rome and had a few days' sport there over the Campania, and besides was the solitary "Angel" of the English team which came to the States and were beaten for the International Polo Cup in 1913.

Among the stewards is noted the Earl of Sefton, on whose grounds the Waterloo Cup, the blue ribbon of the Leash, is annually coursed; the Messrs. Weatherby and Sons were the stakeholders and Arthur Coventry, Esquire, the starter.

The Thursday's meeting was opened by the Stanley Steeplechase of five hundred pounds at half-past one, to be run over one turn of the Grand National Course of two miles and a

quarter. There were about twenty entries, but when the pencil had finished only eleven starters were left, including H. H. de Mumm's Pompadour II and C. Bower Ismay's Jacobus, who had flattered his owner in previous trials, together with H. M. Hartigan's Finnigan, that was well thought of.

Racing at Liverpool is perfectly conducted, and by the payment of twenty-five dollars one may become a County Member, which gives you admission to the lawn, the paddock, and the county stand for the three days of the meeting.

The stands themselves are laid out along the finish of the course, just in front of them being the water-jump. First is the one-pound stand, which has also the paddock and lawn privileges, just adjoining a private stand for the Earl of Derby; then a small gallery from which the handicapper, Mr. Topham, can view the race; then comes the five-pound county stand and a number of stands running down the course with varying prices,—those at the end two shillings and sixpence, or sixty-two and a half cents, so that Tom, Dick, and Harry may enjoy the sport and not feel robbed.

The stands are set back one hundred feet from the fence of the track, and on the lawn in front the bookies ply their trade. The stands themselves are open to the weather, with cement steps and seats, and in the case of the county stand and one or two others, there are upper stories which are reached by staircases behind, where one gets a high point of vantage and can survey the whole course by the aid of powerful glasses.

The afternoon before at the Exchange Hotel I ran against the well-known American jockey, Winnie O'Connor, who was riding for M. de Mumm, whose name is becoming as celebrated in sport as in champagne. O'Connor confided to me how sure he was that Pompadour II would win, and certainly he was a grand looking horse when I saw him the next day in the paddock.

While talking with Winnie O'Connor at the Exchange Hotel about the entries, he laughingly said about the Austrian Pony,

ENGLISH GRAND NATIONAL COURSE, AINTREE NEAR LIVERPOOL.

4 miles 856 yards over thirty obstacles.

Start extreme upper right, race down beside railroad, over Becher's Brook and other jumps, Canal Turn, Valentine's Brook, etc.

DESCRIPTION OF FENCES

1 and 17 Thorn fence 5 feet high and 2 feet thick.

2 and 18 Thorn fence 5 feet high with guard rail on take-off side 2 feet high.

3 and 19 Thorn fence 4 feet 10 inches high, with ditch on take-off side 6 feet wide and 4 feet deep, and a rail in front of said ditch 2 feet high.

4 and 20 Rail and fence, the rail being 2 feet 6 inches high and fence 5 feet high.

5 and 21 Same as No. 1.

6 and 22 Known as Becher's Brook, a thick thorn fence 4 feet 10 inches high with rail 2 feet high in front of brook on far side 8 feet wide and 4 feet deep.

7 and 23 Thorn fence 4 feet 10 inches high with rail in front 2 feet 6 inches high.

8 and 24 Thorn fence 5 feet high, ditch on take-off side 5 feet wide, and rail in front 2 feet high.

9 and 25 Known as Valentine's Brook, a thorn fence 5 feet high, with a rail in front 2 feet high and brook on far side.

10 and 26 Thorn fence 4 feet 10 inches high and 2 feet thick.

11 and 27 Rail 2 feet high, ditch about 7 feet wide and and 4 feet deep and thorn fence on the far side 4 feet 6 inches high.

12 and 28 Rail 2 feet high, fence 5 feet and ditch on far side 6 feet wide.

13, 14,

29 and 30 Thorn fence 4 feet 6 inches high.

15 Thorn fence 5 feet high and 2 feet in width, ditch on take-off side 5 feet wide and rail in front 2 feet high.

16 The "Water Jump" 15 feet in width.

—From "Sport on Land and Water" by Frank Gray Griswold, 1915.

RUBIO (WINNER). GRAND NATIONAL WATER JUMP. 1908.
The only time an American bred horse has ever won.

"Why, he is such a little chap that he will be running around under our feet before we get to the first jump." He also said how courteous the Manchester executive of the race track had been to M. de Mumm, graciously allowing him to use the track at Castle Irewell for the training operations of his string since the Easter meeting.

M. de Mumm was certainly to be complimented on his string of 'chasers which he brought over to battle with the best, including Dentzig, Pompadour II, and Trianon III. O'Connor told me that all the horses were brought to England in truly regal style on a special train, and I was pleased indeed to see in a Liverpool paper just before sailing on Saturday that the white, blue belt and black cap from across the Channel had been successfully carried in a race that day.

The stabling at Aintree is only one hundred yards from the starting point; the brick buildings are well arranged, carefully ventilated, thoroughly disinfected, and neat and clean as a pin.

Guarding the entrance to the stables was an officer who kept back the rabble; the stables were built about a hollow square, with a line of boxes in the centre. Just at the entrance as you go in, is the yard-keeper's room, where you can obtain the numbers of the stalls occupied by the different horses and advices as to where the trainers are.

One has to walk about one of the yards to thoroughly appreciate that the Liverpool Meeting is the Grand National, and that the "Leppers" dwarfs everything else, for on the doors of the stalls where the previous winners have been quartered have been placed white boards. On one I saw in black letters "Drumcree 1903"; on another "Jenkinstown 1910"; on another, the American bred crack, "Rubio 1908" and on another "Lutteur 1910" who journeyed across the Channel from France and, ridden by the great French steeplechase crack Parfrement, carried the victory beyond the white cliffs of Dover.

While walking through the paddock I ran across Maher,

the premier jockey of the world. It is needless to describe his past successes. I remembered him when in 1908 and 1909 Billy Hayes and myself were the only gentlemen riders in the States that took our chances with the professionals, and often had we undressed and dressed with Sloan, Maher, O'Neill, Shaw, Martin, Spencer, and the other cracks of the pigskin when racing was at its height in the States.

"Danny" had changed but little, and we had a pleasant chat together. I told him how proud the sportsmen of America were of him, and how especially proud New England, Connecticut, and Hartford were of a rider who could hold his own with the best in the world, but more than that, one who by his actions and manner of living disarmed all suspicion, so that when "Maher was up" the best was always expected and received.

A few steps beyond I met Charles Heiser of Green Spring Valley, Baltimore, formerly of Providence, Rhode Island, who had come all the way from Bordeaux to take in the big race, and not far beyond ran against "Bart" McLennan of Montreal, who won a Grand National in the States with Agent, all of which showed so clearly that Liverpool is and always will be the Mecca of steeplechase enthusiasts the world over.

Heiser and I discussed where was the best place from which to see the National the next day. I told him that after talking with "Atty" Persse, Harry Ussher, and many others, I decided that it would take at least three years to see a Grand National properly for the following reasons:

From the top of the county stand one may see the entire race, but if you want to get a close view of the horses in the paddock before the race, the rush is so great that you would never get up on the stand in time for the race.

Mr. Tyler, owner of Sunloch, the 1914 winner of the Grand National, found himself just in this predicament, for after seeing his grand 'chaser to the gate on the track, he endeavored to work his way to one of the stands, but had to give it up

SUNLOCH.

Winner of the English Grand National, 1914, taking Becher's Brook in his stride.

as impossible, and all he (the most interested man on the grounds as events proved) knew about the race was what he heard, as now and again would go up the cry, "Sunloch leads by ten lengths", "Sunloch running easy", "Sunloch outjumping them all", "Sunloch will win if he can only stay", and best of all at last the welcome words, "Sunloch wins."

Therefore, take a paddock view and running chance on the stand one year, take the top of the stand and hold it the second year, and the third year go down to the stand that has been erected at Valentine's Brook, where you are able to see only two or three jumps; but you can see the mighty effort required by the horses to go over the course, hear them cracking their nostrils as they gallop by, and see the faces of the riders, a number of whom go by the first time but few pass you the second time.

One has to be in England for a month before the Grand National to thoroughly appreciate the great interest taken in steeplechasing by the grand race of sport-loving people who inhabit the British Isles. In London eight or ten days before the National, I saw posters conspicuously displayed which showed special trains leaving three different times in the morning for Liverpool for the race, and the day before and the morning of the race Liverpool was literally overrun by sportsmen from all parts of the Continent.

The English sporting press and the daily papers had splendid preliminary notices giving the work of the different candidates and many times openly named their fancies.

The National of 1913 was the first in which an American horse that was worth considering was to start, and great credit is due to Mr. John Fell of Philadelphia for his interest in the sport and gameness in shipping Highbridge way over the ocean. Highbridge was in charge of "Jimmy" Frayling, who had been training for the Randolphs for years, and Mr. Fell, by marrying Miss Randolph, became a member of that truly sporting family, who are equally at home in the saddle at Philadelphia, Long Island, and Narragansett Pier.

Highbridge had been rather an inconsistent performer in the States. I saw him run at the Country Club in 1911, where he made a bad mess of the Liverpool. Mr. Fell had shipped his 'chaser over early enough so that he could become acclimated and take part in two or three races before the National. He started first at Sandown, running second to Glenheston, and his form was distinctly pleasing to the English critics. Three weeks later he started over the same course and ran so moderately that many considered him overrated. In speaking of his next race at Cheltenham, however, *The Sporting and Dramatic* clearly showed that he had won his way back to favor, for they said:

"The feature of the race was the excellent fight made by the American-bred Highbridge, who carried 12 st. 9 lbs. into second place three lengths behind Strangeways, in receipt of 22 lbs.

Here he jumped well, stayed on, showed plenty of speed, though with regard to the jumping I fancy at least he made one mistake which caused him to lose ground.

But for this it is probable he would have won; of course it remains to be seen how Highbridge will fare over the Liverpool fences. One can never be sure that a horse will jump them until he has shown his ability to do so; all the same it might be dangerous to take liberties with him, seeing that he is left in with eleven stone."

These splendid performances of Highbridge brought him many friends, and the *London Field* said of him:

"Highbridge jumped big at times, but does not always show the same form. He may easily be the best 'chaser in training when wound up, and his form at Cheltenham was excellent.

But we have not seen quite enough of him to have extreme confidence, and his jockey can have no experience over the Aintree course."

In the National, Highbridge carried twelve stone as the highest weight accepting was eleven stone seven pounds, but Jerry M, the top-weight, being scratched, consequently all the weights were raised in accordance with the English rules of racing.

SHADY GIRL, GLENSIDE (WINNER), GRAND NATIONAL, 1911.
Valentine's Brook, second time round.

Entered against Highbridge were the cracks of the United Kingdom, including Thowl Pin, a splendid Irish-bred jumper that won the Grand Sefton Steeplechase the year before over the Grand National Course, and had taken his schooling lessons from my friend, Willie Hanly of Tipperary; there was also Lord Derby's Axle Pin, who was third in the National of 1912, and was considered to have a chance in 1913 second to none.

Also in the list was Ballyhackle,—whose number had been many times raised on top, and who, with Mr. Ussher up, won the grand Sefton Steeplechase later on in the season,—and Covertcoat, owned by Sir C. Assheton-Smith, who purchased him at Ballsbridge Sales, Dublin, for six thousand and forty dollars.

Covertcoat was sired by Hackler, who was also Ballyhackle's sire and was bred in Ireland. He started first as a four-year-old, running unplaced in the Tower Steeplechase at Leopardstown; later on he was unplaced and second at two of the Dublin meetings; at Mullingar he finished out of the first three in the Newbrook Plate, and at Fairyhouse could only make second, while at the Kildare meeting he finally won the Maiden Steeplechase, and at the Liverpool November Meeting he failed to complete the course and ran a bad third later on.

In 1912 he was sent out half a dozen occasions, but only won once at Sandown in December. He fell in the Grand National and also in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase at the Liverpool November Meeting. The next year he led off by finishing second to General Fox in the Liverpool Steeplechase and was well thought of. The gallant little Carsey, who ran second in 1912 to Jerry M. and later on won a good steeplechase over the Liverpool course, beating Thowl Pin, had a host of friends on account of his well-known jumping ability.

I went out to the races Thursday afternoon by train, and found the arrangements admirable, as the carriages ran direct to a platform within fifty yards of the entrance gates. Through these gates one really enters the right-hand lower corner of

the grounds; separated from the course by a road still farther to the right are the quarters for the horses previously spoken of in Sefton yard, so as one steps out of the entrance gates, he sees only a bit of the course in front of him, for the long range of stands completely hides the majority of it.

Between the entrance gates and the grand stands is a splendid grass enclosure with gravel walk across; to the left is a row of saddling stalls; just beyond is the paddock where the horses are walked until called; and at the back of the grand stand itself are scratch boards where the starters, weights, and numbers are displayed, and in addition thirty or forty pigeon-holes are arranged under the stand for the telegraph operators, for in England a large percentage of the betting is done by wiring from the race track to the different betting commissioners and thereby obtaining "Starting Price Odds." It is very necessary of course that the timing of the wires should be properly done, and therefore the races are started exactly on the second, so that operators at such a meeting as Liverpool have to be most exact in their work.

The horses are led from their quarters across the road into the grounds and walked about in the paddock, or remain in the saddling stalls. Many trainers have their pet spot where they wait with their charges, and I noticed that Frank Hartigan, for instance, invariably kept his cracks just above the saddling stalls, so that any one wishing to see his starters would know exactly where to find them.

At the Liverpool Meeting, infinite pains are taken to instruct spectators and make simple and easy their enjoyment of the day.

Every horse that is led out on the lawn and in the paddock before the race has his number in the race displayed on the arm of the attendant, and if he is to be started in the first race, the boy has a red badge; and the second race has a green badge, and so on,—different colors for the different races. It is possible to see three Number Eleven horses all out, but each with a different colored badge.

GRAND NATIONAL, 1914.

In addition to the above, in the Liverpool Spring Cup and in the Grand National, each entry is covered with a light, white quarter-sheet, cut square over the withers and held from slipping back by a breast belt buttoning on each side and with a small belt as a girth to more securely hold it.

Sewed on to this on each side was a paper poster about eighteen inches long and eight inches wide, as below:

SPRING CUP
I mi. 3 fur.
BALSCADDEN
9st.01b.
F. Hartigan.

This quarter-sheet poster was something novel to me and an innovation which we can well afford to follow in the States for with the crowd that always congregate about any of the cracks while they are walking the paddock, it is a great assistance to know at a glance what horse you are looking at. After Balscadden went to the post in the Liverpool Spring Cup, I asked one of the stable boys for the poster of his quarter-sheet, which I brought back to the States.

As one sits in the County Members' stand, the course is very much to the left, the only jumps that are near at hand being the water-jump just in front of the stand, and the open ditch and thorn fence before the water.

The horses are led in at your right to the start, which is in plain view of the stand, and they have open galloping for a short quarter of a mile before they come to the first jump, which is a thorn fence four feet seven inches high and three and a quarter feet wide. The second jump is a trifle smaller, but the third is a purler, five feet one inch high, and three and one half feet broad, with a ditch on the take-off side six feet wide, banked up to a guard rail one foot six inches high in front of the ditch. Next comes a gorse fence same as the first; the fifth fence likewise; the sixth is the celebrated Becher's Brook, with a hedge four feet nine inches and a

natural brook on the far side six feet wide; seven is like the first, and at the canal turn is a thorn fence five feet one inch high with a six-foot ditch in front. The next obstacle is Valentine's Brook, a thorn and spruce fence three feet nine inches high, three feet six inches wide, and a natural brook on the far side nearly seven feet wide; the tenth is another thorn fence five feet three inches, the usual width; the eleventh is just a trifle lower, with a six-foot ditch on the starting side. The next three jumps which precede the open ditch in the run in towards the water-jump average four feet eight inches high and three feet wide, and the first on the far side has a seven-foot ditch.

All the hedges are packed solid with gorse, thorn, or spruce, and I walked across the top of one or two of them to see how firmly they are made up. My weight made no impression, and any one reading the above can easily see that a horse to win at Liverpool must be a sterling performer with a game rider up.

The jumping of one or two five-foot fences is not difficult, and the jumping of one or two more and a seven-foot ditch on the far take-off side is very interesting; but the jumping at speed of thirty fences which average four feet ten inches, none less than three feet wide, fourteen of them with wide ditches or brooks on one side or the other, and in addition a good water-jump, is the severest question of horse and rider asked anywhere in the universe, and only a horse with a "pure heart" can complete the course.

When I say that, I mean it in the truest sense of the word, because no animal with the slightest trace of yellow in him can put his face to the jumps a second time after the experience of the first turn, and truly game must be the rider, who has made the circuit and feels his horse tire under him, to again start down the straight, knowing that Becher's Brook, the Canal Turn, Valentine's Brook, and the Open Ditch must be taken before his journey is done.

After the steeplechase on Thursday, which Lord Derby won with Carrigrue, I ran against Mr. Fell and inquired where

ENGLISH GRAND NATIONAL, 1915.

Highbridge was, as I was unable to find him in his stall early in the morning. He said he was just coming over by train, and he was pleased indeed to know that a number of Americans were deeply enough interested in his truly sporting venture to be at Liverpool.

Before he hurried away to see Highbridge, I asked him to dine with me at the Adelphi that evening, so that we could talk over his chances, and at eight o'clock we met there and discussed the merits of the different entries. He told me that he had received an invitation from Lord Derby, asking him and his wife to lunch with them at the course next day. He was naturally very much pleased by the splendid showing that Highbridge had made and the warm praise showered upon him by the English press.

The lovers of steeplechasing were now dropping into the Adelphi from all sides, and I found a couple of rare good Tipperary Sportsmen, Willie Perry and C. J. Stevens, and in just a few moments I noticed Ambrose Clarke and his wife at the entrance door, with Skiddy Von Stade as usual in close attendance. They joined us and interested me greatly by telling how successful they had been racing their hunters at the different Point to Points in England, at Mr. Fernies' and elsewhere, winning a splendid percentage of their starts. We talked sport till the clock spoke Friday morning and then broke away.

Thursday had been a beautiful day at Aintree, and Friday opened up just as good but a trifle colder. Knowing well that the railroad would be packed, I chartered a taxi for the day at $8.75, and in the morning was busy picking up the final odds and ends about Liverpool.

Go where you might, the one topic was first in every one's mind,—the National, the National! Eight out of the ten men you saw had race glasses strapped over their shoulders, and every hotel was overflowing. For once the heavens were kind to sport, and all could look forward to the afternoon's pleasure

with a feeling that umbrellas and mackintoshes could be left at home.

I lunched with the Rochforts and found that good sportswoman, Miss Judy Eyre from Eyre Court, Mr. & Mrs. Freake, and a few others there. Boyd Rochfort and I broke away early so as to miss nothing of the afternoon's sport. The run out by taxi three or four miles was nothing, but it was interesting to note the hundreds of people loaded like flies on the trams and buses, and thousands more bravely walking out, as at Liverpool it is possible to view the race without paying a bob. For standing on the railroad track which runs almost parallel with the course, one can easily see the race, and I noticed just before the National the embankment for its entire distance was black with people.

Laying plans with the taxi driver, so that we could find him after the race, we went into the grounds. As I walked down the lawn, I had pointed out to me George Hodgman, whose book, *Sixty Years On The Turf,* I had read with so much interest. Mr. Hodgman was an old gentleman in his ninetieth year, and his reminiscenses are a rare delight to any one fond of racing. He won the Grand National with Emigrant in 1857, the Chester Cup with Paul Jones, and the Cambridgeshire of 1869 with Vestminster, and he looked exactly like the picture in front of his book, with a twig between his lips, as had been a habit of his for half a century.†

I would have been delighted to have met him and heard him talk on the turf, as he was said to have a very sharp-cut way of describing affairs, although every one seemed to like him. This Grand National was the sixty-seventh* he had witnessed, for he began away back at the time of Lord George Bentinck, Lord Glasgow, General Peel, and Admiral Rous.

†I regret that someone did not point out to me that wonderful old sportsman, Harry Beasley, who, when he was sixty-eight years of age, in 1918, won the Kildare Hunt Cup on General Saxham on April 23rd, and he rode his first winner over that famous course forty years before.

*I was pained to hear after my return to the States that Mr. Hodgman died suddenly the day after the Grand National.

FIVE CRACKS GOING DOWN THE BACK STRETCH TO THE CANAL TURN, GRAND NATIONAL.

The big race was preceded by two flat races, and after figuring it over carefully, we decided that the only safe plan was to go on the county stand before the second race at two o'clock and stay there for the National, which was scheduled at three o'clock. We found that by getting up on top of the stand, we could look over back and see the different horses in the saddling paddock.

The first three out were Ballyhackle, Dysart, and Merryland, and they looked good walking about blanketed, as Mr. Ussher, like every good strategist, did not care to be hurried at the last moment and had them right out after the first race.

The next horse which caught my eye was Trianon III, the property of Monsieur de Mumm, but there was no time for further inspection, as already the crowd commenced to surge up on the stand, and it became a question of holding our position, which we did by climbing upon the parapet and sitting there.

Just at our left were Ambrose Clarke and his wife, Von Stade and one or two other Americans. Fighting their way among the throng on the stairway I spotted Frank Wise, and just behind him Freddie Freake, who showed his condition by almost walking on the backs of people to where his wife was sitting.

Just in front of the members' stand is a balcony with iron railing, on which was seated Lord Lonsdale with a number of sportsmen and a few ladies; this stand was probably for members of the Jockey Club or the Liverpool Association.

At a quarter to three the words "all up" were given; five minutes later we could see the horses gathering about the entrance to the track, and in a few minutes the parade began, and it was quick and most interesting work endeavoring to locate your favorites by the colors which they carried.

There were number cloths such as we have in America on each of the horses, but they were so short and badly placed that the one on Number Thirteen was hidden so it looked like

Three, and as many of the others were equally difficult to make out, one had to depend entirely on the colors.

Covertcoat was early to the post, Percy Woodland up, with dark green and crimson cap and a fair length of stirrup. I had had a talk with his brother the day before in company with Harry Ussher, and he said the Assheton-Smith contingent, including of course Gore the trainer, felt very sweet on their chances, consequently with odds of ten to one against him, his winning must have been very pleasant.

Axle Pin, with the black-white cap of Lord Derby, at once caught the eye, while Winnie O'Connor on the French horse with white, blue belt, could be seen at any distance.

I saw Mr. Brabazon, who had ridden at many of the Westmeath Point to Points, in violet, red cap, on The Miner, while in the royal blue, yellow sash and cap colors of Mr. Malcomson rode Harry Ussher on the favorite Ballyhackle, who closed at five to one.

Mr. Bartosch, the Austrian gentleman, was slated to ride Jamagata, but the number board showed that he had been withdrawn.

There was great interest taken in Foolhardy, who was ridden by his owner, Mr. W. McNeill, who had taken a number of wagers of two thousand five hundred pounds to five hundred pounds that he would at least complete the course.

On Tokay I saw the green and white hoops which Mr. James Colt's steeplechasers carried to victory so regularly in the States, and last but not least my eye caught the all black and orange sleeves of the Philadelphia sportsman worn by F. Williams on Highbridge.

Williams was an American rider who had been doing good service for Mr. Kohler in France, and when Mr. Fell found he could not have the service of the rider who had done so well on Highbridge in his previous English races in the Grand National (as he was under contract to ride another entry), Mr. Kohler in the most sporting spirit said to Mr. Fell, "Wil-

liams can ride for you", and sent him over from Paris to help out his fellow countryman.

I saw Williams for the first time since America in the paddock for a few minutes the afternoon before; he told me he had walked over the course, but as he had never ridden over it was consequently at a tremendous disadvantage.

The horses now walked up the course on parade so as to give every one on the grand stands an opportunity of seeing them, then turned and came back on the outer rail. It was truly a racing picture,—the white fences and green grass of the course making a beautiful setting for the brilliant colors of the jockeys mounted on the chestnut, bay, and gray thoroughbreds, who dropped their chins and mouthed their bits as they scented the race.

At two fifty-seven they were all at the starting point just at our right and were held there for fully three minutes so as not to start before the advertised time on account of the betting.

When the time was up, it took a few moments to bring them into position, and I at once noticed that Highbridge was without a martingale of any kind and, with head high in the air, was evidently boiling over.

Covertcoat and one or two others were as temperate as could be, but further inspection was stopped as down went the flag.

Very near me were half a dozen gentlemen whose glasses were on the race from start to finish, and with my own eyes and their comments we could keep very good track of the race.

At the very first jump Highbridge went down, and, as we learned later, Melamar was cannoned into on landing; then for three fences down the straight way they all went perfectly. Just before Becher's Brook three riderless horses could be seen on the field, which show that the fourth fence brought that number to the ground; Becher's Brook and the following fence proved harmless, but the canal turn took its full coterie, for there, as a witness said, Wavelet started straight across

Axle Pin and Black Plum and knocked Fetlar's Pride clean over.

From the Stand we could see that there was a lot of trouble, Trianon III apparently seemed to get over all right, then O'Connor fell off, and he afterwards told me that he was unseated by his foot catching in the hedge.

A groan went up as they swept by Valentine's Brook, for no longer were Ballyhackle's colors seen. Harry Ussher, riding the hope of all Ireland, had been dashed to the ground, while another from his stable, Dysart, refused; soon they were coming straight at us, sadly depleted in number. Just at the water-jump both Blowpipe and Bloodstone fell when landing, the rider of the latter having a most narrow escape as the horse rolled clean over him; but fortunately he was under the soft part of his belly and so escaped.

In talking with Captain Butler, Harry Ussher, Williams, and O'Connor I said that it seemed to me that with a race so long, where the obstacles were so large and the percentage of horses which finished so small, it would be perfectly safe to pull in behind ten or fifteen lengths for the first turn of the field. This Mr. Ussher thought was wrong, for, as he said, it is always a race from the first fence or two, and the question is to get your position in front so that you won't be blocked by some one running across you.

Mr. Ussher, true to his method, was leading by four lengths when he fell, but the very first time round I noticed that Percy Woodland on Covertcoat was fully forty lengths behind the leaders, riding quietly and putting Covertcoat at his fences like clockwork. This made me believe that my idea was right, for by pulling back a good distance, one loses the wild race in front, has an opportunity of picking his place at the jumps where there are no horses, and the only possible chance of trouble is a horse that lies on the far side injured and unable to move.

On the Thursday's race the horses started just before the water-jump and immediately after the water-jump took a

left-handed turn around the small end of the course. As I looked at them, I figured they would go at the water-jump fast, and then in sweeping around the curve be carried away wide of the pole, as we term the guard fence on the inside in the States. I was very much surprised to find that instead of that, even with the race only one turn of the field,—the distance being two and one-quarter miles,—the horses went so slow that they were more or less in single file, hugging the rail.

In the Grand National it was exactly the same, only a trifle slower, the pace being a little more than a two-minute gallop, which shows conclusively that it is the jumping that cuts the horses down in the Grand National and not the excessive speed.

The second time round where Highbridge stopped two others fell out, and half-way down the straight way Merryland slipped into the ditch at the next fence. Here Foolhardy fell, but remembering the wager, his rider remounted and went on; at the fence before Becher's Brook again the admirers from Ireland received a jolt, as down went Thowl Pin, about whom for months the opinion had been, "He may not win, but he is sure to jump the course."

As the horses went down the straight way, it was hard to say what they were doing. but when they turned to the left at the canal, we got a side view and with good glasses could detect the colors in the distance. Half-way from the canal, Covertcoat had a lead of fifteen or twenty lengths and was apparently going easy; the rider of Carsey then set sail for him, rapidly gaining ground, while the third horse, Irish Mail, was still farther back, these three being the *only* ones left standing at the time. Coming to the second jump from home, Carsey made up a lot of ground and was within five lengths of Covertcoat, and it looked as though he might overtake him.

In England there is a lot of wagering done on double events, and as Covertcoat was seen in the lead turning into the straight, Boyd Rochfort remarked to me quietly, "If Covertcoat wins,

I win my double on Berrillion and Covertcoat of two pounds against two hundred and fifty", Berrillion being the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap. He stood perfectly passive while Carsey set sail for Covertcoat and saw the gallant little horse make his effort without a twitch of the eye.

But it was not to be, Mr. Drake on Carsey was either too anxious to make up his ground and urged his mount out of stride, or perhaps, tired of his efforts, the horse blundered, for down he went, leaving Covertcoat alone in front. I watched Woodland carefully when Carsey was coming after him and could not say that he hurried Covertcoat in the least, as he took each fence in his stride. As he came to the last one, Boyd Rochfort turned away and said, "I won't watch that one." In a moment I was congratulating him on winning twelve hundred and fifty dollars with only ten dollars at stake, as Covertcoat swept over it without a quiver and came up the stretch under the wire in a hand canter, followed by Irish Mail. Carsey's rider took some little time to remount his horse and then finished third.

Just after Irish Mail came The Miner with Mr. Brabazon up, and behind him, on the same horse, sat Harry Ussher. Brabazon, seeing that he was out of everything and finding his friend Ussher walking, offered him the mount behind, which he gladly took.

Only one who has been in the big events like the National can appreciate the feelings of Percy Woodland as he crossed the line. I can remember twenty-three years ago when I won the ten thousand dollar Championship Steeplechase of America on The Cad, my first thought was whether the weight was all right, and I was not thoroughly content until I stood on the scales at Morris Park and old "Crick" said those fateful words which meant so much to me, "All right, Mr. Smith."

Every possible honor is done the winner of a National. The gate is opened from the track right into the one-pound grand stand enclosure, and he is walked over the cement under the stand directly to the scales.

COVERTCOAT (WINNER), CARSEY, GRAND NATIONAL, 1913.
Valentine's Brook, second time round.

Woodland had a contented smile as he went by us, and well he might, for not many have won two Grand Nationals. Only ten years previous he had ridden Drumcree to victory. In addition, he won the French Derby on Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's Maintenon, and on his own mare, Fragelite, was the double winner of the big hurdle race in Auteuil and the Prix du Président de la République. On "Or du Rhin" in 1910, he again won the French Derby.

These winnings on the "Flat" and "Between the Flags" have placed him in a class by himself as a rider.*

The minute the race was over, although there were three others on the programme, a large number of the people started home, as the Midland Railway run one special from the race track at Aintree, Liverpool, to arrive in London at 7:35 p. m.

That year twenty-two starters were ridden by eleven professionals and eleven gentlemen, which shows that the amateurs of the United Kingdom are not afraid to take their chances over the big fences.

The first National was run in 1839 and was won by Mason on Lottery. Since that time it has been won by a gentleman rider twenty-six times in the seventy-four years.

I waited a few moments after Covertcoat had passed the line, hoping that the rider of Foolhardy would turn up, for he was game to the last, and it was only after his mount went down with him three times and could not stir out of the ditch when he pulled at his head, that he gave up. Boyd Rochfort and myself at last located our taxi and slowly made our way to Liverpool.

Since I began racing some thirty years ago, the Sloan, or American seat, has come and on the flat has swept all before it and has been universally adopted.

*The irony of fate is shown in the report from Egypt, which brought back the sad news of the death of Percy Woodland, where he was serving with the Royal Flying Corps. After riding steeplechases over about every course in England and France and piloting the winner over the dangerous Grand National course twice he nobly came to his end flying and fighting for his country.

Within the last fourteen or fifteen years it has begun to creep into contests "Between the Flags", and now nothing gives me more excruciating pain than to witness a steeplechase and see riders come out with short stirrups and knees upon a line with the horses' backs.

I always rode on the flat with the short leather myself, for it takes the weight off the horse's back, and as one balances himself often by the aid of the reins which at the knot cross the neck of his mount, he is able to hold his monkey position and yet steady the horse in his stride, as his strength is only exerted in a straight pull. But how anybody can believe that a rider can steady his mount and aid him going across a difficult country is far beyond my comprehension, especially at Liverpool, where, from some of the photographs shown, the horses are almost at an oblique angle as they dive from the top of the big jumps to the ground.

In a steeplechase, no matter how perfect a horse, there are times when he has to be taken to this side or that and steadied at the big jumps, sent along at the Liverpool and Water, and often turned sharp as at the left angle at the canal at Aintree.

Mr. Ussher and Captain Butler affected the American seat, as did also O'Connor and Williams, the rider of Highbridge. Percy Woodland rode with the medium long leather and was deep into his horse from start to finish.

There may possibly be a little gain in hurdle racing or steeplechasing in the States, where it is simply a question of speed and where the jumps are of medium height; but the National is over the most severe course in the world, made up of a combination of jumps, any one of which is more difficult than one finds in an ordinary day's hunting in any country,—a course where a horse with intelligence is needed and deserves every possible assistance from his rider. If one were jumping off the big banks of Ireland, would he crouch and try to balance himself on the shoulders and so overtopple the horse? Not for a minute! He would take a firm hold, leaning back so as to give the horse every opportunity to come

AINTREE CHAMPIONS IN VEYNOL PARK.

Sir Charles Assheton-Smith with Jerry M., Robert Gore with Coverteoat, Sunloch on right.

down as balanced as possible; and surely after the horse strikes the ground and takes his first stride on the flat, he is greatly assisted if the rider's weight is at the back rather than at the front, holding him to the ground.

I may be wrong, but I do know that in the National I saw most of those with the short stirrups catapulted out of the saddle the moment their mounts made the least wabble on landing, and Percy Woodland, who rode in the natural way, won the race.*

That night I gave a farewell dinner to the Rochforts and their friends, for all through the long, wet winter Middleton had been a home to me, and I never could repay their kindness.

The Adelphi was full and running over, and a merry evening we had, for this hotel, conducted on the American principle, is rapidly gaining favor, and is very much like the Waldorf-Astoria at the time of the Horse Show. Every lady was on show, every man at his best, and it was only when the music ceased that I remembered with regret that eight months of sport were behind me, with the Grand National as a fitting climax.

Saturday at four o'clock found me on the landing stage and that night on the *Campania* headed for New York.

*The picture of Capt. Bennet on "Sergeant Murphy," which follows, and the title explaining same, show that these words, written in 1913, have the approval, now eleven years later, of the great authority, Lieut. Col. Geoffrey Brooke, his book being published in 1924.

[*Central News Agency.*

CAPT. BENNETT RIDING "SERGEANT MURPHY" OVER BEECHERS BROOK, GRAND NATIONAL, 1923.

This picture shows "Sergeant Murphy" just landing. The fence is one of the most formidable in the National course. In addition to its size there is a very considerable drop. The rider is leaning well back to prevent his horse pitching on landing, and at the same time he is "slipping" his reins, to give his horse sufficient liberty of rein. Over a drop a horse must have freedom of his head to enable him to put his fore-limbs well out and keep on his legs. It is universally recognised that a large percentage of horses fall over this course from overjumping themselves. Under these circumstances the so-called "forward" seat increases the chances of a fall. Though it undoubtedly has great advantages over hurdles and on some of the Park courses, the first essential over the Liverpool course is to keep a horse on his legs. It does not necessarily follow that a horse will fall over a drop if the rider is not sitting back. In fact, if a horse is jumping timber and sees the drop, he adjusts his own balance accordingly, and it is even preferable for the rider not to alter the position of his weight. Also much depends upon the horse and his particular style of jumping. But one is well advised to sit back under the following conditions:

(1) With a horse that is inclined to overjump himself.
(2) When the landing is heavy.
(3) When the drop comes as a surprise, and the horse is not prepared to adjust his balance accordingly.

As the horse tops the fence the rider ought to be able to adjust his position and lean back. Quickness in getting away from a fence is undoubtedly handicapped if the rider is leaning far back on landing. On the other hand, there is more chance of recovery if the horse should make a bad blunder. But one must not be misled in supposing that this position (laying back) is applicable for schooling going hunters, when, as far as possible, the rider must vary the position of his weight as little as possible and keep light contact with his horse's mouth.

From *Horse-Sense and Horsemanship of To-day* by Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Brooke, D. S. O., M. C. 16th/Fifth Lancers, Chief Instructor Cavalry Wing, Equitation School, Weedon, 1924, by courtesy of Constable & Co., Limited.

Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Brooke with Combined Training and Daddy Long Legs has been a member of three winning teams at the International Show, London, for the International Challenge Cup given by the Prince of Wales for Jumping by teams of three Officers of the same nationality. (The English team won the cup outright this year, 1924). Col. Brooke also won the King George V. Gold Cup for Jumping by a Military Officer of any nationality.

Insert—Col. Brooke at the head of Daddy Long Legs.

H. W. S.

Aintree Calls!

Gallops when the dawn is breaking,
Foam upon the breastplates flaking,
Upland turf to hoofbeats shaking,
  Lanterns in the dim-lit stalls,
Golden hopes that come to guide us,
Splendid dreams that float beside us;
    Aintree calls!

Fences dark and water gleaming,
Colours down the straightway streaming,
  Glamour that the heart enthralls;
Roar of crowds on crowds unending,
Hues upon the high stands blending,
Whistle of the whips descending;
    Aintree calls!

Ghosts of men that here have ridden
Gather at the post unbidden,
  Waiting till the old flag falls;
Hear the rattled guard-rails quiver
As they rush them, game as ever!
(Mist, O mist, on Mersey River!)
    Aintree calls!

Danger beckons yet to daring,
And the colours wait for wearing,
While Fame proffers gifts for sharing
  And Dame Fortune plans the falls.
Lo! the spirit of endeavour
Burns in England's heart forever;
    Aintree calls!

From a Presentation Copy of "Galloping Shoes"—
by Will H. Ogilvie

To Harry Worcester Smith,
Who shares with him the love
Of a good horse, this book
Of rhymes from the Author

Oct. 1922

Sergeant Murphy
Winner of the Grand National, 1923. Captain Bennet up.

"We deck them in cream and in crimson,
In chocolate, tartan and blue—
We flag them a course over fences
And trust them to battle it through,
We bring the best of our sportsmen,
The fairest fair dames in the land
To view them away from the barrier,
To cheer them in front of the stand.
But the rider, the steeplechase rider,
He rides with his life in his hands."

"It is with feelings of sincere sympathy and personal regret that we have to record the death of Captain G. H. Bennet, who passed away on Sunday morning last, (January 13, 1924). It will be remembered that he has lain unconscious ever since his fall when riding Ardeen, in the Otley Steeplechase at Wolverhampton, on December 27, 1923, and now there is an end—a sad end indeed—to the long and anxious vigil kept by his wife and near relatives.

Few, if any, finer horseman ever sat in the saddle, and the eager spirit knew no fear."

—*The Field.*

"He is dead now and many of us who loved him in life are indeed sad. I don't think I ever knew a gamer and braver fellow among all those who have ridden over fences, whether as amateur or professional."

—"Rapier" in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic.*

Nobility Honors Jockey

"No funeral at Newmarket since that of the famous English jockey, Fred Archer, has been so largely attended as that of another jockey, Captain Goffrey Harbord Bennet, who died recently. More than a hundred wreaths were laid on his grave.

"Among the host of mourners were: Lady Hastings, the Hon. Lady Sullivan, Sir Frederick Sullivan, Sir Keath and Lady Dorothy Frazier, Colonel Swan, father-in-law of the deceased, the Hon. Mrs. Glynn, Lord Londesborough, Sir Archibald Gold, Professor Reynolds, Major Griffith and Captain King."—*The New York Times.*

Of Captain Bennet's riding in the 1923 Grand National, *Baily's Magazine* said:

"Nor must Captain Bennet's share in the great victory be forgotten. There are several fine gentlemen and professional riders before the public at present so it would not, perhaps, be safe to say he was the best of them all, but there is little doubt that he has no superior."

NOTE:—The mourning border on this and the next page were photographed direct from a book printed in 1743, now in the library of the American Antiquarian Society: the Funeral Oration on the death of Peter Faneuil, Founder of Faneuil Hall (the Cradle of Liberty), Boston.

Horse and Hound printed:

"This dashing amateur thus set up the record of having won the Grand National and the Fox Hunter's Steeplechase the next day over the same trying course, a feat that will take some beating.

"Captain Bennet had already won sixty-two races last season and hoped to pass the professionals, Hogan and Rees, who were credited with sixty-three and sixty-four respectively."

From *The Thoroughbred Record*, Lexington, Ky., March 24, 1924, by Harry Worcester Smith, "White and violet hoops,"—For the Sake of Sport in America:

"The above quotations tell the story but, oh, so mildly, when one thinks of the brave spirit that has gone. Last spring, when Captain Bennet won the Grand National on Sergeant Murphy and the next day the Liverpool Fox Hunter's Steeplechase on Gracious Gift over the full Grand National Course after being picked up unconscious from a bad fall from Bumblebee in the first race of the day, I wrote about his splendid riding in my article "The Grand National." Later on I told of Captain Bennet's prowess in the saddle last year and begged our young sportsmen in America to imitate him.

"Little did any of us think when Captain Bennet was proclaimed the winner, last year at Aintree, that in such a short time he would join the band of game riders who courted death and met it 'Between the Flags,' and that he would be one of the number of

'Ghosts of men who here have ridden.
Gather at the post unbidden
Waiting till the old flag falls.'

Among these are Parfrement, Smith and Hawkins, who were all killed steeplechasing, (the last two, like Captain Bennet, had ridden Sergeant Murphy in Grand Nationals previous to 1923) and Captain Becher, Mr. Tempest, Jem Mason, Tom Olliver, G. Stevens, W. Archer (father of 'The Tinman'), Arthur Yates, J. M. Richardson, George Moore, Lord Manners, Count Kinsky, J. Widger and others.

"But the English spirit still lives and gentlemen riders will again go to the post this year in the Grand National, for Ogilvie says:

'Danger beckons yet to daring,
And the colors wait for wearing
While Fame proffers gifts for sharing
And Dame Fortune plans the falls,
Lo! the spirit of endeavor
Burns in England's heart forever,
Aintree calls.'"

APPENDICES

THE GRAFTON HUNTERS IN IRELAND

Major John A Barry, Third U. S. Cavalry, a superhorseman and one of the greatest authorities on Equitation in America, who had charge of the Team to represent the United States in the VIII. Olympiade and who had selected the mounts and the officers to ride, has stated:

"It's the horse and not the rider that does the jumping, and the common expression, I rode Black Beauty over 5′ 6″ is neither quite accurate or fair—Black Beauty carried me over 5′ 6″ is more modest, much more accurate and altogether correct."

How the Grafton Hunters *carried* the writer in Ireland the following shows:

"Harry Worcester Smith, who came over from the States and was Master of the Westmeath during the past season, came over with the reputation of being a hard rider. This puts it mildly, as he was an abnormally hard rider."

From the London Telegraph.

APPENDIX A.

THE GRAFTON HUNTERS RIDDEN BY MR. SMITH DURING THE WESTMEATH MASTERSHIP

The Cad

17 years old.
Bay gelding, 15-3. By Uncas, dam Parasol by Mortemer.
Winner of the Champion Steeplechase, value $10,000, October 1900, owner up.
True as steel; goes over any country, and still "stands in the stall at the top."

Success

12 years old. (Registered as Running Reindeer.)
Bay gelding, 15-3. By Rainbow, dam Maid of Promise.
Winner of the Genesee Valley "Point to Point," owner up.
One of my truest friends.
After the Loudoun hounds jumped a stone wall, with rider, 5 ft. 7 inches.

Stripling

8 years old.
Bay gelding, 16-2. By Fatherless, dam Eola.
The crack Post and Rail Hunter of 1910 and 1911, winning:
The President's Cup, Lenox
The Grey Sam Steeplechase
The Rockaway Hunt Cup
The Essex Hunt Cup
The Shelbourne Hunt Cup
Second for the Meadow Brook Cup, lost by a nose after taking wrong course.
Bred by A. B. Hancock, Esquire.

See Saw

5 years old. (Registered as Jabukar).
Bay gelding, 15-2½. By Prince of Melbourne, dam Miss Eugenie.
Carried Luie Leith, first whip of the Piedmont Hunt, two seasons (so cannot be bad), and is the strongest jumper I ever owned.
Winner of the Warrenton Hunt Race.
Bred by Henry Oxnard, Esquire.

Splitwood

8 years old. (Registered as Fernwood).
Bay gelding, 15-3. By Norwood, dam Fanny Fern.
Beautifully broken, jumps anything from anywhere.

Scribbler

4 years old. (Registered as Clifton.)
Bay gelding 15-3. By the Scribe, dam Miss Laid.
"The most promising green hunter I ever was on."
Bred by J. B. Haggin.

Sir Ritchie

8 years old.
Bay gelding, 16. By Merry Prince, dam Catechism.
One of my best horses in Virginia.
Winner of the Meadow Brook Steeplechase.
In a run on Steptoe Hill, Virginia, jumped off the smooth ice over a bar-way 4 ft. 3 inches high, on to smooth ice.
Bred by August Belmont, Esquire.

Sport

7 years old. (Registered as Old Sport) and looks the part.
Bay gelding, 16. By Mincemeat, dam Spoil Sport.
Worked ¾ in 1.14 with 120 pounds up.
Carried me regularly the last season in Loudoun.

Nattie Bumppo
10 years old.
Bay gelding, 14-3¼. By Buck Massie, dam Flora Dora.
A consistent winner every season from the Atlantic to the Pacific.
One of the best Galloways in America.
In his last race beat Culvert, Petit Chevaux, and others at The Country Club, June 22, 1912 running five furlongs in 59 seconds.
Takes to jumping like a duck to water.

Sherry
5 years old. (Registered as Brandy).
Bay gelding 15-3½. By Hastings, dam Belinda.
A consistent selling plater, with miles in 1.41½.
A splendid type; already keen on the jump.
Bred by August Belmont, Esquire.

Sergeant
5 years old. (Registered as Dress Parade 2d).
Bay gelding, 16. By Woolsthorpe, dam Lady Prim.
Winner of eleven races on the flat in 1910, 1911, and 1912; two in one afternoon,—June, 1912.
A picture to look at.
Green but breaking in easily.

Sallust
6 years old. (Registered as Drachme).
Bay gelding, 16-1. By Octagon, dam Donna Mia.
Regularly hunted with the White Marsh Valley Hounds.
Has worked 6 furlongs in 1.13 2-5.
Steady as a clock.
Bred by August Belmont, Esquire.

Sherwood
5 years old.
Bay gelding, 16-1. By Dick Welles, dam Woodlawn Belle.
New at the game but a grand prospect.

Sexton
5 years old. (Registered as Dullcare).
Bay gelding, 16. By Hastings, dam Dulcibella.
Winner of ten races, 1910, 1911, and 1912 from ¾ to 1½ miles.
Winner of the Hunters' Race, The Country Club, June 22, 1912, beating the best hunters in training.
Bred by August Belmont, Esquire.

Squaw
5 years old. (Registered as Indian Maid).
Bay mare, 16-1. By Filigrane, dam Moya.
A bold, consistent performer.
The only mare in the lot, but too good-looking to leave behind.

APPENDIX B.

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION OF GRAFTON HUNTERS IN THE AMERICAN STUD BOOK

The Jockey Club,
6-8 East 40th Street,
Telephone, Bryant-6820.
Cable "Joclub"

The American Stud Book,
New York,
July 26th, 1912.

Mr. Harry W. Smith,
North Grafton, Mass.
Dear Sir:

In accordance with your recent letter, we beg to hand you herewith Tabulated Pedigrees & Certificates of Record, as follows:

No. 471 for the bay gelding "Dullcare"
No. 472 for the bay filly "Indian Maid"
No. 473 for the bay gelding "Dress Parade 2nd"
No. 474 for the bay gelding "Brandy"
No. 475 for the bay gelding "Running Reindeer"
No. 476 for the bay gelding "The Cad"
No. 477 for the bay gelding "Stripling"
No. 478 for the bay gelding "Jabaker"
No. 479 for the bay gelding "Sir Ritchie"
No. 481 for the bay gelding "Old Sport"
No. 482 for the bay gelding "Nattie Bumppo"
No. 483 for the unnamed bay gelding, foaled 1907, by Dick Welles, out of Woodlawn Belle.
No. 484 for the bay gelding "Fernwood"
No. 485 for the bay gelding "Clifton"

The charge for a Tabulated Pedigree & Certificate of Record is $5.00, and we, therefore, hand you herewith also a bill for $75.00 for fifteen Tabulations, including the one sent you on the 23rd inst. for the registered thoroughbred "Drachme."

Very truly yours,
W. H. Rowe,
Registrar.

Note: The names given above are the registered names. Often other names are used. For instance, Running Reindeer's stable name was Success.
H. W. S.

APPENDIX C.

THE IRISH HUNTER

The Irish hunter, I found, was bred for one purpose, namely, to sell, and the type which I saw at the Dublin Show and which is now, except in the States, the established hunter type the world over, is a half or three-quarter bred animal with good manners, comfortable disposition, and an ability to jump, creep, or climb any possible obstacle, if given time enough.

While spending the Show week in Dublin, I expected to find in the hunting classes at least a dozen or so thoroughbreds each day, and was intensely disappointed never to find more than two or three and sometimes not that number. The reason for this is very plain. The Irish horses, being in the majority of cases for sale, the breeders aim to produce a type of horse which best suits the average buyer, who wants a big animal which from his contour seems strong enough to go on for ever. Yet from the lack of breeding this horse is stopped by his weight, and brought to a standstill when put to any great pace.

I remarked the absence of thoroughbreds in the different hunting fields to the keen hunting men, and the quick reply came, "Why, of course thoroughbreds are better, but they are harder to breed, and much more difficult to produce of large mould, and besides, the English, French, Germans, and Italians want quiet, easy horses to ride."

At the Hunt "Point to Points", one found the thoroughbred horse at his best and invariably winning.

That the Irish hunter is able to keep pace with the English foxhound and the short running foxes nine cases out of ten I grant, but now and then comes the run of the season when, as Whyte-Melville says, "At the end you generally find an old, thoroughbred horse with six or eight years' grain in him."

On returning from Ireland to the States and after hunting a few times during the autumn of 1913 in the Piedmont Valley, Virginia, I was glad to find that in a field of twenty-five or thirty starting to covert, fully seventy-five per cent,

rode thoroughbred horses, which shows that to catch the true wild American fox, the greatest combination of speed and staying qualities is needed in both horse and hound.

With the acknowledged fact that the thoroughbred horse is more intelligent, I am at a loss to know why the Dublin Horse Show Management had not worked up a class for thoroughbred hunters, and why a Thoroughbred Hunter Society was not formed in Ireland. Invariably the horse that brings the top price is the blood horse, and I feel sure that within eight or ten years, by breeding big blood mares of proper disposition to thoroughbred stallions, a family of thoroughbred hunters of quiet disposition could be formed, and the product would bring a price one quarter above the heavy type so sought after at the present day and which must, from its breeding, always be found wanting when the pinch comes.

Again, were such a family formed, it would only be a question of a few generations before the racing spirit would be bred out, or at least partially silenced, so to speak,—especially so if careful attention were paid to bitting the young horses.

I grant you the blood horse dislikes to be pulled about, and so requires the best of hands, and here is where the Irish horsemen can take valuable lessons from the riders on the Continent, who understand the art of putting a horse's head where it belongs by fitting the proper key to each horse's mouth, rather than by riding them in snaffles and by "withdrawing" force them to their jumps out of balance rather than in "cadence."

Foxes killed by American Hounds in Westmeath, Ireland, mounted by Peter Spicer, Leamington, England. The inscription on the upper mask is as follows:

"GRAFTON HOUNDS"

"Found Johnstone Furze, killed Horseleap, County Westmeath, Ireland, the first fox ever killed in the United Kingdom by an American pack. December 17, 1912."

APPENDIX D.

LIST OF GRAFTON HOUNDS TAKEN ON THE IRISH TOUR

Grafton Simpleton
Grafton Scarecrow
Grafton Sportsman
Grafton Scallywag
Grafton Shamus
Grafton Stars
Grafton Sinner 3rd
Grafton Superb
Grafton Scholar
Grafton Signal
Grafton Sprite
Grafton Symbol
Grafton Streamer
Grafton Sperry
Grafton Sip
Grafton Sing
Grafton Song
Grafton Solomon
Grafton Statesman
Grafton Surprise
Grafton Strawman
Grafton Scapegoat
Grafton Swanee
Grafton Stampede
Grafton Speaker
Grafton Scott
Grafton Steptoe
Grafton Sapphire
Grafton Siren
Grafton Strongbow
Grafton Shamut
Grafton Select
Grafton Sirius
Grafton Sagwa
Grafton Splendor
Grafton Soltaire
Grafton Spartan
Grafton Sarah

19 Couples

Registration

All the Grafton stallion hounds and brood bitches were regularly registered, as required by the Rules of Registration of the American Kennel Club.

Winnings of the Grafton Hounds 1903-1912

Field Trials.

At the Sixteenth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Foxhound Club, in 1904, the Grafton Hounds won a number of the principal cups, including Speed and Driving, and at the Seventeenth Annual Trials, in 1905, the entries of the Grafton and Piedmont Hunts carried off all the cups offered, namely, those for Hunting, Trailing, Speed and Driving, Endurance and Tonguing, a winning which has never been equalled before or since.

Foxhound Match

Won, in November 1905, the Grafton-Middlesex American-English International Foxhound Match in the Piedmont Valley, Virginia, for a Stake of $2,000 and a Plate value $250. The

six couple of Grafton Hounds were hunted by the Master and the Middlesex nineteen and a half couple by Cotesworth, an English professional. One pack was hunted one day and the other the next for fourteen consecutive days from daylight to dark. One judge was selected by the Middlesex Hunt and another by the Grafton Hounds and the two selected agreed on a third. Their decision was unanimous.

On the Bench

The first Hound Show in America was given by the Brunswick Foxhound Club in 1893, the Master of the Grafton Hounds being the prime mover. At the Second and Third Annual Shows, at the Hound Show of the Grafton Country Club; where the Peterborough classification was used for the first time in America; and later on at the Hound Shows given by the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America, founded by Mr. Smith in February 1907, the Grafton Hounds were most successful and established the fox-killing type of the true Southern foxhound against the half-bred English hound, which had been the standard.

At the Westminster Kennel Club Shows at Madison Square Garden, New York, in 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911, the Grafton Hounds won the prize for the Best Pack of Hounds, and, annually, a large majority of the other cups and ribbons.

GRAFTON SPORTSMAN.
An American foxhound of the best type.

CRAZY, BLAMELESS, BRILLIANT, PILLAGER.
From a painting at Steepleton, Beckford's home, by Sartorius.
The pick of the kennels—all Beckford's breeding.

—From "Thoughts on Hunting" by Peter Beckford,
1899, with introduction by J. Otho Paget.

APPENDIX E.

THE AMERICAN HOUNDS IN IRELAND

All the Grafton hounds taken abroad were home-bred and from the hounds which won the Grafton-Middlesex English-American Foxhound Match in 1905. They were all cared for by the Spratts Company at their Isolation Station in England during quarantine.

Much is being said for and against the English Quarantine Act, but for my part I believe it a most satisfactory law, because since its enactment there has not been a case of hydrophobia in the United Kingdom.

A great deal has been written from time to time regarding the wildness and riot of American hounds, and because the Grafton hounds, after nine months' quarantine, were a bit unruly the first week that they were being exercised on the roads about Mullingar, one English paper brought up this same old point as regards its being impossible to break our hounds.

In my article in *The Foxhound* describing the true American hound, I stated one fact which contradicted the above for all time, namely, that while the English hounds are at all times guarded by a huntsman and two whips, the American hounds are left entirely free, and were they sheep-killers and horse-chasers, they would soon pay the penalty of their acts with their lives.

This now brings the matter down to the question of the riot among rabbits and hares, and whereas the Grafton hounds are not perfect, there are no hounds in any country that are. At Glencarra, for instance, the Westmeath pack invariably hunted rabbits, and hunted them splendidly back and forth over the road; one day while I was there, they became true "currant jelly dogs", for I saw a couple pull a rabbit apart and thoroughly enjoy him; and at the new covert near Sonna, the pack took a hare out of covert and worked him hard for two miles.

This is no sign, however, that the Westmeath pack were uncontrollable; they were not. No pack had a better kennel

huntsman than Jack Brown, and no one was a harder task-master, but the best of hounds in some coverts, and I am told especially in March, will run riot on hares.

Some may ask why did I not, as Master, break the English hounds from riot. I would reply that knowing there would be the comparison of the English and American hounds, I had engaged Mr. Pollok to hunt the former, and never through my stay in Ireland did I interfere with his authority, except that when I saw that the bitches ran imaginary lines so strong, I directed him to hunt them in the woodland to bring them down to their noses. These facts, noted daily by myself, are proof to me that the English hounds enjoyed a "joy" hunt as much as the American.

Perhaps the wildest case of riot was told me by Mr. Pollok, that occurred when he was Master of the East Galway, about an old castle on Loughrea with a large demesne, or park, full of deer. Hunting down that way one day, the hounds went into the demesne shortly after noon and got in among the deer. He said that he stayed there until nine o'clock that night, working with the aid of his whips to get his pack away, and trying to save the deer from being killed.

Two or three hounds would go after one deer and he would whip them off and couple them up, when down would come another deer, with a dozen hounds driving hard behind. Some of the deer were driven into the lake, and a number of them were killed, the pack going simply mad. He acknowledged that he has never been in a more terrible predicament; the noise of the hounds driving the deer out into the lake in the night and the almost utter impossibility of stopping them made an impression upon his mind which, he said, he would never forget.

As regards sheep, many times and oft have English packs eaten their fill as far back as the time of "Gentleman Tom Smith", who acknowledged that at his opening hunt at Hambledon his first kill was a sheep; similar episodes where hounds have run horse, dog, or cat track can easily be quoted.

The running of "heel" is far more prevalent in English hounds than with the American, and justly so, for the reason that in the States the hounds, casting themselves, work out their own line, and are not taken to a "halloo", as it is the case with the English hounds, who are often put on the wrong way by error.

The question of control is simply one of respect to proper commands. Feeling sure that the Grafton hounds would be criticized had they not the same manners as the English hounds, I took infinite pains to have them worked in the big, walled garden at Portloman, so that they would be under thorough control at all times; and daily, as is the custom in the United Kingdom, the hounds were walked out on the grass without couples and moved about from place to place for an hour or so, guarded only by the two white-coated kennelmen. The Grafton hounds soon came out of the kennels and walked about as quietly as children, which shows that it is a question of patience and regular day-in-and-day-out work.

When the English hounds are taken to the meets, they trot along the road merrily with their sterns up and stand on the lawn sometimes for twenty minutes while the hunting party are gathering and before the Master gives the nod to the huntsman. Again the Grafton hounds fell into the beaten track as though they had always done so, and soon could be taken through any town, or along any road, and stood quietly on the lawns.

From the meets the hounds are taken to covert side, and before the coverts are drawn, they are checked within fifty yards of it, packed up, and then, at a given signal, break away and quietly enter the covert without cry of any kind. A few lessons taught the "Yankee" hounds what was expected of them, and like a trick dog that waits with a cracker on his nose until the word is given, they rounded themselves up at covert side and looked to me for the welcome signal.

After a fox is run to ground and it is decided to dig him out, rather than have the hounds jumping into the earth,

rambling away, fighting, etc., they are packed up at some neighboring spot protected from the wind, and not until the terrier has marked his fox and the diggers have come to him and the first whip has his hands up his back and round his neck is the word given; then it only takes a few minutes to kill poor "Charley." His carcass is quickly divided up by twenty couples of eager sets of teeth.

All this, except the eating of the fox, the Grafton hounds did as well as their English cousins, and as the pulling apart of Reynard is evidently an acquired taste, I saw no reason for encouraging it.

My experience with the English hounds in Ireland showed me that the continual desire of simply running a hot fox from covert for fifteen or twenty minutes with a burning scent until he has been put to ground, or killed, has bred out of the hounds the ability to properly work out a cold scent, and by breeding from hounds that are continually flashing over the line and running a field or two without the trail, good cry is also lost. Indeed, it is impossible for one with the keenest eyes to know whether the bitches were running the line or not, for they often flashed over the loss, hoping to strike it in the next field.

Of course any one who understands the sport of fox-hunting in the United Kingdom must appreciate the large fields out, and that often the huntsman and his hounds are not properly protected from over-riding by the Master or his deputies.

I feel sure, however, that in nine cases out of ten if the huntsman, instead of trying to aid his hounds, would see that the field were properly held, the hounds would soon begin to help themselves, and the incessant checks would vanish. This I grant would be hard for the professional huntsman, who wants to show he is the *best hound* in the pack and at every loss has the hounds put to him and makes *his* cast before hounds have an opportunity of trying theirs.

Then when he loses the line, to cover his bad mistake, on he goes to the next covert, where there is a fox or two always

ready. By these methods gradually there has been bred out of the English hounds those two great foundation foxhound traits,—self-reliance and persistence.

In olden times we used to read of the crack hounds and their splendid work; now it is the name of the huntsman that is on every one's lips and their gold pieces in his pocket.

The dog hounds far excelled the bitches in hound work; they rarely flashed over and had splendid cry, and by breeding, as "Gentleman Tom Smith" said, from a hound like Voyager, whose fox sense and nose were the best, in a few generations a true hunting pack could be made.

In hunting as I did with my American hounds continually in the bad coverts about bogs discarded by the county pack, I was able to prove at least to myself that the sharp dashes of half a mile, then a loss, then a dash and so on, were not so conducive to a good run as the steady true-to-the-line trailing of my Grafton pack; and whereas the English hounds may have seemed to be running fast, their pursuit of the fox was not as accurate, and neither did they run to nearly as good a head as the American hounds.

Then again we hear from all sides that hounds which are running hard cannot give good cry. This my American pack disproved every day they were hunted, for time and again we were unable to keep up with them, which shows their speed; and yet we invariably located them by their splendid note, which brought the farmers' wives from their cottages. The loud cry was also of great aid in drawing bogs and large woods, for foxes naturally hear the hounds much more readily and are afraid to hang about the coverts.

On the other hand, the English hounds are more uniform, all of color and type, and of more simple and enduring disposition, standing to the lash of the whips without a quiver and working all day long in the water as though they really enjoyed it. Their breeding is carefully preserved in a Foxhound Kennel Stud Book published by the Masters of Fox-

hounds Association. Infinite pains is taken to keep the blood free from all taint, as the following shows:

Many English hounds are often used in stag hunting, and the question was brought up at one of the Masters of Foxhounds' meetings, when it was decided:

"That no entry would be received in the Stud Book of Foxhounds regularly used to hunt the fox sired by foxhounds called stag hounds used to hunt the stag, although the sire and the dam of the stag hound might have been registered. In fact the stag hound himself might have been registered as a foxhound before being entered after the antlered quarry."

This ruling caused considerable discussion, but it was finally adopted, when it was clearly proved that the hunting of foxhounds after the stag brought forth certain characteristics which were undesirable in the hunting of the fox, and might easily be transmitted to that progeny.

I had the honor of being elected a member of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of the United Kingdom, who annually hold their meeting at Messrs. Tattersalls on Monday of Epsom week. The first volume of their Stud Book contained a list of His Majesty's Buck Hounds, and forty-six packs of hounds. For years the book was edited with great accuracy and deep veneration for the sportsmen of the past and their packs by the Rev. Cecil Legard.

American hounds as yet are uneven, and being unaccustomed to the cold and damp of the water-sogged soil, they could not stand the wet climate as well as the English hounds, as their short coats did not cast off the dampness and allowed their bodies and heads to be severely scratched with the gorse and briars.

Though in the bad condition from the quarantine and gorse poison, and unaccustomed to all the difficulties shown above, I am glad to say that in no run where a fox was up did one American hound quit, but after the fox was put to ground, in their enfeebled condition and cold from the damp and lack of flesh, a few ferreted out some warm place under grass

or tussock to get away from the wind and rain which were inevitable each day.

The prickly gorse coverts the hounds drew well, but after two or three hunts I noticed they broke out all over, and their faces, shoulders, and bodies swelled from the poison of the gorse, which made hunting for a few days out of the question. Although I had read every hunting book from the time of Turbervile in 1576, never had I found a word as regards this gorse poisoning, I presume for the reason that the English hound, being bred in the country, is not subject to the malady.

At the first meeting of the Committee of the Westmeath Hunt when I was introduced to the eight members present, a vote was passed "that the American and English hounds should not be hunted together." At the same meeting the Committee instructed me that I could hunt the American hounds in the Moate country or such other coverts as I was invited to. This precluded once and for all an opportunity of trying the nose, cry, and speed of the two packs, and later on, when the hounds began to catch and kill foxes (killing in the English version of the word), I was asked to confine my hunting entirely to Moate.

Possibly the feeling of the Committee would be best described by the following story:

By invitation, I had taken my hounds to Middleton Park, and as the night had been boisterous, we were unable to start a fox at Lilliput, for the rain had washed the feeding trails away. The hounds worked well, going out on to the bog, and tried hard to work the stale lines out.

Mr. Boyd Rochfort, wishing to give me and my hounds every possible chance, when he saw there was no opportunity for sport in the bog country which was assigned to me, turned to another member of the Committee and said, "Why not let Smith draw that gorse covert over here a couple of miles; perhaps there is a fox lying there." "No, No", replied Mr.

Hall, "let us keep that for the foxhounds!" as though the Grafton hounds were lurchers or turnspits.

On account of the "foot and mouth disease" which stopped hunting about Mullingar, I had a wonderful opportunity of visiting the different hunting countries of Ireland and spent some time with the different packs on the flags, for I had been commissioned by some of the leading breeders in America to purchase for them any hounds whose blood would be valuable to their kennels, no matter what was the price, and bring them back to the States.

Of all the hounds in the Westmeath pack the only one that would be of the least value to American breeders was old Voyager; he was by Delegate out of Lord Fitzwilliam's Vista, and after hunting with Voyager a few times, I could not but love and respect him. No hound worked harder than he, harked quicker, or brought the pack to his side with a finer cry when he found the line. In addition, he had a beautiful expression such as the hound with the broken leg with a bandage has in the picture by Sir Edwin Landseer.

All the packs except those at Scarteen were English-bred, some better than others, their value in the hunting field depending, as in the States, a great deal on who hunted them.

The Ryan pack of Kerry Beagles at Scarteen I have carefully described, and as the States, especially the South, are full of the Kerry Foxhound blood, nothing could be gained by going back to the fountainhead, for the heavy Kerry Beagle, I believe, would be found too cumbersome for our rough mountainous country.

I have been careful to withhold my opinion of the different packs that I hunted with,—save a thorough analysis of the work of the Kerry Beagles and Mr. Curre's pack at Itton Court,—except that when a good piece of work was done I gave proper credit, for the reason that I was a guest of the country and the different Masters, and it would ill behoove me to criticize the hounds of my hosts.

As Master of the Westmeath, I felt privileged to write

about their good and bad traits plainly, and as I left the management of the hounds from first to last in the hands of Mr. Pollok, it would seem that with him they had every possible opportunity to prove their worth, for as a huntsman he was considered second to none in Ireland. He had been Master of the East Galway for three seasons, the Waterford for two seasons, the Kildare for four seasons, and the Tipperary, as Acting Master under a Committee, for one season.

The whole question is one of "viewpoint." The *English Daily News*, in speaking of the appointment of Mr. Thornton of the Long Island Railroad, near New York, to the management of one of the principal railways of the United Kingdom says:

"There would be no cause for alarm if the appointment of Mr. Thornton proved to be the beginning of an infusion of American genius into our business and public life. We have the vices as well as the virtues of a long history and insular position and a proud industrial record. We like old methods, not because they are good, but because they are familiar, and the hand of the feudal past is heavy upon us and the distrust of education is still widespread."

The work of the Grafton hounds did not fall entirely upon sterile soil, for from one of the prominent hunting men I received the following:

"I don't think you were well treated by the Westmeath; a friend of mine was with his regiment in that country, and he told me the local people did not give you a chance. They might have given you a decent show, anyhow. Want of good country is bad enough, but if foxes are scarce as well, hunting is not worth the candle."

Finding the prejudice against the American hounds so strong with the Committee of the Westmeath and no opportunity to hunt them in a fair country after sending them back from Moate to the kennels, I presented Mr. F. H. Prince, the American Master of the Pau Hunt in France, six couple of my ring-necked hounds, extracting a promise from him that

he would hunt them with his English pack made up from the best hounds which he had obtained from the Duke of Buccleuch in Scotland. I appreciated of course that even at the kennels at Pau they would be up against the proposition of English huntsmen and kennelmen, but still believed that if they were given an opportunity to become acclimated, with an even show they would prove their worth.

In the early part of 1914 I was glad to receive a letter from Mr. Prince, stating that the American hounds had all the qualities which I had named for them, that they were giving him great satisfaction, and best of all, he wrote that his huntsman, although an Englishman, was sportsman enough to acknowledge their good points.

I am willing to grant, of course, that a great deal of the poor sport and short runs shown in Ireland, and in fact the whole United Kingdom, are caused, as near as I could see and learn, principally by the bad foxes.

In the States, the country is entirely unstopped; when a red fox is started, he takes a turn off for eight or ten miles and often will be killed in the open rather than take to ground.

The fox of the United Kingdom is very different; his first and only thought is to get to ground as quickly as possible, and in most of the runs which I had in Ireland the fox would invariably go to the first hole, find that stopped, and then make a circuit of the holes in the country, and only if they were all stopped did one get a good gallop. Many of the foxes, as the chapters show, would go to ground within a quarter of a mile from the covert, and at Shinglis one day it will be noted three went to ground within that distance in the same burrow.

Short-running foxes which go to ground like moles are certainly not conducive to good sport, and were I to give my opinion of what would improve fox-hunting in Ireland more than anything else, I would state the importation of wild American foxes, which, I believe, would retain for four or five years the instincts of their home country, but naturally, when

crossed on to their tamer cousins, would soon deteriorate.

As my diary, which follows, shows, the first two days were spent in Pakenham Hall, where Lord Longford gave me carte blanche to hunt at any time; but that country, Turbotstown, and Kinturk, were all clustered together, and while the district was good for cubbing, it could show no real sport, as there was too much bog, and hounds simply ran from one demesne to the other. Hounds were then taken to Moate, where I hunted The Doons, Hall's Gorse, and Johnstone's Furze, and managed, although the country was very wet, to have some fair sport. Later on the hounds were brought back to Portloman, and by invitation hunted at Delamere's Bog, Knockion, and in about Portloman, Dalystown, Middleton Park, and Lediston.

At these coverts, with the exception of Middleton, we had grand sport, and a few followers of the Westmeath were interested in the hounds and their method of hunting.

A few days after the last cracking run in Delamere's Bog, where we had run to ground, dug out, and killed two foxes, I was advised by the Committee that the American hounds henceforth were not to draw any gorse or any other covert, *even if invited,* which the Westmeath hounds regularly drew. This put the ban on all the country about Mullingar, and I was forced to hunt at Moate or not at all.

With this restriction in my mind, I gave the matter of hunting my hounds again in Westmeath my careful consideration; they had been hunted sixteen times; had run eleven foxes to ground, six foxes had been dug out and killed, and on account of the rain only twice had they failed to account for their fox once they had started him. I felt this record in a strange country spoke for itself, and that rather than hunt the hounds in the bogs and morasses of Moate, I would leave them in the kennels, for in such a country good sport was impossible.

The following diary of the runs was kept for my own satisfaction, but by request of the Correspondent of the *Horse and Hound* I sent it to them, and they were courteous enough to publish it with the letter which precedes it quoted in part:

"To the Editor of *Horse and Hound.*

Sir:

As your Correspondent 'Nomad' has been interested to obtain the diary of my American hounds in Ireland, and you have deemed it of enough interest to publish it, I should believe that a statement as to why they were not hunted throughout the season and why I am not continuing as Master of the Westmeath Hunt is necessary. Especially so, as I am in receipt from American friends of clippings from the London *Daily Telegraph* and the English *Sporting Life* which they think should be contradicted.

I brought the Grafton-American hounds to Ireland and took the Mastership of the Westmeath Hunt to give my American hounds an opportunity of trying their worth here in the United Kingdom and while hunting with the Westmeath and other packs, to *learn* all that I possibly could as to the art of fox-hunting. I wanted to see the English hound at his best and for that reason engaged Mr. Pollok to hunt the dog and bitch packs so that I might make visits to other English packs and also see the work of the 'Black and Tans' at Scarteen, together with some of the Welsh packs.

We are endeavoring in the States to improve our packs at all times, and I have kept a careful memorandum of the good hound-work noted, which, when published later on under the head of *A Sporting Tour in Ireland,* will, I think, be of value to American breeders.

A statement is made in the *Sporting Life* that 'slender fields only followed the American hounds.' The meets of the Grafton pack were not published until the last two weeks of their hunting, and then on each fixture-card was printed 'By Invitation Only', as I had no desire for a big field with my hounds in their preliminary work.

If the Westmeath sportsmen gave me no opportunity to test my hounds, they have certainly given me every opportunity to test their good fellowship and hospitality, but after one has been rained upon eighty-seven out of ninety-one days, he begins to feel that the game is not worth the candle, and for that reason alone sometime before February 1st, I wrote the Committee as follows: 'I regret to advise you that I shall not be interested to continue as Master for another season. Every possible courtesy has been extended to me by rich and poor alike, and my reasons for resignation are entirely climatic. Unfortunately, coming from a land of blue skies, constant gray with daily

rain is a strong contrast, and I should not be interested to bring my family over after the season's experience.'

After four months' rain I said, 'What Ireland wants is an umbrella', but after eight months I shall have to add that she also needs a copper bottom, for the water seems to ooze up through, and although the Grafton hounds are well developed for hunting in the States, they have hare feet, not webbed feet, and had been broken to run after the fox, not swim. As a visitor to your shores I cannot say enough for the hand of welcome which has been extended to me from all sides, and sportsmen of Great Britain are to be congratulated upon a press that allows so much space for items of their playtime and writers who are so thoroughly conversant with the very science of the sport they depict.

Yours very truly,
HARRY WORCESTER SMITH."

IN IRISH RAIN

The great world stretched its arms to me and held me to its breast,
They say I've song-birds in my throat, and give me of their best;
But sure, not all their gold can buy, can take me back again
To little Mag o' Monagan's a-singing in the rain.

The silver-slanting Irish rain, all warm and sweet, that fills
The little brackened lowland pools, and drifts across the hills;
That turns the hill-grass cool and wet to dusty childish feet,
And hangs above the valley-roofs, filmed blue with burning peat.

And oh the kindly neighbor-folk that called the young ones in,
Down fragrant yellow-tapered paths that thread the prickly whin;
The hot, sweet smell of oaten-cake, the kettle purring soft,
The dear-remembered Irish speech—they call to me how oft!

They mind me just a slip o' girl in tattered kirtle blue,
But oh they loved me for myself, and not for what I do!
And never one but had a joy to pass the time of day
With little Mag o' Monagan's a-laughing down the way.

There's fifty roofs to shelter me where one was set before,
But make me free of that again—I'll not be wanting more.
But sure I know not tears nor gold can turn the years again
To little Mag o' Monagan's a-singing in the rain.

—By Martha Haskell Clark.

APPENDIX F.

DIARY OF THE AMERICAN HOUNDS IN IRELAND, 1912-13

Fifteen couples met on December 7, 1912, at 11 a. m. by courtesy of Lord Longford at Pakenham Hall, hunted by the Master, with Jackie Brown and Tom Jenner as whips.

The bog covert was drawn blank, hounds showing some riot. The rhododendron covert was drawn blank, hounds unable to understand the even cut of the rhododendron borders of the paths; never having seen hedges, etc., before, would jump from the path on to the top of the rhododendrons, thinking it was a green bank, only to fall through. Acted very wild, young hounds especially. Finally old hounds trailed a fox well in the evergreens. He was headed back into covert, the pack ran over line badly, turned to whistle, ran into park on line. Fox again headed and sport spoiled. Fully 150 people out on the different paths and grass openings which make Pakenham so beautiful.

December 9, met at Kinturk. Fifteen couples hounds. Staff same as before. Hounds worked a little better, got one fox up, trailed well through the lower wood, but lost in the beech wood. Took hounds to side of hill and turned them into a small gorse covert fifty yards square; first time that an American pack had ever seen gorse; they went in, worked it out well, and were not dismayed by the prickles and barbs, as many Americans hunting in England predicted they would be.

December 14, met at Moate. Eight couples of old hounds (breaking puppies from rabbit riot at kennels.) Staff the same. Drew Hall's Old Gorse blank; some riots on rabbits; found in Hall's New Gorse, hounds tied to a cub who looped out and back several times, finally ran to ground. Scarecrow and Stars marked well. Promptly bolted by terrier, hounds put on, rain coming heavily, trailed him well to Hall's Old Gorse, through same, and lost in fields beyond; too wet.

December 17, met at Marshbrook Gate. Eight couples old hounds, one couple young hounds. Staff the same. Marshbrook was unstopped by error, but found in Johnstone's Furze.

GRAFTON HOUNDS, LOUDOUN HUNT, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.
A kill after a forty-minute run beside the Potomac River.

Dudley Fetherstonhaugh was out and aided greatly; also Father Magee and Bertie Clibborn, who knew every inch of the country. Found a good fox in Johnstone's Furze, a big straggly gorse on a bog. A number of foot-people out tally-hoed the fox continually and headed him. Hounds unaccustomed to so much aid, or rather injury, were at a loss at times, going heelways once when being lifted to a friendly native's halloo, who did not understand the necessity of being exact in his information. Simpleton finally tied to the line on the south end, cheered the other hounds on to him, fox broke left-handed, viewed in the open fields towards main road. Hounds came out of covert well packed, ran with a splendid head for fifteen minutes very hard over a galloping country, and without a loss ran fox to ground near the railroad. Scarecrow, Stars, Sarah, and Speaker marked well. Sent for terrier while hounds under good command taken to the side of the field,—another new experience for the hounds from over the ocean, where very little order is demanded. Fox soon reached by terrier, dug out, hounds came to whistle and quickly killed him, but would not break him up, as American hounds never do.

December 19, met at Ballinahown, Moate. Eight couples hounds, one couple young hounds (Statesman and Surprise). Staff the same. Ballinahown blank; found in the Doon Woodland. Hounds ran hard for forty-five minutes with hardly a let-up. Fox viewed three or four times crossing the main road. Tom Jenner said he had never seen hounds run so hard for the twenty years he had hunted the Doons. Ran fox to earth on the edge of the bog, but on account of the water could not get to hole.

December 23, met at The Doons, Moate. Nine couples of hounds as before. Staff the same. Drew the Doons Wood blank; hounds cried to a rabbit or two, soon stopped at rating. Earthstopper said fox lay in heather on edge of bog, so walked the bog edge with him and flushed a good fox within ten minutes in the midst of the hounds. Every hound was glued

to the line; although he did his best over the black bog on the heather and through the swamp, they stuck to him and with wonderful cry were carried by him towards the Doons Woods. Here he was headed, ran into the edge of the bog, and took to earth. The cry of the hounds in the preceding meet at the Doons had at the second meet brought a number of onlookers, and the fox was no sooner to ground than twenty foot-people were about the earth. The earthstopper said, "Mr. Smith, I have seen hounds hunt here a great many times, but I never saw hounds run so hard or heard such grand cry; when they went by me the fox was only a rod ahead, and that white-faced hound was running like a whippet." The white-faced hound was Scarecrow, and the whole pack were marking well. We soon had a terrier in, and six holes were stopped. A heavy rain had now come on, and the fox suddenly bolted out of the seventh unnoticed hole open. He took advantage of the heather and rain, and although hounds worked hard for twenty minutes they could not unravel his trail.

December 26, (Boxing Day), met at Delamere's Bog by invitation of Mr. Delamere. Nine couples of hounds as before. Staff the same. Roads swarmed with masked men, who cut up all sorts of capers; every hillside had its coterie of onlookers, and I at once saw that good sport was impossible unless I could slip the crowd. Started a fox in the bog, put him south towards Knockdrin. Tally-ho after tally-ho filled the air and the hounds were at a loss to know what to do, running hither and thither. We finally got them on the line, and they trailed carefully under the feet of some of the people who were crowded about them beside a boreen, up the hill, down across the road toward Clonhugh Bog, where the line was foiled and sport spoiled by a collie dog, who fought each one of the pack. Took hounds to north side of covert, where I heard a tally-ho, and put them on the line fully twenty minutes after the fox had gone out; they gave cry and ran it merrily round the small pond at Ballinafid, where the road was lined with carriages and horsemen and women who had

seen the fox make the line in the open and were dumfounded to see hounds come out after such a long length of time and follow so perfectly. The fox ran into Clonhugh Bog, which was full of water, but I whistled the hounds out, trotted them over to Tyfarnham at the end of Delamere's Bog, slipped the crowd, and at 2 o'clock had a fair chance for a hunt. Hounds cried a rabbit or two at Tyfarnham, then Mr. Delamere came and together we walked the bog, soon viewed an old fox, cheered the hounds on the line at 2:40, and in a few minutes the whole pack were screaming and pushing "Charley" so hard that he only made one short ring in the bog and started for Multyfarnham. We viewed him as he crossed the open pastures to the west and soon on by the Multyfarnham road, galloped round the bog to hear them going towards Donore, then turning right-handed back to Tyfarnham, down east, heading evidently for Poulnagorth, crossed the road, and ran into a drove of cattle which checked the hounds. I knew his line from a previous run, and soon put them right, and they ran with grand cry to the edge of Poulnagorth.

Here a woman headed him, as she told me, and he then turned back through Stonehall, there running the road. I held the little field behind, fearing the hounds would run over the road and sure enough they did; first a left cast and then a right cast, and then they were on the line driving hard for Tyfarnham, through the gorse from end to end, up over the rock and again over identically the same line, but this time through Poulnagorth and back to Tyfarnham. This time going through the covert in an opposite direction. Reynard made to the south part of Delamere's Bog, but the scream of the hounds, who were working perfectly together, was too much, and he headed southeast towards Mornington. It was now dusk and we could not see to jump, and consequently took to the roads, and although for thirty minutes we were out of the sound of the cry, by 5:15 we heard them coming up, chippering like so many blackbirds as they pushed the

fox hard from Poulnagorth, having taken a turn, as we heard next day, through Mornington.

They were evidently running close to their quarry, for when I endeavored to stop them, they literally melted through us, picked the line up in the field beyond, and again headed for Tyfarnham. Galloping on the road with the cry on our left, we soon heard them coming down the hill towards Donore, and luckily the fox, no doubt headed by us, made a sharp turn at the road so by voice and crack of whip we took them off the line at 5:45. Three hours and five minutes. One couple we were unable to get but located them the next day; one (Scarecrow) at Donore where the lodge-keeper's son picked him up at 8 p. m.; the other (Signal) had evidently injured her stifle, for she limped towards the kennels next morning and finally stopped at a farmhouse half a mile away.

The next day the Westmeath Hounds met at Crookedwood, and it was not far from the country of the run of the evening previous. All along from time to time I met different countrymen who had heard the hounds running, and each and all of them were delighted with the wonderful cry. One old sportsman said, "I brought out my chair on the steps, and sat from 3:30 till 5:30 when you whipped them off, and I heard them all through except a couple of minutes while they were down at Poulnagorth. It was splendid to hear such music." The earthstopper told how he heard them coming up from Mornington, and Father Murphy, who had been hunting with me in the morning and had to go to Mullingar in the afternoon, said, "I heard them at 5:30 racing up towards Tyfarnham Rock away over on the main road, and they made one's heart glad to listen to them." Mr. Hugo Fitzpatrick, who was out with his family, heard the cry, and as he had hunted coyote and wolf for a number of years in California, he sent me an invitation to dine with him on Sunday evening at Levington Park, for, as he said, "The cry of the American hounds took me back to my happy days in the States, and I want to talk it over with you."

That evening when I came to look the little pack over in the kennels, I found that the gorse and briars with the extreme pace which they went through the bog coverts had raised havoc. Here and there an eye closed, and their faces and the top of their heads and backs were broken out as though they had been stung by wasps. Delamere's Bog is filled with great pits full of water which had made it a dangerous place to hunt the English hounds, and the first few times we went there two or three of them had got into the holes and had to be helped out. One would have been drowned had aid not reached him just in time. The Grafton pack, on the contrary, although now and then you would hear one fall into a hole, and once in a while a whimper as they swam out, were able by their hare feet, light weight, and tucked-up anatomy, to pull themselves out and join the chase.

December 30, met at Middleton Park by courtesy of G. A. Boyd Rochfort. Nine couples of hounds as before. Staff the same. A wild, tempestuous night with hard rain until 8 a. m. made hunting impossible. Hounds trailed well at Lilliput but could not get a run on the fox. Lilliput covert drawn blank.

January 4, 1913, met at Portloman. Nine and a half couple hounds. Select being added. Staff the same. First covert drawn was one made by Lord Greville and presented to the Hunt, at Frewin Hill, closely set with low-grown gorse and teeming with briars, said to be the worst scenting covert in Westmeath and one in which the fox hangs hardest. Stood the hounds beside the covert at 11:30, and soon Scarecrow, Scallywag, and Simpleton were lifting their heads, winding the fox. I put them in, and in a second the sport began. Tom Jenner viewed the old fox away from the east side towards Mount Murray; the main pack were running a cub in the covert, and as a couple had come out on the old fox, I harked them to the cry of the pack, which they promptly joined. Another fox sneaked away behind our backs that we viewed on the neighboring hill going away; still the steady cry was

maintained in the two-acre covert, and now and then a hound would flash out with the tip of his tail reddened with blood only to hark back again as the music swelled up and down through the gorse. Then the cub tried to break to the east, only to be faced back in by two or three boys who had been waiting anxiously to see him and exclaimed, "There he is" before he could get started away. Back he went, then I heard Superb and Sprite up in front driving like demons. I turned to some officers who had just come up and said, "He must either break or die in the gorse", and sure enough the welcome cry "Gone away" was heard from the south side, where little Jackie Brown was stationed.

Hounds streamed out and settled on the line, pushed the fox towards Portloman, where he was headed by a cur dog and pointed back to covert, running straight into two men with their backs turned and looped into covert with the hounds carrying the line hard only a rod behind him. Again the American hounds cried the line in the covert for twenty minutes and then silence; then the note of Scarecrow, Stars, Sarah, and Speaker, as they alternately marked him to ground in a rabbit hole, only a foot and a half in. Drawing the hounds from covert, Jackie Brown stood guard over them by the field side, and with a terrier and a spade the fox was soon out. We took him down to Portloman, and in the big open fields there gave him a fifty yards' start over the pack, each of which was separately held by some of the farmers and laborers, all of whom had been drawn to Frewin Hill by the continual cry of the hounds. For the first quarter of a mile the red held his own, then Scarecrow was gaining on him. He made straight for the edge of the lake, ran north, and then remembering a shore in the wall in the yard, he made for it, to find that we had filled it up making certain alterations; then he made a valiant effort to jump the wall, only to fall back into the mouths of the expectant pack, who promptly put him out of misery.

January 6, met at Dalystown. Eight couple of old hounds,

1½ couple of young entry,—Statesman, Scott, and Select. Staff the same. Found in Dalystown gorse. Hounds ran a ring around to a covert with good cry, pushing "Charley" north across the road, then east half a mile and put him to ground in an impossible bog earth, where Tom Jenner said he had lost two terriers. Hounds all marked well, and ran the line extremely hard. Another fox was seen to leave covert while hounds were running and went to ground a quarter of a mile beyond the first fox. Hounds picked up cold trail, worked same to earth, and marked. Drew two more straggling gorses and found nothing.

January 8, met at Crookedwood. Same pack as before. Surprise added. Staff the same. First drew Knockross, which is like a horseshoe, jutting out into lake Deravarragh from the south. Covert all along the side of the shoe next to the water and high smooth ground in the centre. Foxes continually running from one side of the shoe to the other; four were viewed to-day. Awful weather, wind blowing fifty miles an hour. Cold trailed along the lake through covert, finally one fox up, then another, but with the high wind it was hard to get a run on them; at last one sneaked out at the southeast corner, made over hill, down valley, over brook towards Knockbody. Hounds were hammering a line along in covert; Scarecrow flashed out ahead, a man told me where the line was, wind was so terrible that hounds hardly could carry same in the open. Sprite did fine work, as did also Streamer and Scarecrow. Scallywag held the whole pack steady a number of times. Signal very nippy in front; Statesman and Surprise both entering well, Scott a bit wild yet; Simpleton the only hound that could carry the line over the brook. Fox ran to Knockbody, doubled back, and went to ground in a badger earth, Scarecrow marked the earth; Sprite, being small, dodged in, and fox bit her well; got terrier, located fox, dug to him, and let hounds pull him out of the earth. Pouring rain came on, the landowner said he did not believe hounds could run the

trail thirteen minutes old as they had that day, until he saw them do it; he thought it was a wonderful performance.

January 14, met at Delamere's Bog. Pack same as before with Sirius and Sing and Song added. Staff the same. Snow and frost Sunday night made hunting for the English hounds at Loughnavalley on Monday impossible, according to the sportsmen; so I determined to hunt the American hounds on Tuesday, no matter what the weather was, as in the States we never stop for snow or frost. Tuesday was very cold but clear, roads hard and icy, but fields somewhat soft with two or three inches of snow. Going to Tyfarnham, the earthstopper said he had not received his card and had not stopped the country, but in a few moments blocked the main earths. I had been told that in snowy and blowing weather, foxes went below ground in the United Kingdom, but felt that it could not always be so, for in the States we invariably find, no matter what the weather is, for there is always some sheltered spot for Reynard, and in America the country is unstopped. On account of the late start, hoping the sun would give a little melt to the snow (which it did not), it was one o'clock before hounds went into covert and at once found two foxes above ground. One went out at the northeast corner, viewed by Tom. Hounds came out of covert well packed, spoke to the line merrily, carried it through the pines, wheeled very fast left-handed towards Multyfarnham, and then right-handed across the Multyfarnham-Crookedwood road; here they were checked fully a minute as the fox had jumped into the road and gone north a hundred yards; then he jumped out and held to his point east. We stood still and let them work it out, which they did perfectly. Simpleton carried the line down the road, and Sinner found it off. Continuing east, they ran towards Donore Woods, then towards Donore, and then came up against six fellows with two collies, who evidently had run the fox, as the boys would tell us nothing; could not pick out line further after their disagreeable interference. Going then to Delamere's Bog, we drew the southern portion, and hounds worked

old lines well, and finally flushed a fox which headed across the bog road. Bog holes were full of water frozen just enough to carry the fox, and the gorse itself covered with snow, which at his every movement fell down over his trail, so following was extremely difficult. Delamere and his nephew came out, and he wanted to know if I was game enough to walk the bog; gave my horse to a boy (as a large number of onlookers were gathered by the good cry from Tyfarnham) and walked along the bog with great difficulty. Hounds by this time had more than enough; each and every one of them had been thoroughly soaked in the icy water, and all were fearful where to step, as under the gorse itself were pits hidden by same. Carefully we pushed ourselves forward, and after we were up two-thirds of the way, I saw Streamer drop her nose and give cry; Simpleton and Scallywag were soon beside her and pushed the line south for a few yards heel, as it turned out. Then Superb was with them; he turned and carried it north with good cry; soon the whole pack were on, and forgetting all their late worries and troubles with good head they pointed to the north. Jumping from tussock to tussock and falling into bogholes until we were wet to the skin, we finally make the bog edge just as the fox broke covert and went up the hill to the west. The pack turned and carried the line closely; out of covert they came screaming and they followed his every turn for Clonhugh. We were soon mounted and after them, and for three miles, with half a dozen sharp checks, they pushed the fox hard, turning back over the railroad; as it was getting dark, we took a moment when their heads were up, and whipped them off reluctantly. Tom put them to me, and we started home. Delamere, who had hunted and worked the bog for years, said that he was surprised that hounds could work a fox out of it on such an awful day.

January 16, met at Gartlandstown Bridge. Same pack as before. Staff the same. Thawing weather made going much better and at East Knockion we soon had a fox out. He turned right-handed and then north, then, on the smooth

hillside of Knockion, where hounds were running hard, made a grand show. As the natives knew the hounds were to be out, every hilltop had half a dozen experts who followed the run of the hounds, pointed to every break of the fox, and signalled us just what was doing. For thirty minutes after going through Knockion the fox played about the gorse to the east and would have made his point that way had he not been headed by a farmer. Again he circled Knockion, through the covert, with hounds close on, down a valley to the south and across the drain heading up into Knockross. Here, as Mr. Ryan said, "They did splendid work", for said he, "I have lived here all my life and I never saw a pack carry a fox into Knockion and out again in twelve minutes the way yours did to-day." Again going across the drain, they made for Knockion, where they ran the shore to the lake. Here the fox either swam the lake or got in somewhere in the banks, for the cry ceased; but three and a half couple of hounds we found in the water, swimming from Knockion to Knockross, fully one third of a mile in the ice-cold water; landing on the other side they could not find the line, so I took them to Crookedwood. Here in a moment or two we had a small, light-colored fox on foot, which proved a good one. Running the edge of the covert, he turned north across the road with the pack hot after him; he carried them to Knockbody and there endeavored to lead them astray in the banks and ditches, but they stuck to the line. I viewed the fox in the open fields to the north, then they were running hard with every hound up. "Charley" put his mask to the south again and soon gained Crookedwood, and now, for the first time that it had been drawn this season, the fox was pushed through it to the open land in the south. Ride our thoroughbreds as we might, we could not keep near them, and an obstinate gate put us farther behind. Galloping to where we last saw them, we were out of cry for fully fifteen minutes, as they wheeled right-handed towards Knockdrin; then they came back and made a complete circle of Quarry Hill, where a man headed Reynard

as he started across the road. Hearing them come up with great cry to the west, we rode down to Crookedwood, where all the inhabitants were out listening to the music. One man with opera glasses had been watching their every turn, he told me, as they went down to Knockdrin. Now they were across the road and before we got to the village, they were a mile beyond to the left, and what music rolled back to us. Taking the road to Multyfarnham, we dashed down same for a mile or so, when hounds turned right-handed and came direct to us and made into a small field where there were over a hundred sheep. It was now 5:30 and no light, so we stopped them after sixty minutes of the best and fastest sport they had shown.

January 21, met at Lediston. Pack same as before. Staff the same. By invitation of Miss Lyons, we met at Lediston, and Rowland Hudson had as guests Major "Rajah" Paget and Mrs. Barry of the Duhallow Hunt, with whom I dined the night before at Belmont; they came up specially to see the hounds work. The country itself was bad, full of bogs, ditches, and swamps, except that just about Lediston and Belmont. Hounds were put into covert in the bog on the right-hand side of the road to Lynn Cottage; it was so wet and damp that they could not draw well and they all came out after a few minutes except Scarecrow. Scott, Sinner, and Streamer picked up an old line in the field adjoining the covert and gave cry; the rest of the hounds harked to them, and they worked northeast into a patch of pines, where Scarecrow joined them. He had evidently been working the line in covert ahead of them. They unravelled the night trail slowly, but soon by their grand cry I knew the fox was up, and after making a turn in the covert, he started out across the open fields where we viewed him, also another, which was flushed by the cry of the hounds. There was a good field of twenty-five or thirty standing on the road, as the country was unridable,—all much interested. Hounds came out of covert with a good head and followed the line accurately, pushing west across the road into the

open fields, headed for Lediston, where a short check ensued as the fox was headed by a small man with a dog. They soon straightened out the line, however, and flashed across the road into the field west of Lediston; they ran extremely fast through the screen in front of the house, then to the right, and we hoped to get a gallop towards Middleton, when the red turned left-handed and made for Lake Belvedere, running along the shore pointing for Lynn covert. They had been running for fifteen minutes with a continuous cry, and all the followers were delighted with the music and the close trailing, although the country was such that we had not one fence to jump from start to finish. They now began to warm on the line; and as I stood on the road and watched them work up from Lake Belvedere, I knew that we were in for a hard chase. "Charley" now made a turn back with a full loop, cutting his own line, then he ran the road, which the hounds did not overrun a step, but with good cry pushed him through the swampy gorse south of the Royal Canal. The following was entirely bad, water three or four feet deep, bog and gorse; the hounds still hung hard and finally pushed him north in the open fields, when he turned back and ran towards Belmont. Every hound was fighting for the front as they came to where we were standing on the road; a tally-ho in the field from a farmer who said the fox was only a hundred yards ahead. The pack now came down the road with splendid cry, carried the line into the field, where they ran close to the stabling. Here the fox doubled short back, and Sportsman, Sprite, and Sinner got on close in the open field, viewed the fox, and with hackles up were running to kill. The fox, however, dodged into the ditch beside the road and saved his mask for the time being, but in a few moments the body of the hounds were across the road in hard pursuit. Hounds had now been running fifty minutes with hardly a check and without any help from me except when I endeavored once to put them on the line just as they worked it out themselves. They were now driving like demons, and as the country was well

cut up with roads, all out had a most enjoyable time. I knew the fox would die or go to ground shortly, and as he headed east for the wet lands, we galloped hard on the road and saw the pack cross it into a small gorse in the middle of a bog. By the snarling and fighting in the covert, I knew that he was either killed, or in the ground very close to the surface. The latter proved to be the case, as Tom Jenner, with a sovereign for a reward, waded into the bog to his middle for a hundred yards and found the fox only three feet in a rabbit hole. Sportsman and one of the terriers which we had soon scratched down to him, and the former killed him single-handed. The time, taken by Major Paget, was one hour and ten minutes. Hard driving from start to finish, not one moment's cessation, the best run yet, and would have been the best run in either England or America, had the country been ridable and the fox made a good point. The cold water and the hard work had told its tale, however, on the hounds, in their semi-soft condition after their nine months' quarantine, and a number of them showed plainly that they had had enough for the day. In the afternoon we drew Ballyote blank and also Slanestown without a whimper. These same coverts have since been drawn by the English hounds but without success.

The next week I saw Mr. John Grant of Rathconrath House, which was five miles away as the crow flies. He said, "You remember the day your American hounds were out at Lediston?" I replied, "Yes." "Well," he said, "I was out in front of the house and heard them driving so plainly that I ran in and got my mother and sisters to come out and listen to the music, and it seemed incredible to all of us that the pack were running at Lediston and Belmont, as we learned the next day."

January 23, met at Delamere's Bog. Hounds same as before. Staff the same. This was a beautiful mild day. Hounds found in Delamere's Bog north, worked steadily on a trail, fox broke covert over hill; hounds soon out, ran him hard across Multyfarnham road to Killeen over Bunbrusna road, and the railroad into Clonhugh, with good tongue. Taking a

big circle towards the house, they continued north for a mile, then swung east over the Bunbrusna road, pushing the fox hard to Killeen across the road, heading south, and swung left-handed into the south end of the bog. The hills, although it was raining, were dotted with people gathered by the fine cry. The fox now worked up through the bog, but the rain was coming hard, and the trailing became more and more difficult. Although the fox was viewed away from the north end of the covert, hounds were unable to carry the washed-out line. Hounds had run forty-five minutes without a loss. Drew Tyfarnham blank, although the young entry spoke to a rabbit or two. Rain still continued, and we drew Ballinafid Bog, another slough hole, full of water and wet ditches. Young hounds ran a rabbit, Simpleton spoke to a fox trail, and later on Scallywag. The latter alone continued to hunt after the others had left the covert, and single-handed routed a big dog fox which broke covert and made directly for Tom Jenner, who headed him and chased him back into covert. Soon all the hounds were on the line and drove him out of the bog. The rain had ceased a little, and hounds ran sharply to the south over the open fields, where we had some galloping for a mile or two before he turned right-handed into a wood. Hounds hunted him well, pushed him through it to the south, and he turned west across the railroad track, took the shores of the lake, and started for Ballinafid, but the pack were too close for amusement, so he went to ground; Scarecrow marked him and with a terrier and a lantern we soon had him out at 5:30, and were surprised when the hounds continued to dig in the earth and killed and drew out another fox, unaided.

January 28, met at Ardnaglue. Hounds same as before. Staff the same. By invitation of Mr. James H. Locke hounds were taken to Ardnaglue by rail via Horseleap. Severe rain all night made sport impossible. The country is a wild one, not hunted by the Westmeath, and as the proper stops were not arranged, and the country was imperfect for sport, I sent the hounds home.

January 30, met at Knockion Lane. Hounds same as before. Staff the same. A wild hurricane day, following a wet night, which was the night of the Meath Ball. Hounds found two foxes in Knockion gorse at 11:30 and soon had one out of covert and ran him hard till 12:45, with every possible element against them. Four times he circled about Knockion Hill and innumerable times moved back and forth through Knockion hillside gorse. The wind was blowing fully fifty miles an hour, so hard indeed that when little Jackie Brown went up on top of the hill to go around to the farther end of the wood I was fearful he might be blown from his horse, for just at the corner the wind sucked through the canyon with tremendous force. The rain was falling in sheets, and the mystery to me was that the hounds carried the line a yard. Old Simpleton was doing yeoman work, and coming into the open field the gale would carry the scent fully one hundred and fifty yards, so that unless he had been there time and time again to search out the foot scent and carry them back to it when the wind lulled, the hunt would have been off much earlier. We stuck it out one and a half hours, then the rain came so hard that the hounds could only puzzle the line, so we stopped them. Rain stopped at 1:30; we made a short stay at Knockross and found nothing.

February 6, met at Moate. Hounds the same. Staff the same. We found a fox in Johnstone's Furze, and he started southeast in the open land, where he was headed by a man with a greyhound. He then took a turn to the west, and the hounds packed close on, making for Woodfield. To get to Woodfield we were obliged to pick our way across the bog, taking a chance of going through here and there, to the road and then gallop down to Woodfield. We were soon up the avenue into the barnyard, but found not a trace of the hounds; as it was pouring rain, we took shelter in the sheds and in a few moments we heard the pack up at the north of the mansion. Again seeking the road, we worked around the bog to where we heard them, only to find that they had gone east again towards

Johnstone's Furze. After another thirty minutes by the road and picking our way across the bog, we found the pack on the edge of it and in the woods, where a man said they had run the fox to earth, but it was impossible for us to get out to it. The last run in Ireland!

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A Sporting Tour

THROUGH IRELAND, ENGLAND, WALES AND FRANCE

by

Harry Worcester Smith

Master of Foxhounds

IN TWO VOLUMES

Published by The State Company
Columbia, South Carolina

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THE YEARS 1912–1913:

INCLUDING A CONCISE DESCRIPTION OF THE

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TYPES OF HORSES AND THE CRACK RIDERS.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE

History of the Counties of Ireland, the Castles and Cabins:

A VIEW OF THE CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE

Irish People;

TOGETHER WITH A STORY OF

FOX HUNTING IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

AND A CHAPTER ON THE

WELSH AND MR. CURRE'S HOUNDS,

CONCLUDING WITH A WORD PICTURE IN DETAIL OF THE

GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE OF 1913

BY

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH,

LORDVALE, WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAVURES AND OVER SIXTY PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE ILLUMINATING THE TEXT.

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